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THE AMERICAN BISON OR BUFFALO

BISON AMERICANUS (GMELIN, 1788)

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

LARGEST, and at one time most important of all America's big game, the Bison or Buffalo was the first to be discovered by the explorers of the sixteenth century.

In 1521, Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, reached Montezuma's capital, the city of Mexico, and there, in the menagerie, saw the first American Bison to be viewed by European eyes. The menagerie and the beast are thus described by Antonio de Solis ("Conquest of Mexico," 1684):

"In the second Square of the same house were the Wild Beasts, which were either presents to Montezuma, or taken by his hunters, in strong Cages of Timber, rang'd in good Order, and under Cover: Lions, Tygers, Bears, and all others of the savage Kind which New-Spain produced; among which the greatest Rarity was the Mexican Bull; a wonderful composition of divers Animals. It has crooked Shoulders, with a Bunch on its Back like a Camel; its Flanks dry, its Tail large, and its Neck cover'd with Hair like a Lion. It is cloven-footed, its Head armed like that of a Bull, which it resembles in Fierceness, with no less strength and Agility."

But this was at least 300 miles from the proper range of the Bison; as a wild animal it was yet to be discovered. The discovery took place nine years later, and again the honor fell to a Spaniard. In 1530 Alvar Muñez Cabeza de Vaca was wrecked on the Gulf coast. Travelling inland to what is now South-eastern Texas, he met with the species on its native range; as also did Coronado, the next explorer, who penetrated the country of the Buffalo from the West by way of Arizona and New Mexico.

The earliest discovery of the Bison in Eastern North America, or indeed anywhere north of Coronado's route, was made somewhere near Washington, District of Columbia, in 1612, by the Englishman, Samuel Argall, afterward deputy-governor of Virginia, and narrated as follows:

"As soon as I had unladen this corne, I set my men to the felling of Timber, for the building of a Frigat, which I had left half finished at Point Comfort, the 19th of March: and returned myself with the ship into Pembrook Potomac River, and so discovered to the head of it, which is about 65 leagues into the land, and navigable for any ship. And then marching into the Countrie, I found great store of cattle as big as Kine, of which the Indians that were my guides killed a couple, which we found to be very good and wholesome meat, and are very easy to be killed, in regard they are heavy, slow, and not so wild as other beasts of the wildernesse."

"It is to be regretted," says Hornaday, to whom I am indebted for these extracts, "that the narrative of the explorer affords no clew to the precise locality of this interesting discovery, but since it is doubtful that the mariners journeyed very far on foot from the head of navigation of the Potomac, it seems highly probable that the first American Bison seen by Europeans, other than

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the Spaniards, was found within 15 miles, or even less, of the capital of the United States, and possibly within the District of Columbia itself." From this time the region of the Buffalo was more often visited, and the explorer gave frequent description of the great beast and its numbers.*

The earliest portrait I can find is given in Gomara, 1553. It is reproduced, full size, on page 405. This was evidently drawn from the imaginative description of the discoverer, and while corresponding line for line with the text, which corresponds line for line with the animal, it presents, in the language of the times, "a monstrous beast" indeed.

The Buffalo is the bulkiest living land animal native to North America. A full-grown Buffalo bull stands about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches at the shoulder and weighs about 1,800 pounds. But specimens of over 6 feet at the withers have been recorded, and Mr. Hornaday tells me that he weighed a living bull at 2,190 pounds. A full-grown cow stands about 4 feet 8 at the shoulders, and according to Audubon weighs about 1,200 pounds, though Henry says seldom over 700 or 800 pounds. The lower weight seems to be nearer the average run, but I have seen cows that stood as high and looked as heavy as ordinary bulls.

The early explorers who describe the Buffalo numbers do not give us anything more exact than superlative expressions, such as "countless herds," "incredible numbers," "teeming myriads," "the world one robe," etc. I have endeavored to get at a more exact idea of their numbers.

*These facts are largely drawn from two standard sources: Mr. W. T. Hornaday's "Extermination of the American Bison" (1889) and Dr. J. A. Allen's "American Bisons" (1876). The map of range also, on page 397, is compiled chiefly from those published by these authorities.

Head of big bull.
In collection of A. Gottschalck (33½-inch spread of horns).

The total area inhabited by the Buffalo was about 3,000,000 square miles. Of this, the open plains were one-half. According to figures supplied me by Mr. A. F. Potter, of the Forest Service, the ranges of the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Texas, and Oklahoma (a total of about 750,000 square miles, or *half of the plains*) were, according to the census of 1900, carrying 24,000,000 head of cattle and horses and about 6,000,000 head of sheep. This means that when fully stocked they might sustain a number of Buffalo at least equal to the number of cattle and horses. The Buffalo had to divide their heritage with numerous herds of mustang, antelope, and wapiti; on the other hand, a Buffalo could find a living where a range animal would starve, many of the richest bottomlands are now fenced in, and we have taken no account of the 6,000,000 sheep. Therefore we are safe in placing at 40,000,000 the Buffalo formerly living on the *entire plains* area.

Their prairie range was a third as large, but it was vastly more fertile; indeed, the stockmen reckon one prairie acre equal to four acres on the plains. Doubtless, therefore, the prairies sustained nearly as many head as the plains; we may safely set their population at 30,000,000. The forest region was the lowest in the rate of population; for its 1,000,000 square miles we should not allow more than 5,000,000 Buffalo. These figures would make the primitive number of Buffalo 75,000,000.

Many other calculations based on different data give similar or slightly lower totals. From these facts it will appear very safe to put the primitive Buffalo population at 50,000,000 to 60,000,000.*

*Several authorities, including Mr. Charles Payne and Col. Jones, make their estimates double mine.

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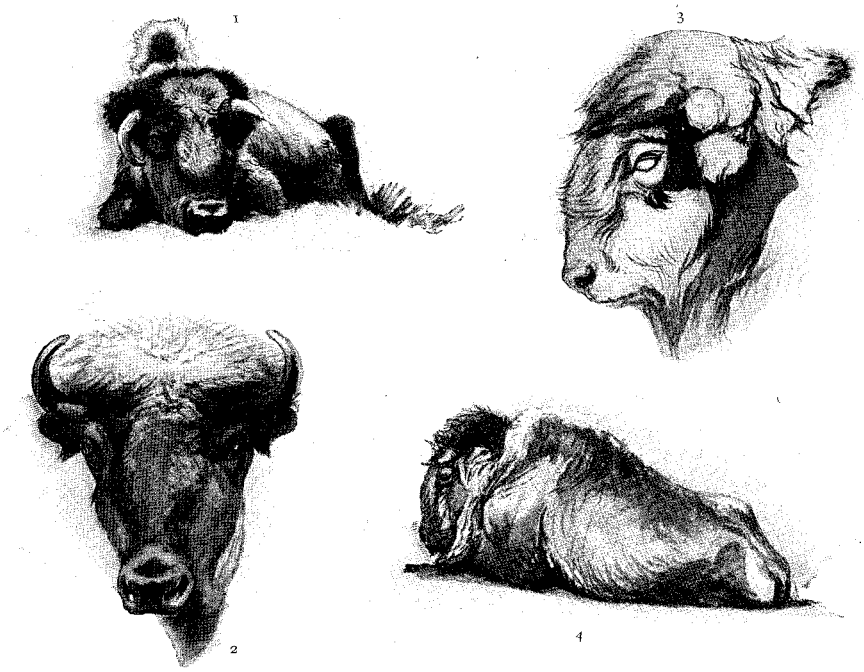

1. Study of an old cow. 2. Young cow. 3. Buffalo cow. (Jardin des Plantes, March 25, 1892.) 4. Old cow.

In 1800 there were practically no Buffalo east of the Mississippi. Their range had shrunken by one-eighth, their numbers had doubtless suffered in greater degree. Forty millions would be a fair estimate for that time.

The Woburn Abbey herd of Buffalo began with 7 in 1896 and, notwithstanding a loss of 11, had increased to 25 in 1905. That is, it had added 20 per cent. each year, and in six years had doubled. A similar rate is seen in the Corbin herd. These figures no doubt represent an unnatural rate of increase, as the animals are constantly protected and suffer no lack of food. The total of Buffalo in captivity in 1889 was 256; since then they have added as nearly as possible 10 per cent. per annum. If, therefore, we set the rate of increase in the wild herd at 5 per cent. we shall probably be near the facts. In early days the Buffalo held their own very well against the savages with their primitive weapons. But in the full splendor of the Buffalo days, say about 1830, the Buffalo Indians, as will be seen later, aided now by horses, and armed with rifles, killed at the rate of over 2,000,000 each year. Allen estimates the destruction by Indians at 2,000,000 annually in the early '40s. Baird puts it at 3,500,000 annually in the '50s. Other destructive powers native to the plains added at least half as many more to the number, so that 3,000,000 a year may have been reached as a total of loss in the '30s. To stand such a drain the herds, according to their rate of increase, must have been at least ten times as many. But they could not stand it, and were plainly diminishing; therefore they must already have fallen below 40,000,000 in the early part of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, they could not have been much less than that or they would have vanished far faster than they did.

All observers agree that the Buffalo came in great herds to parts of the country where, for months, they had been unknown and continued for a time until impelled to another change of residence. The questions are: Were these regular movements, up and down certain routes? Was the change made under stress of weather or famine or both? Or, in other words, *Was the Buffalo truly migratory?* Catlin says, "No." On page 248 of Volume I of "North American Indians," he writes:

"These animals are, truly speaking, gregarious, but not migratory. They graze in

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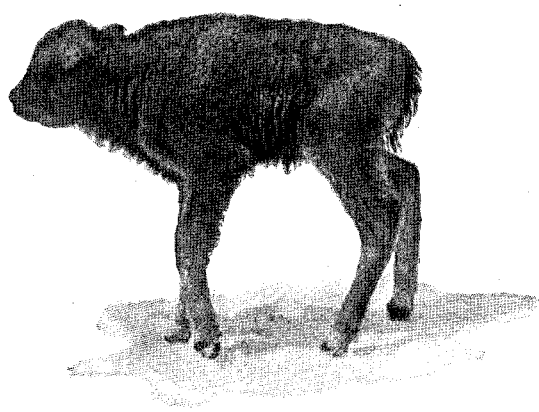
immense and almost incredible numbers at times, and roam about and over vast tracks of country, from East to West, and from West to East, as often as from North to South."

There is, furthermore, abundance of proof that the herds were found, summer and winter, on most of the range. This is all the evidence I can find for the non-migratory theory.

On the other hand, all records, even those of Catlin, refer to the coming and the going of the Buffalo as *not perfectly regular*, but quite seasonal, and talk of the summer range and winter range, as regions where they were to be found at set times.



Buffalo calf.
From a photograph by John Fossum.

Colonel Dodge tells of the 4,000,000 head that he saw on the Arkansas in May, 1871, moving *northward*, at Beaver Creek, 100 miles south of Glendive. Mr. James McNaney says that the Buffalo began to arrive from the North in the middle of October (1882), and about the 1st of December an immense herd came; by Christmas all had gone southward, but a few days later another great herd came from the North and followed the rest.

The half-breeds and old hunters along the Red River have often told me about the northward coming of the Buffalo in spring and their southward fall migration.

Mr. Hornaday, after a very full investigation of the subject, writes:

"It was the fixed habit of the great Buffalo herds to move southward from 200 to 400 miles at the approach of the winter. . . . The Buffalo had settled migratory habits; at the approach of winter the whole great system of herds which range from the Peace River to the Indian Territory moved south a few hundred miles, and wintered under more favorable circumstances than each band would have experienced at its farthest north."

Col. R. I. Dodge has also made very many valuable observations on the migratory habits of the Southern Buffalo, tending to the same conclusions.

"The herds which wintered on the Montana ranges always went north in the early spring, usually in March, so that during the time the hunters were hauling in the hides taken on the winter hunt the ranges were entirely deserted. It is equally certain, however, that a few small bands remained in certain portions of Montana throughout the summer. But the main body crossed the international boundary, and spent the summer on the plains of the Saskatchewan, where they were hunted by the half-breeds from the Red River settlements and the Indians of the plains. It is my belief that in this movement nearly all the Buffalo of Montana and Dakota participated, and the herds which spent the summer in Dakota spent the winter in Kansas and Nebraska."

Prof. H. Y. Hind, the leader of a famous exploring expedition to the North-west in 1859, left some valuable details of the Buffalo movements from which I have compiled the map on page 399. It is remarkable that the Saskatchewan herd should

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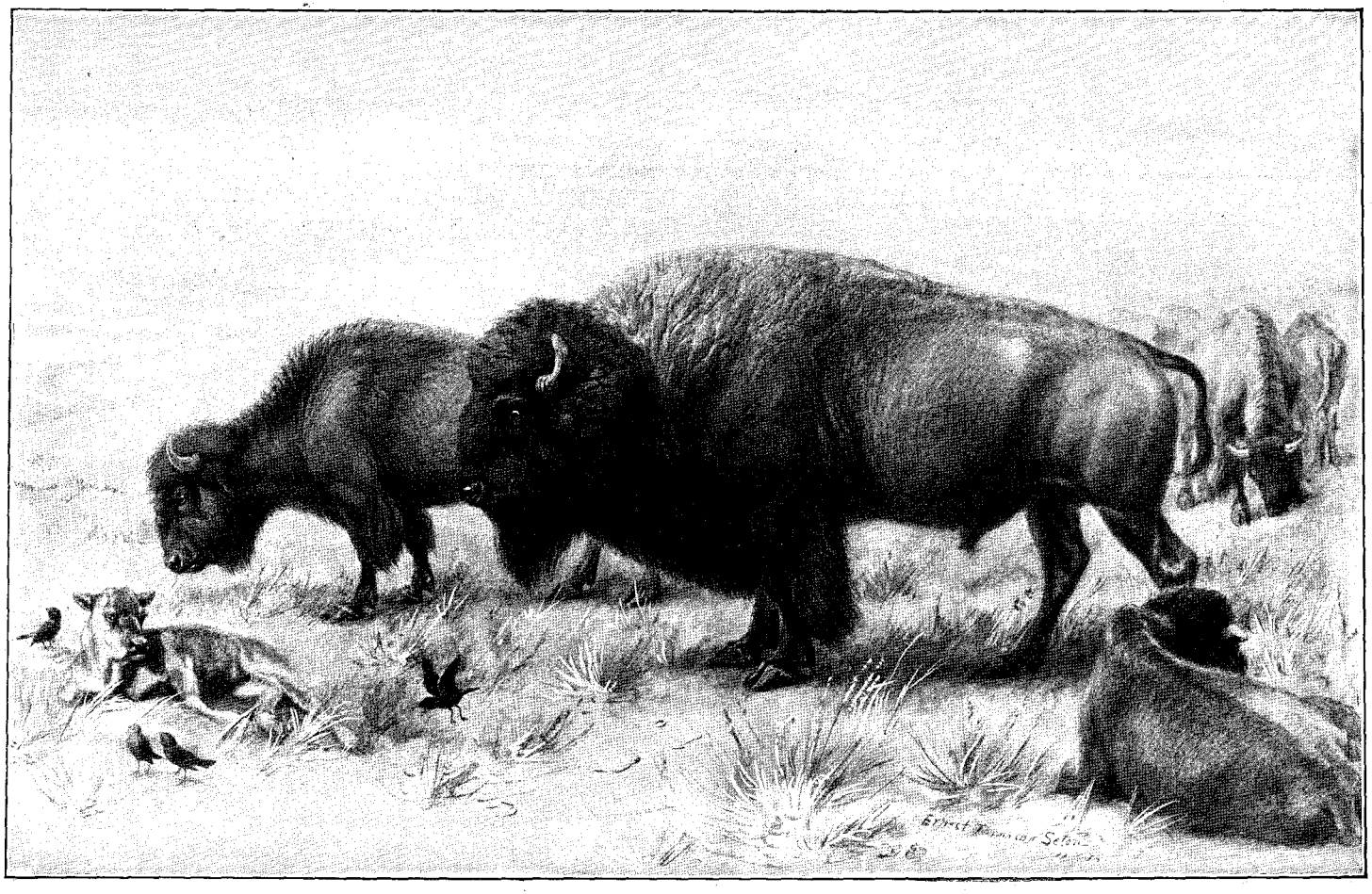

Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton.

A Buffalo herd in the early fall.

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winter in its coldest latitude; nevertheless, it obviously wintered on its best feeding-grounds.

Henry's record shows that in 1800 the stream, both north and south, went along the Red River. The change to the route near Turtle Mountain began about 1812, when the first settlers came to Lord Selkirk's land grant, and was directly caused by the increase of hunters in the neighborhood. Theoretically, the Buffalo must have been migratory, because it continued of one species, although it covered a vast region of faunal areas and must have split up into several distinct species had not it been continually mixed by migration.

There is only one sure way to determine the question of migration; that is, by a series of observations made at one point during a number of years, when the Buffalo abounded. Ten years ago we should have said, "Too late for that," but now the discovery of the precious old Alexander Henry Journal has shed light on the Buffalo and most other by-gone creatures of that now famous land of grain.

Henry's observations were made at Park River Post, a fort which he built on the Red River point thirty-five miles south of the international boundary. The Buffalo lived in that region the year round, though less numerous there than higher up the river.

I have collected all his remarks. They amply sustain the theory of migration and I conclude with Mr. Hornaday that the Buffalo did migrate from 300 to 400 miles north in spring and south in autumn, but the regularity of their movement was much obscured by changes of direction, to meet changes of weather, to visit well-known pastures, to seek good crossings of river or mountain, or to avoid hostile camps and places of evil memories. Furthermore, there were scattered individuals to be found in all parts of the range at all seasons.

Yellowstone Park Buffalo.
From a photograph by John Fossum.

The chief natural enemies of the Buffalo in inverse order of importance were wolves, prairie fires, bogs, the Indian, and the rivers. Epidemic disease seems to have been unknown.

Every Buffalo band was followed by wolves that picked off the young, the weak, and the wounded, thus keeping their herds up to a good physical standard. But the destruction by the wolves was not great. Prairie fires not only destroyed their food, but were the source of direct danger, as we realize in reading this extract from Henry's journal:

"Nov. 25, 1804. Plains burned in every direction and blind Buffalo seen every moment wandering about. The poor beasts have all the hair singed off, even the skin in many places is shrivelled up and terribly

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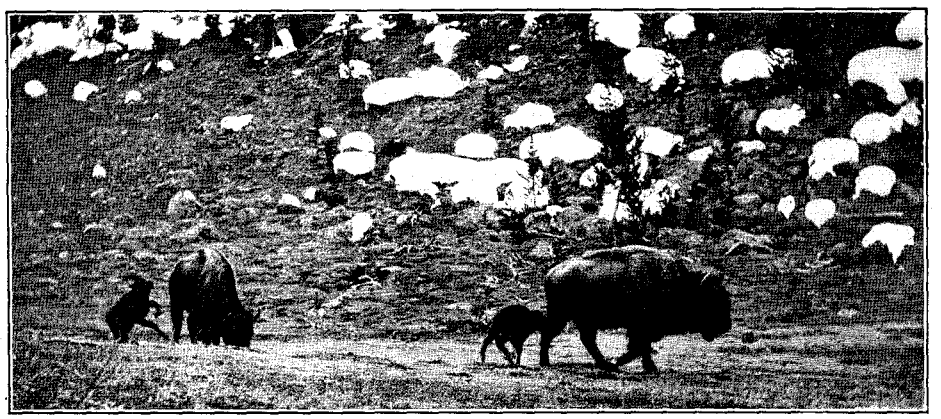

Spring calves, Yellowstone Park.
From a photograph by John Fossum.

burned, and their eyes are swollen and closed fast. It was really pitiful to see them staggering about, sometimes running afoul of a large stone, and other times tumbling down hill and falling into creeks, not yet dead. The fire having passed only yesterday these animals were still good and fresh, and many of them exceedingly fat. Our road was the summit of the Hair Hills [Pembina Mt.] where the open ground is uneven and intercepted by many small creeks running eastward. The country is stony and barren. At sunset we arrived at the Indian camp, having made an extraordinary day's ride, and seen an incredible number of dead and dying, blind, lame, singed, and roasted Buffalo. The fire raged all night toward the S. W." (Vol. i, p. 253.)

Buffalo tearing up the ground.
The first art in wallowing.
From a photograph by R. L. Walker, of Carnegie Pennsylvania

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Professor Hind in 1859 made similar observations.

The obstinate adherence to one course that characterized the Buffalo often led many to their death in the treacherous bogs.

Hornaday says that in the summer of 1867 "over 2,000 Buffalo out of a herd of about 4,000, lost their lives in the quicksand of the Platte River, near Plum Creek, while attempting to cross. . . . It was a common thing for the voyageurs on the Missouri River to see the Buffalo hopelessly mired in the quicksand along the shore." (P. 421.) I doubt not that every great bog and quicksand in the central North-west will prove on drainage to be a Buffalo bone yard that dates from their earliest days.

Bull's eye study by Ernest Thompson Seton.

The primitive Indian was far from being the greatest enemy of the Buffalo; armed only with bow and arrow or lance, and without the aid of a horse, he could scarcely count on the Buffalo for regular support. In winter, when the snow was deep, he could pursue them on snow-shoes and slay them easily enough. But there was rarely sufficient snow for this; all the circumstances precluded the possibility of great destruction, and the opportunities for such slaughter were confined to the North. On rare occasions the tribe could unite and form a Buffalo pound. But there was usually a sufficiency of small game, and I doubt not that before the coming of the horse and the rifle the red man did little harm to the great Bison herds. These two principal aids arrived together on the Buffalo range about the close of the eighteenth century. They marked the beginning of the epoch of extirpatory slaughter by man.

By far the worst destroyer in ancient days was treacherous ice in the spring. All winter the Buffalo herds of the north had been fearlessly crossing and recrossing the ice-bound rivers. Springtime comes with the impulse to wander farther north; the herds are more compacted now, they slowly travel on their route, river after river is crossed at first. But a change sets in; the ice grows rotten. To all appearance it is the same, but it will no longer bear the widely extended herd. The van goes crashing through to death, and thousands more are pushed in by the oncoming hordes behind.

The records of early travellers, we now realize, have much on this subject. But the best I can find is still from the garrulous and ever delightful Henry:

"March 28, 1801. It [the ice] continued to drift on the 31st, bearing great numbers of dead Buffalo from above which must have been drowned in attempting to cross while the ice was weak. . . .

"Wednesday, April 1st. The river clear of ice, but drowned Buffalo continue to drift, by entire herds. Several are lodged on the banks near the fort. The women cut up some of the fattest for their own use; the flesh appeared to be fresh and good. It is really astonishing what vast numbers have perished; they formed one continuous line in the current for two days and nights."

"When they, the Mandans on the Missouri, collect the driftwood, great numbers of drowned Buffalo that have perished in attempting to cross above when the ice was getting bad, float down; those animals the natives are very careful to haul on shore, as they prefer such flesh to that killed in any other way." (Vol. i, p. 341.)

"May 1, 1801. The stench from the vast number of drowned Buffalo along the river was intolerable. . . . 2d. Two hunters arrived . . . from Grandes Fourches. . . . They tell me the number of Buffalo lying along the beach and on the banks above passes all imagination; they form one continuous line and emit a horrid stench. I am informed that every spring it is about the same." (Vol. i, p. 177.)

The distance was thirty-five miles; a Buf-

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Buffalo in the snow.
From a photograph by John Fossum.

falo every ten yards on each side would be within the terms of the description, and would total over 20,000 carcasses.

Dr. E. Coues, commenting on this in a foot-note, says:

"This account is not exaggerated. John McDonnell's Journal of May 18, 1795, when he was descending Qu'Appelle River, states:

"'Observing a good many carcasses of Buffalo in the river and along the banks, I was taken up the whole day in counting them, and, to my surprise, found I had numbered, when we put up for the night, 7,360, drowned and mired along the river and in it. It is true, in one or two places I went on shore and walked from one carcass to the other, where they lay from three to five files deep.' (Masson 1, 1889, p. 294.)"

For generations the dwellers on the Missouri River were familiar with the yearly flood that bore countless Buffalo hulks to be packed away in the Mississippi mud, that in some far geologic day will be the rock, all stored and storied with unnumbered bones. Now we know that all the Northern rivers made their death trap every spring, and since their sum of length must have been not less than 20,000 miles, we can form an estimate of the terrible slaughter that was caused by the rotten ice. Clearly the destruction by nature's own means was so great that the Buffalo were barely holding their own in the long fight; and when the rifle came upon the scene, their doom was sealed.

It was only during the migrations that the very large herds were seen. Bands of a few thousands were found at all seasons, but the millions came together only on some great general impulse.

Let us follow one of these herds moving northward to its summer home from the sheltered bottom-lands along the Missouri in central Dakota, where it wintered.

Before there is yet any visible spring in the land the spirit of unrest comes on them. It may be, the final touch is a warm, sunny day. The old cow, with a "bunch" of fifty to one hundred followers turns her nose northward. Their grunting spreads an epidemic of unrest, and from every valley a long black string pours forth. As they top the upland others and yet others come to view. The general move is northward, but their disposition is to condense into one herd. As night comes down black and chill, they leave the exposed ridges and shelter in the hollows. Cold weather and more snow may follow, but the impulse to travel is in possession now. Once it is given command, it changes not in force or direction till the remembered pastures are reached.

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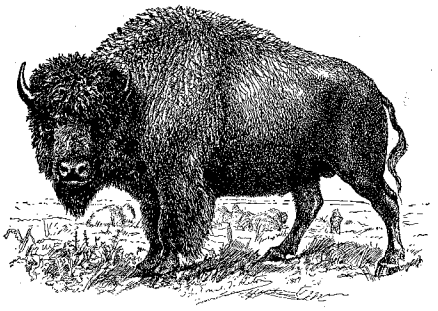


The big bull collected by Mr. W. T. Hornaday.
From pen and ink sketch by Ernest Thompson Seton.
By courtesy of the United States National Museum.

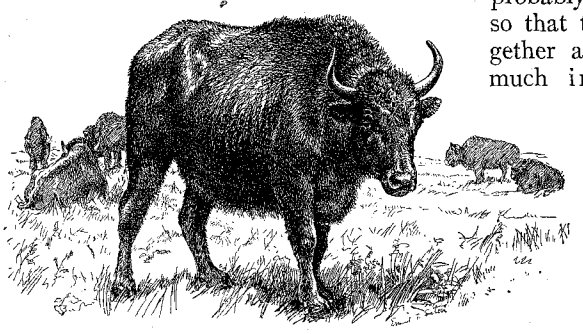
Rivers may cross this path; if frozen, they are unnoticed; if open, they are swum; if covered with rotten ice, the ice is broken by the weight of the herd and some are drowned, but the rest swim through and continue their march. An onset of hunters may swerve them for a time, but it does not change their main trend.

For three or four weeks this continues, and the blackening horde comes swarming down the long level prairies of the Red River Valley. Now they are nearing their familiar summer haunts, and the bands which originally united to form the herd begin to quit that main body. Again the old leader cow sets the example, and stringing after her come many cows and yearlings, mostly relatives by blood, and finally a dozen bulls, that are mostly relatives by marriage.

In a broad sense it will be seen that this small local herd is a family, or, rather, clan. Their leader is an old cow—there is abundance of evidence for this—and doubtless the grandmother of many of them, as Long says (p. 473) "cows are often seen accompanied by the calves of three seasons." The males remain with the females and take an active interest in the young. Animals know and stay with their personal acquaintance, they resent the approach of strangers; migrants work back to their birthplace; whenever a local band of Buffalo was wiped out their pasturage remained vacant for years, so it is unlikely that this group is finally scattered during the annual herding.

The evidence of common range cattle sustains the idea. For, in spite of the annual round-ups, which correspond to the annual herding of the Buffalo, we usually find the same little bunch of cattle (easily distinguished by the marks) in the same feeding-grounds season after season. Finally, the Bison species is polygamous, or probably promiscuous, so that those living together are sure to be much interrelated—that is, a clan.

The blood tie and clan feeling of the group, therefore, I think, well established, but because they have been questioned I was glad, long after the above was written, to find them strongly maintained in detail by an undoubted authority, Buffalo Jones.



Catalo cow in herd of Buffalo Jones.
From pen and ink sketch by Ernest Thompson Seton.
By courtesy of the United States National Museum.

Catalo yearling in herd of Buffalo Jones.
From pen sketch by Ernest Thompson Seton.
By courtesy of the United States National Museum.

So far as I can learn this band does not further disintegrate; it rambles about, in a radius of perhaps ten miles from the favorite

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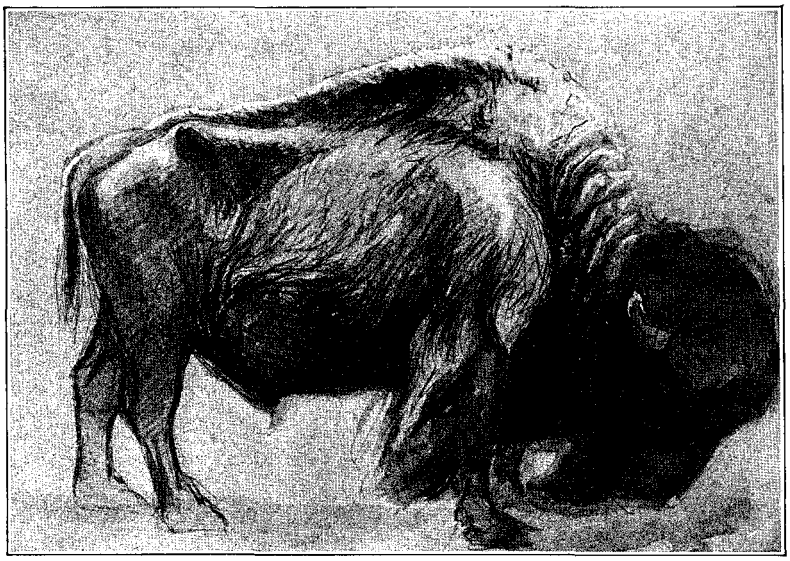

A very high-humped old bull.

drinking-place, and wherever it goes, it is followed by one or two ever-watchful gray wolves.

Some time in April usually, though possibly as early as January and as late as August, the full-grown cow has finished her 9½ months' gestation. True to a universal instinct, she slinks off by herself to some slight hollow—for such there are even on the levelest prairie—and here is born the calf, or, on rare occasions, twin calves. Then, in less than an hour, the mother is able and ready to meet any enemy that may come. Chief among these are the gray or Buffalo wolves. From one or two she is very well able to guard her calf, but half a dozen give a serious aspect to the situation, even though she stand with the little one under her body. But usually help is at hand. Her loud, angry snort or threatening bellow will bring the bulls to her aid. Once the calf is strong on its feet, and that means when three or four days old, its life is with the herd, and it is effectually guarded. Ordinarily, when they lie down for the night they may be scattered, but the near appearance of a gray wolf is enough to make them rearrange their places, condensing their band, the bulls, as a matter of course, now taking the outside.

In the early spring the life of the herds is a pleasant one. Weather is bright and warm now, insect pests unknown. Before the snow is quite gone the crocus or sandflower is greening the plains again, and in a week, changing their color with its teeming bloom, a hundred others follow in quick succession with their rich and succulent growth. The Buffalo grow fatter every day. All the early morning they graze. Toward ten o'clock they lie down and chew their cud; about noon the old cow will arise and march toward the water with the band behind her. She does not go far before meeting, among the many deep-worn Buffalo trails, one which is pointing her way. She follows it; the others come stringing along in single file behind her. The only exception to the single rank is made by the young calves, that run and frisk alongside their mothers. It may be miles to the watering-place, but the herd marches steadily and with purpose. After all have drunk their fill they may lie down again in the neighborhood, or maybe wander back to some prairie swell on whose northern side the sun is a little less warm, the western breeze a little stronger, and there they scatter and lie down for a two hours' rest, till the herd is reminded of its own growing hunger by some young Spikehorn rising to resume the quest for food. Or perhaps even the final ounce of push that moves the landslide is supplied by some little calf, who, desiring drink, uses vigorous means to make his mother take the posture needful to serve him. I remember

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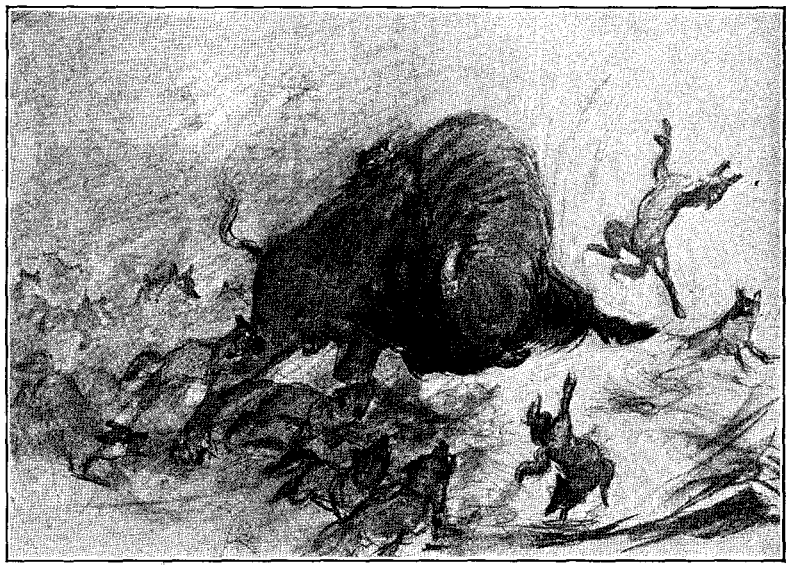

The old bull's last fight.

once watching a young calf that besought his mother for food by pushing around her neck as she lay. She brushed him away with a swing of her head. Again he rubbed and leaned against his mother's neck in mute appeal; again she mutely said, "Don't bother me," and flung him afar with a swing of her massive woolly jowl. Then did that small calf rise to the emergency in a way that filled me with glee; for, standing just beyond the sweep of mother's impatient horns, he backed and charged again and again, butting and pounding with his tiny budded nubbins of horns against her flank —her only tender spot—until she could stand it no longer and leaped to her feet.

Another glimpse of the family life, or at least the Indians' opinion of it, is afforded by the following, from the pen of Mr. C. E. Denny (*F. & S.*, 8 May, 1897). Referring to the rare and beautiful "beaver robe" occasionally found, he says: "The robe was nearly always from a cow, very fine and very light. Many explanations were given by the hunters for this peculiar coat, and the right one was no doubt that given by Montana Indians, that it was caused by the constant licking of many animals in the herd, to which some motherless calf belonged—it having become the pet of the band—and the animals testified their liking in that manner."

In all this pastoral scene there is a flock of small black birds, cowbirds or Buffalo birds they are called. They haunt the Buffalo as negroes do a Mississippi raft-house —sometimes on it, sometimes on the nearest land, but moving when it moves and recognizing this as headquarters.

The cowbirds (*Molothrus ater*) are well-known members of the Starling family. They are peculiar in this, they never pair, make a nest, or bring up their own young. Free love is the order of their day, and when the female is ready to lay she searches for the nest of some small bird and in it abandons her offspring to a foundling's chances with a strange foster-mother. Then, back she hikes to the merry group that live and revel around the Buffalo herd. Sometimes the cowbirds walk sedately behind their grazing monster, sometimes they flit over, snapping at the flies, and as often they sit in a line along the ridge-pole of his spine. Their attachment to the Buffalo was so obvious that an Indian myth tells of their nesting in the wool between the horns of the big bull. Rather a fearsome home site, one would think, during a combat of the bull with some huge rival. But there are some foundations for the myth. First, they do not nest elsewhere. Furthermore, I am told by old-timers, that skulls of Buffalo still clad in their black shock of hair were often used by little birds as nesting-places.

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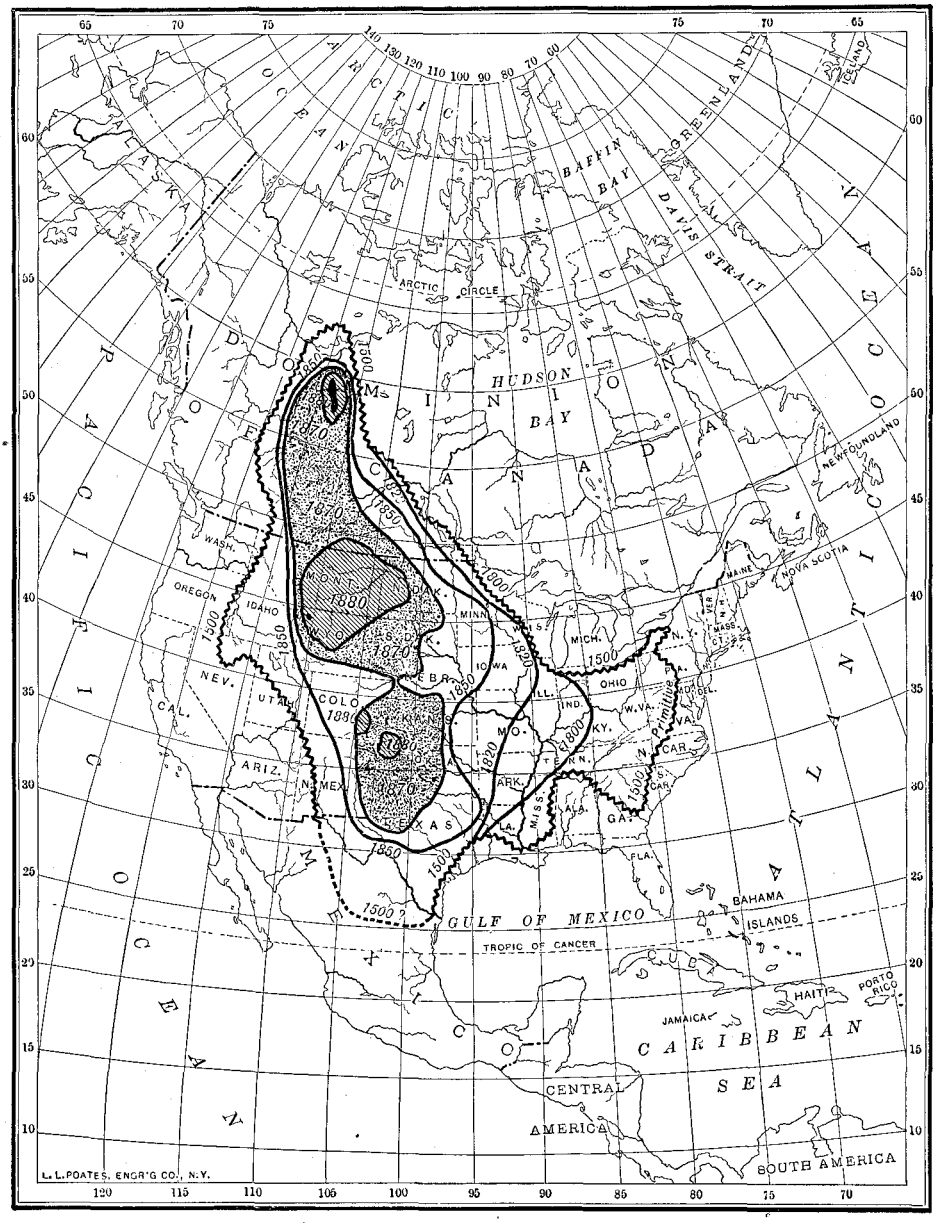

Buffalo map by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Compiled chiefly from the works and maps of Dr. J. A. Allen and W. T. Hornaday.
The black spots, on Yellowstone Park and near Lake Athabasca, represent the herds existing in 1906.

One more incident. In the Park of Silver Heights, Winnipeg, is a herd of a dozen Buffalo. All summer they are followed by the usual flock of cowbirds, which fly southward when cold weather arrives. But the autumn of 1900 came and there was one that stayed when the others flew. All through that Manitoba winter he remained with the Buffalo, and especially with the biggest bull of the herd. Its food was the Buffalo's food; by day it flitted near or warmed its toes in the wool of his back. By night it snuggled in a sort of a nestling hollow it had made in the wool just back of his

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horns. He was its protector from famine, frost, animal and human foes, for he was so fierce that none dared go near him, even to inspect more closely the cowbird that had committed itself to his charge. This incident is attested by Dr. S. J. Thompson, the veterinary of the province, and Mr. George Grieve, the taxidermist, as well as by the keeper, Mr. Prescott.

Mr. Grieve tells me that he thinks the bird was wounded and unable to fly when its kinsfolk went South, and so made the best of the situation; and not so very bad it proved, for he came out fat and fit in the spring. It is interesting to note that upon their ranges the Red River Valley Buffalo were accompanied by the cowbird (*M. Ater*) and the Saskatchewan Buffalo by the white-winged Buffalo bird (*Calamospiza bicolor*).

As the summer grows warm, the Buffalo shed their coats in great broad flakes or wads of mothy-looking felt; the latter half of their bodies becomes positively naked. And now the mosquito millions are turned loose. I suppose that even a rhinoceros would be annoyed by these long-beaked stingers of the lush wet plains, and the Buffalo with their naked rears are driven to accept any promise of relief. A high knoll in a strong wind is said to be good "medicine for the flies." But such a combination is not always available and besides, it prevents feeding. A much more convenient remedy is a supplementary coat of mud. This they get by rolling hog-like in the muddy hollows that still dot the plains—hollows which the ignorant call fairy-rings, but which were always known to the hunters as "*wallows*."

The Buffalo bull is so exemplary in his behavior toward the calf that some observers believed the species monogamous. Thus Audubon and Bachman say, "The Bison bulls generally select a mate from among a herd of cows and do not leave their chosen one until she is about to calf.

"When two or more males fancy the same female, furious battles ensue and the conqueror leads off the fair cause of the contest in triumph." . . .

"It frequently happens, that a bull leads off a cow, and remains with her, separated during the season, from all the others, either male or female." ("Quad. Am.," p. 37-38.)

Others maintain that there is no mating, the species is promiscuous; and yet others that extreme polygamy is the rule—that the strongest bull drives the rest out and holds the herd as his harem.

Of the battle there can be no doubt. The annual ferment, the disturber of so much animal peace, sets in with July, earlier in the South, later in the North, and continues about two months. Catlin's picture is that of a man who had seen it many times.

"The *running season*, which is in August and September, is the time when they congregate into such masses in some places, as literally to blacken the prairies for miles together. It is no uncommon thing at this season, at these gatherings, to see several thousands in a mass, eddying and wheeling about under a cloud of dust, which is raised by the bulls as they are pawing in the dirt, or engaged in desperate combats, as they constantly are, plunging and butting at each other in the most furious manner. In these scenes, the males are continually following the females, and the whole mass are in a constant motion; and all bellowing (or 'roaring') in deep and hollow sounds, which mingled together, appear, at the distance of a mile or two, like the sound of distant thunder." (Catlin, p. 249.)

There is on Antelope Island, Salt Lake, a herd of Buffalo (numbering twenty-eight in 1905). Friends in Salt Lake City have given me an idea of what has been going on in that herd ever since they were turned loose and left free to resume their tribal life. The strongest bull takes possession of all the best things, the wallow, the choice food, the shady spot in the summer and the sheltered nook in winter, as well as the majority of the cows. He would take all if he had the wit, and the cows accepted his view of the matter. The lesser bulls keep out of his way and take what they can get of his leavings. From time to time some growing, lusty young fellow tries a bout with the "boss," and usually gets the worst of it. But a time comes, soon or late, when the "boss is licked." He is driven out of the herd and far from it, forbidden to return at the peril of his life, for he has made enemies of all, and the new king reigns in his stead, to tyrannize over the cows and the lesser bulls. The reign of each boss is usually two or three years. I have no doubt that this explains the clan life of the Buffalo.

In August and September the herd has been mixed, of all ages and sexes. As Sep-

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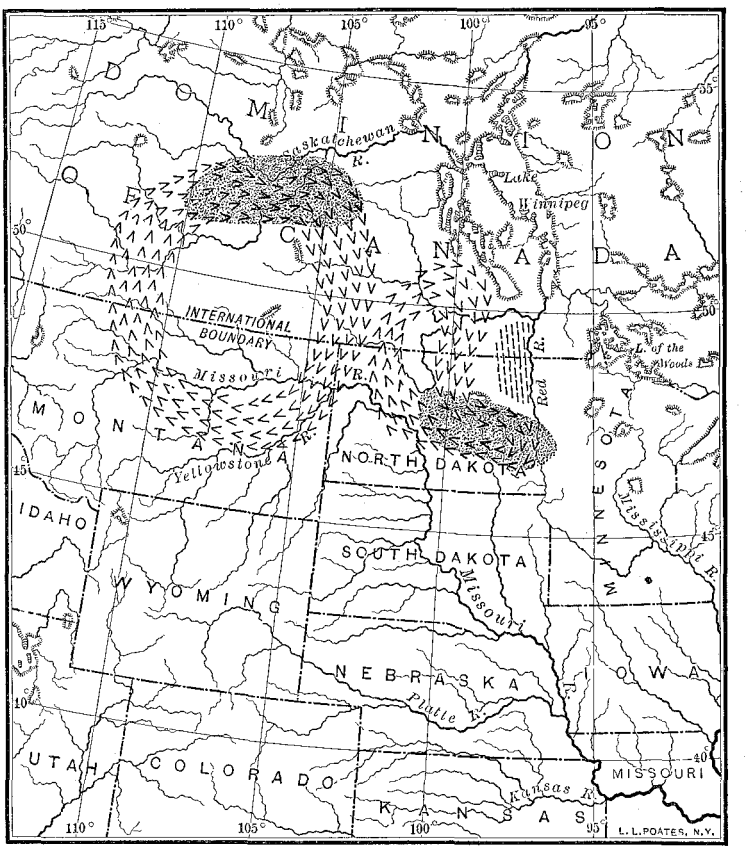
tember wanes the males lose interest in their partners and now, for the first time, we find the clan divided, the males in one herd, the females in another. Their lives go on as before, but they meet and pass without mixing. The bulls are poor in flesh at this time and subdued in spirit, but the rich pasturage to which they most assiduously devote themselves begins to tell. In October the good fare shows in all. Their new coats are sleek and growing, their bodies reinvigorated, their tempers more sociable, and when late November frosts send forth the word to move, it is usual to find the clan reunited, moving as before, with the old great-grandmother in advance, the young ones scattered through, the father and grandfather behind, and the great-great-great-grandfather dethroned and roaming alone in the offing.

These old bulls are rarely molested by hunters, human or brute. They are too tough for the one to eat, or for the other to kill. But sometimes the wolves, when hard pressed by hunger, will unite in a large band and attack even an old bull, if no better prey be in sight.



Buffalo migration according to Professor Hind's record.

The dark area in each case marks the winter range. The arrow-heads show direction of migration. Their ancient route along Red River is marked with straight dotted lines.

These solitary bulls are probably much over twenty years of age. Domestic bulls continue to breed till considerably over a dozen years old; these were past breeding, and the Buffalo seems to have been longer lived than the ordinary bovine. Senator R. F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota, tells me that a Buffalo bull calf that he caught in 1882 was still living in Buffalo City Zoo in 1902, and by its continued vigor gave every promise of a much more extended life. The cows seem equally long-lived. Mr. Chas. Payne tells me of a cow that was still breeding and vigorous in her twenty-sixth year. Colonel

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Jones says: "The natural life of the Buffalo is much longer than is that of domestic cattle. I frequently saw animals so old their horns had decayed and dropped off, which indicated that they live to a patriarchal age. I saw a Buffalo cow in the zoölogical garden in Paris which was thirty-one years old, and I am sure I have seen wild ones from ten to fifteen years older." And since the cow begins to breed at three years and has a calf each spring, or every other spring, for about thirty years, the diminution of the Buffalo as a wild race cannot be, as some have claimed, due to infecundity.

The "Extermination of the Buffalo" has been so fully and admirably treated by Mr. W. T. Hornaday, in his volume of that name (1889), that I can do little more than condense his account, acknowledge my indebtedness, and add a few later facts.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century the Buffalo were cleared out of all the country east of the Mississippi.

In 1832, according to Catlin, 150,000 to 200,000 robes were marketed each year, which meant a slaughter of 2,000,000 or perhaps 3,000,000 Buffalo, by the plains Indians. The destruction and waste was already so great that Catlin prophesied the speedy extinction of the Bison. The drain was obviously greater than the natural increase and already the vast herds were visibly shrinking. About 1834 or 1835 they began to diminish very rapidly on the west slope of the Rockies, as Frémont records. But the east slope was the great Buffalo range. Concerning these two areas this famous explorer writes:

"The extraordinary abundance of the Buffalo on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and their extraordinary diminution, will be made clearly evident from the following statement: At any time between the years 1824 and 1836, a traveller might start from any given point south or north in the Rocky Mountain range, journeying by the most direct route to the Missouri River; and, during the whole distance, his road would be always among large bands of Buffalo, which would never be out of his view until he arrived almost within sight of the abodes of civilization.

"At this time [1842] the Buffalo occupy but a very little limited space, principally along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, sometimes extending their southern extremity to a considerable distance into the plains between the Platte and Arkansas rivers, and along the eastern frontier of New Mexico, as far south as Texas."

Frémont reckoned the annual market of Buffalo robes as 90,000; but robes were collected only during the four winter months; and not more than a third of those killed at the season were skinned, while half of the robes were used at home. Therefore 90,000 robes represented a slaughter of 1,620,000 of Buffalo. But the rate of killing was so much higher in summer that we may calculate the annual kill at 2,000,000 or 2,500,000 a year during these palmy Buffalo days. The herds shrank fast. The Buffalo Indians had been decreased by smallpox, but the white consumers more than made up the shortage.

In 1842 Frémont found distress among the Indians along the Platte on account of failure of the Buffalo. In 1852 the Buffalo was so far from the Red River country that Ross considered hunting it a thing of the past. In 1867, the Union Pacific Railway reached Cheyenne, penetrated the heart of the Buffalo country, carrying unnumbered destroyers with it, and split the remaining Buffalo range in two; thenceforth it was customary to speak of the "South herd" and the "North herd," each of which appeared to recognize a boundary in those sinister lines of steel.

In 1871, the Santa Fé Railway crossed Kansas, the favorite summer ground of the Southern herd, now reduced to about 4,000,000, according to Hornaday, and then began the great slaughter by the white skin-hunters. Taking as a basis the railway statistics of shipments and Colonel Dodge's observations, Mr. Hornaday has calculated the slaughter of the herd as follows:

1872	1,491,489
1873	1,508,658
1874	158,583
Total	3,158,730
Killed by the Indians, same period	390,000
" " settlers and Indians	150,000
Total	3,698,730

These are the lowest estimates that I know of. Colonel Jones's figures are about double these. That was the end of the Southern herd.

A few scattered bands lingered in out-of-the-way places, but were relentlessly hunted

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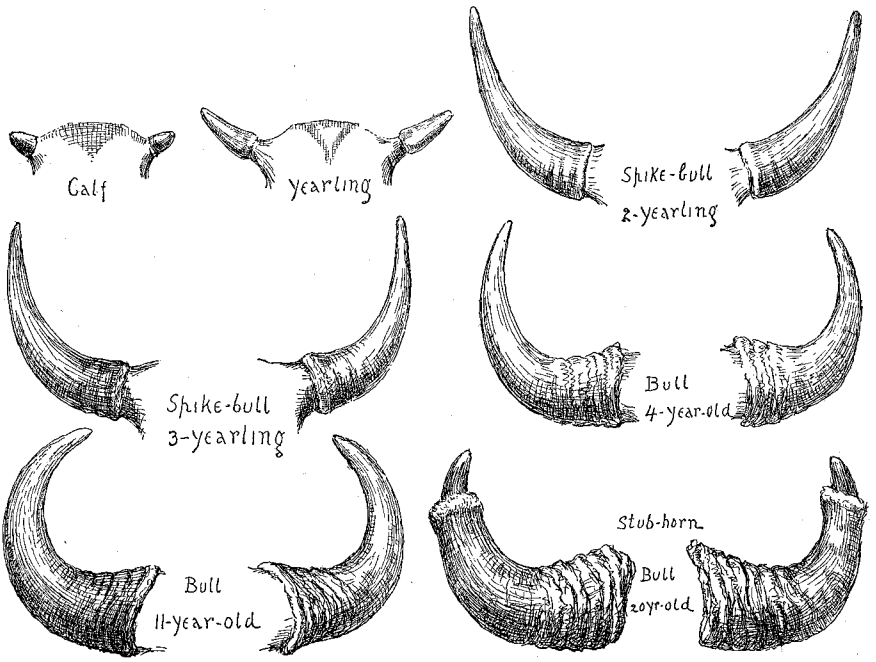
down. The last considerable herd that I can learn about was in 1886, described to me seven years afterward by Mr. Charles Norris, cowboy, of Clayton, New Mexico. His narrative is full of interesting detail. The date seemed to me very late for so large a herd, but cross-examination did not make him change it. He said:

"The last big bunch of Buffalo I ever saw was in the Panhandle of Texas. I came on in the May of 1886; I was driving a bunch of horses from Coldwater to Buffalo Springs, and when thirty-five miles east of Buffalo Springs, saw the Buffalo herd about three miles off. I knew at once they were Buffalo, because they were all of one color. I left the horses with the other man, as all he needed was a guide to this place, and the next day on returning, I saw them again about fifteen miles farther east. I rode in among them, some were lying down and some were grazing; they seemed about 200. There were only six little calves. As soon as they saw me they bunched like cattle and kept on milling around. Then one bull made a lead to stampede, but none followed him, so he came back to the bunch. Another bull thus started from the bunch tried to lead off; he ran about 100 yards, but none followed him at all, so he returned to the bunch. Then one in the bunch, he seemed a third larger than any other there, led out and all followed him. They strung out in a semicircle and I tried to cut across to the middle of it. But instead of getting right away, part of them hung back and it seemed as if they were going to surround me. I thought it wiser, then, to fall back and get out of the way. There they strung off after the big leader. I galloped behind trying to rope a calf, but the mother turned on me. I had no gun, my horse was tired, so I gave it up. I noticed that in running they pawed with one side low and after a while changed to the other. Then I went on fifteen miles south-east to our camp. A. N. Cranmer was in charge of the camp, which was by a small lake. He said: 'This is the only water in this region; they will be certain to come in here before three days.' So we waited, and on the second day the whole herd appeared. Now I had a good chance to count them, there were 186. They drank very heavily and then played about like calves. A num-



Series of Buffalo horns.
Redrawn from "Extermination of the American Bison," by W. T. Hornaday.

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ber of them amused themselves by jumping off a bluff into the water four feet below them, then running around up a low place to jump off again. As soon as we had seen all we wished, we fired. I killed a cow and he killed a bull. We then started off to rope some calves. I caught one and he caught two. We had to kill the mother of the last, as she showed fight. Then we had to go. I saw no more of them. One of his calves died and I gave mine to his little boy, who sold it to Goodnight, and the other was traded to a passing stranger from Kansas for a span of colts.

"In the November of the same year, on the same trail I saw twelve head, and I have never seen one since."

The very last individuals that I have knowledge of were four found and killed in 1889, near Buffalo Springs, Texas. The account of it I got from Mr. W. Allen, cowboy, also of Clayton, New Mexico, four years after the event.

This ended the last of the Southern stragglers.

The great Northern herd was still in existence after the bulk of the Southern was wiped out. A colder winter and hostile Indians were their chief protectors. Hornaday calculated the Northern herd at about 1,500,000; most authors put it much higher. The Indians, he reckons, were then slaughtering them at the rate of 375,000 a year.

In 1876 the American troops drove the hostile Indians out of the country, opening the way for the skin hunters. In 1878 the last herd went South from the Saskatchewan and the few scattered bands there were killed off by the Indians in 1879. In 1880 the Southern Pacific Railroad opened a way into the central country of the last great herd, and the Southern story was repeated.

Condensing Mr. Hornaday's account,

In	1881	the	skin	hunters	shipped	out..... 50,000
"	1882	"	"	"	"	 200,000
"	1883	"	"	"	"	 40,000
"	1884	"	"	"	"	 300
"	1885	"	"	"	"	 0
						290,300

This was the end of the Northern herd.

The last survivors, twenty-eight in number, were killed on the Big Porcupine, in 1886, and mounted by Mr. Hornaday himself, for the National Museum. The only wild ones left are the band preserved in the Yellowstone Park and the herd of Wood Buffalo that finds a refuge in the woods and on the plains of the Athabasca region.

How many Buffalo, all told, are living now? This is a question put by all who are interested in the subject. For a clear expression of their numbers, their decline, and the rescue of the survivors, I shall set the various figures in columns.

Estimate of the Buffalo in primitive days.....	55,000,000
" " " " " 1800.....	40,000,000
" " " " " 1850.....	20,000,000
Mr. W. T. Hornaday's estimate in 1871.....	4,500,000
" " " " census (wild 635; captive in America 256, in Yellowstone Park 200) in 1889	1,091
About 1895 they probably reached a minimum of.....	800
Mr. Mark Sullivan's census in 1900.....	1,024
Mr. S. P Langley's census, Feb. 6, 1902.....	1,394
Dr. Frank Baker's census, 1903.....	1,753
" " " " 1905.....	1,697

The apparent diminution in 1905 is due to the continued hunting of the wild ones in North-west Canada.

In 1903, Dr. Baker estimated these at 600; in 1905, at 400. They seem to be doomed; but the rest are captives in America and Europe; they have increased from the original stock of 256 in 1889 to 1,297 in 1905, and there is every prospect that they will continue as they have begun.

Many able pens have recorded the service that the Buffalo rendered man; it needs no telling here. His feeding of a quarter of a million and his clothing of twice as many human beings are well known, indeed, but they are ended.

Many good men, chief among them Buffalo Jones (Col. C. J. Jones) have made practical efforts to utilize the Bison as a domestic animal. They have above all attracted attention to it, and saved the remnant from extermination. Colonel Jones believes in a hybrid form between the Buffalo and the common cattle. This he calls a "Catalo." It has the advantages of being exceedingly hardy, fearless of blizzards, able to paw and root through the snow for grass where ordinary cattle would starve, and above all, produce a robe which, very superior even to that of a Buffalo, is worth as much as the entire ordinary steer. Alaska and Canada are the countries for which these experiments have an especial interest.

But the Buffalo as a wild animal is gone. The great herds will never again be seen roaming the plains.

Who is there of the present generation

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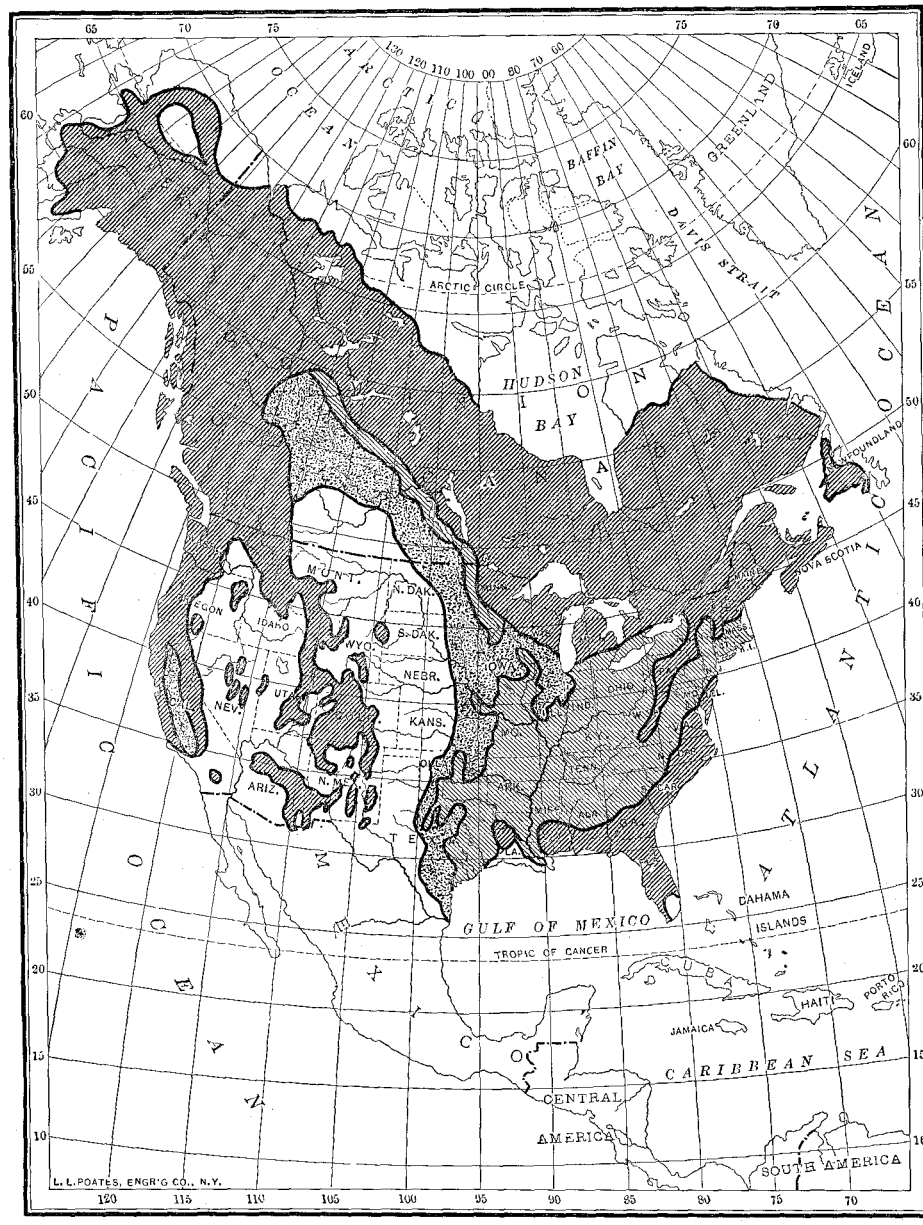

Map of North America (exclusive of Mexico), after C. S. Sargent.

Showing coniferous forest in dark tint, deciduous forest in pale tint, prairies in dotted tint, and treeless plains in white tint.

that does not feel profound regret at the thought and ask himself: "Why was I born too late? What would I not give to have seen the Buffalo days and people in their romantic prime?" All the hungry regret that Sir Walter Scott felt over the departed glories of the feudal life is felt by every boy and young man of our country now when he hears of the Buffalo days and the stirring times of the by-gone wildest West.

Why was it allowed? Why did not the Government act? And a hundred sad "might have beens" spring forth from

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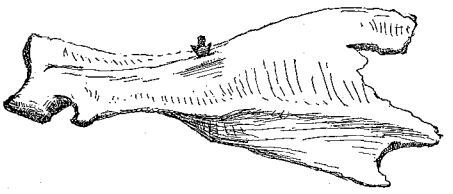
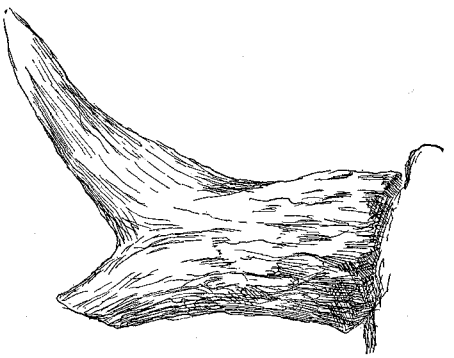
hearts that truly feel they lost a wonderful something when the butchers drawn from the dregs of border towns were turned loose to wipe out the great herds that meant so much to all who love wilds and the primitive in life.

There is one answer—*the extermination was absolutely inevitable*. The Buffalo ranged the plains that were needed by the outcrowded human swarms of Europe; producing Buffalo was not the best use for those plains; possessed of vast size and strength, and of an obstinate, impetuous disposition, that would stampede in a given line and keep that line to the utter destruction of all obstacles or of himself, the Buffalo was incompatible with any degree of possession by white men and with the higher productivity of the soil.

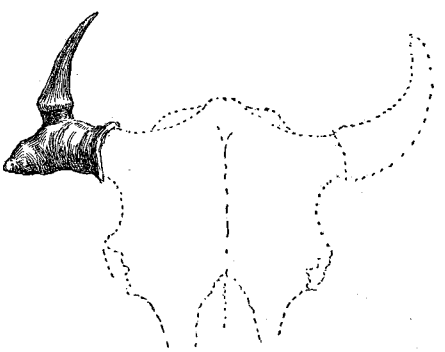
He had to go. He may still exist in small herds in our parks and forest reserves. He may even achieve success as a domestic animal, filling the gaps where the old-time cattle fail. But the Buffalo of the wild plains is gone forever, and we who see those times in the glamor of romance can only say: It had to be; he served his time and now his time is past.



A story of the plains.
Medicine Hat, Saskatchewan.



Freak Buffalo horn found on the Black Plateau.
Collected in 1895 by Frank H. Mayer.
Redrawn from photograph in *Outdoor Life*.



Freak horn from Saskatchewan.
In collection of James Hargraves, of Medicine Hat.

But there is a lasting monument he leaves behind. Who that knows the West has not seen the game trail grow into an Indian trail and the Indian trail into a pack trail, which again becomes a white man's road, and at last the pilot of the iron horse? The reason is simple: it is the easiest and shortest way through the hills that can be selected by long experience and thorough knowledge of the country. This idea has been worked out for the Buffalo by Mr. A. B. Hulbert, in his "Historic Highways of America." He points out that the Buffalo first planned the route through the Alleghanies, by which the white man entered and possessed the Mississippi Valley.

"It is very wonderful," he says, "that the Buffalo's instinct should have found the very best courses across a continent upon whose thousand rivers such great black forests were thickly strung. Yet it did, and the tripod of the white man has proved it, and human intercourse will move constantly on paths first marked by the Buffalo. It is interesting that he found the strategic passageways through the mountains; it is also interesting that the Buffalo marked out the most practical paths between the heads of our rivers, paths that are closely followed today by the Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, Cleveland, Terminal and Valley, Wabash, and other great railroads.

"A rare instance of this: the B. & O. R. R., between Grafton and Parkersburg (W. Va.), has followed the trail steadily throughout its course, and when it came to

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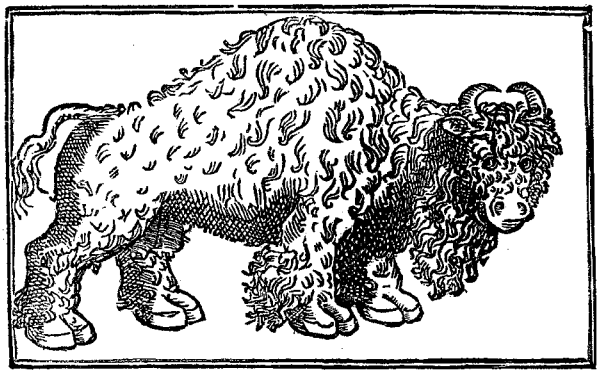
a more difficult point than usual, the railway was compelled to tunnel at the strategic point of least elevation, and in two instances the trail runs exactly over the tunnel! This same thing occurs now in the building of new railways."

But the white man was not the first to follow the Buffalo's paths. Professor Mooney has proved to us that the Sioux Indians were a race of the Atlantic coast, that they migrated through the Alleghanies to the Mississippi Valley, and on, and yet farther on, they went. Doing what? We know to-day, from their traditions, from their life, and from their route. They were following the Buffalo — and followed them over the mountains by the paths the Buffalo themselves had made. They have followed them long and far. Will they still keep on, and do as many of their bravest wished to do, seek the herds no more on the vast Missourian plains, but over the borderland, in those perfect hunting-grounds where the mosquito, the smallpox, and the white man are unknown, and where alone will the Buffalo bands be seen, darkening the offing and "making the earth one robe"?



Earliest known picture of American Buffalo.
From Gomara's "Historia de las Indias Saragossa," 1552-1553. Folio.
In New York Public Library (Lenox Building).

THAMMUZ

By William Vaughn Moody

DAUGHTERS, daughters, do ye grieve?
Crimson dark the freshes flow!
Were ye violent at eve?
Crimson stains where the rushes grow!
What is this that I must know?

Mourners by the dark red waters,
Met ye Thammuz at his play?
Was your mood upon you, daughters?
Had ye drunken? Oh, how gray
Looks your hair in the rising day!

Mourners, mourn not overmuch
That ye slew your lovely one.
Such ye are; and be ye such.
Lift your heads! The waters run
Ruby-bright in the climbing sun.

Raven hair and hair of gold,
Look who bendeth over you!
This is not the shepherd old,
This is Thammuz, whom ye slew,
Radiant Thammuz, risen anew!

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DAUGHTERS OF ZION

SECOND REBECCA STORY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

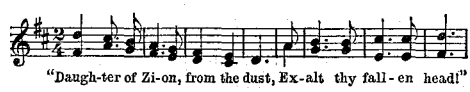
ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

ABIJAH FLAGG was driving over to Wareham on an errand for old Squire Winship, whose general chore-boy and farmer's assistant he had been for some years.

He passed Emma Jane Perkins's house slowly, as he always did. She was only a little girl of thirteen and he a boy of seventeen, but somehow, for no particular reason, he liked to see the sun shine on her thick braids of reddish-brown hair. He admired her china-blue eyes too, and her amiable, friendly expression. He was quite alone in the world, and he always thought that if he had anybody belonging to him he would rather have a sister like Emma Jane Perkins than anything else within the power of Providence to bestow. When she herself suggested this relationship a few years later he cast it aside with scorn, having changed his mind in the interval—but that story belongs to another time and place.

Emma Jane was not to be seen in garden, field, or at the window, and Abijah turned his gaze to the large brick house that came next on the other side of the quiet village street. It might have been closed for a funeral. Neither Miss Miranda nor Miss Jane Sawyer sat at their respective windows knitting, nor was Rebecca Randall's gypsy face to be discerned. Ordinarily that will-o'-the-wispish little person could be seen, heard, or felt wherever she was.

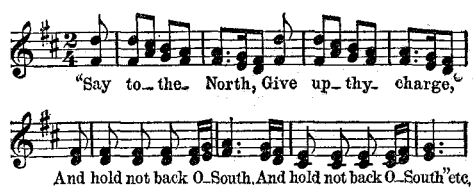
"The village must be abed, I guess," mused Abijah as he neared the Robinsons' yellow cottage, where all the blinds were closed and no sign of life showed on porch or in shed. "No, 'tain't, neither," he thought again, as his horse crept cautiously down the hill, for from the direction of the Robinsons' barn chamber there floated out into the air certain burning sentiments set to the tune of "Antioch." The words, to a lad brought up in the orthodox faith, were quite distinguishable:



Even the most religious youth is stronger on first lines than others, but Abijah pulled up his horses and waited till he caught another familiar verse, beginning:

"Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth."

"That's Rebecca carrying the air, and I can hear Emma Jane's alto. Land! ain't they smart, seesawin' up and down in that part they learnt in singin'-school! I wonder what they're actin' out, singin' hymn-tunes up in the barn chamber? Some o' Rebecca's doin's, I'll be bound! Git dap, Aleck!"



Aleck pursued his serene and steady trot up the hills on the Edgewood side of the river, till at length he approached the green Common where the old Tory Hill meeting-house stood, its white paint and green blinds showing fair and pleasant in the afternoon sun. Both doors were open, and as Abijah turned into the Wareham road the church melodeon pealed out the opening bars of the Missionary Hymn, and presently a score of voices sent the good old tune from the choir-loft out to the dusty road:

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

"Land!" exclaimed Abijah under his breath. "They're at it up here, too! That

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explains it all. There's a missionary meeting at the church and the girls wa'n't allowed to come, so they held one o' their own, and I bate ye it's the liveliest of the two."

Abijah Flagg's shrewd Yankee guesses were not far from the truth, though he was not in possession of all the facts. It will be remembered by those who have been in the way of hearing Rebecca's experiences in Riverboro that the Rev. and Mrs. Burch, returned missionaries from the Far East, together with some of their children—"all born under Syrian skies," as they always explained to interested inquirers—spent a day or two at the brick house and gave parlor meetings in native costume.

These visitors, coming straight from foreign lands to the little Maine village, brought with them a nameless enchantment to the children, and especially to Rebecca, whose imagination always kindled easily. The romance of that visit had never died in her heart and among the many careers that dazzled her youthful vision was that of converting such Syrian heathen as might continue in idol-worship after the Burches' efforts in their behalf had ceased. She thought at the age of eighteen she might be suitably equipped for storming some minor citadel of Mohammedanism; and Mrs. Burch had encouraged her in the idea, not, it is to be feared, because Rebecca showed any surplus of virtue or Christian grace, but because her gift of language, her tact and sympathy, and her musical talent, seemed to fit her for the work.

It chanced that the quarterly meeting of the Maine Missionary Society had been appointed just at the time when a letter from Mrs. Burch to Miss Jane Sawyer suggested that Rebecca should form a children's branch in Riverboro. Mrs. Burch's real idea was that the young people should save their pennies and divert a gentle stream of financial aid into the parent fund, thus learning early in life to be useful in such work either at home or abroad.

The girls themselves, however, read into her letter no such modest participation in the conversion of the world, and wishing to effect an organization without delay, they chose an afternoon when every house in the village was vacant, and seized upon the Robinsons' barn chamber as the place of meeting.

Rebecca, Alice Robinson, Emma Jane Perkins, Candace Milliken, and Persis Watson, each with her hymn-book, had climbed the ladder leading to the haymow a half-hour before Abijah Flagg had heard the strains of "Daughter of Zion" floating out to the road. Rebecca, being an executive person, had carried, beside her hymn-book, a silver call-bell and pencil and paper. An animated discussion regarding one of two names for the society, The Junior Heralds or The Daughters of Zion, had resulted in a unanimous vote for the latter, and Rebecca had been elected president at an early stage of the meeting. She had modestly suggested that Alice Robinson, as the granddaughter of a missionary to China would be much more eligible.

"No," said Alice, with entire good-nature, "whoever is *elected* president, you *will* be, Rebecca—you're that kind—so you might as well have the honor; I'd just as lieves be secretary, anyway."

"If you should want me to be treasurer I could be, as well as not," said Persis Watson, "for, you know, my father keeps china banks at his store—ones that will hold as much as two dollars if you will let them. I think he'd give us one if I am treasurer."

The three principal officers were thus elected at one fell swoop and with an entire absence of that red tape which commonly renders organization so tiresome, Candace Milliken suggesting that she'd better be vice-president, as Emma Jane Perkins was always so bashful. "We ought to have more members," she reminded the other girls, "but if we had invited them the first day they'd have all wanted to be officers, especially Minnie Smellie, so it's just as well not to ask them till another time. Is Thirza Meserve too little to join?"

"I can't think why anybody named Meserve should have called a baby Thirza," said Rebecca, somewhat out of order, though the meeting was carried on with small recognition of parliamentary laws. "It always makes me want to say:

"Thirza Meserver,
Heaven preserve her!

or

"Thirza Meserver,
Do we deserve her?

She's little, but she's sweet, and absolutely without guile. I think we ought to have her."

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"Is 'guile' the same as guilt?" inquired Emma Jane.

"Yes," the president answered; "exactly the same except one is written and the other spoken language." (Rebecca was rather good at imbibing information and a master hand at imparting it!) "Written language is for poems and graduations and occasions like this—kind of like a best Sunday-go-to-meeting dress that you wouldn't like to go blueberrying in, for fear of getting it spotted."

"I'd just as lieves get 'guile' spotted as not," affirmed the unimaginative Emma Jane. "I think it's an awful foolish word; but now we're all named and our officers elected, what do we do first? It's easy enough for Mary and Martha Burch; they just play at missionarying because their folks work at it, same as Living and I used to make believe be blacksmiths when we were little."

"It must be nicer missionarying in those foreign places," said Persis, "because on 'Afric's shores and India's plains and other spots where Satan reigns' (that's father's favorite hymn) there's always a heathen bowing down to wood and stone. You can take away his idols if he'll let you and give him a Bible and the beginning's all made. But who'll we begin on? Jethro Small?"

"Oh, he's entirely too dirty, and foolish besides!" exclaimed Candace. "Why not Ethan Hunt? He swears dreadfully."

"He lives on nuts and is a hermit and it's a mile to his camp; my mother'll never let me go there," objected Alice. "There's Uncle Tut Judson."

"He's too old; he's 'most a hundred and deaf as a post," complained Emma Jane. "Besides his married daughter has a class in a Sabbath-school—why doesn't she teach him to behave? I can't think of anybody good to start on!"

"Don't talk like that, Emma Jane," reproved Rebecca. "We are a copperated body named the Daughters of Zion, and, of course, we've got to find something to do. Foreigners are the easiest; there's a Scotch family at North Riverboro, an English one in Edgewood, and one Cuban man at Milliken's Mills."

"Haven't foreigners got any religion of their own?" inquired Persis curiously.

"Ye-es, I s'pose so; kind of a one; but foreigners' religions are never right—ours is the only good one," said Candace, the deacon's daughter.

"I do think it must be dreadful, being born with a religion and growing up with it and then finding out it's no use and all your time wasted!" sighed Rebecca, chewing a straw and looking troubled.

"Well, that's your punishment for being a heathen," retorted Candace, who had been brought up strictly.

"But I can't for the life of me see how you can help being a heathen if you're born in Africa," persisted Persis, who was well named.

"You can't," Rebecca answered. "I had that all out with Mrs. Burch when she was visiting Aunt Miranda. She says they can't help being heathen, but if there's a single mission station in the whole of Africa, they're accountable if they don't go there and get saved."

"Are there plenty of stages and railroads?" asked Alice, "because there must be dreadfully long distances, and what if they couldn't pay the fare?"

"That part of it is so dreadfully puzzly we mustn't talk about it, please," said Rebecca, her sensitive face quivering with the force of the problem. Poor little soul! She did not realize that her superiors in age and intellect had spent many a sleepless night over that same "accountability of the heathen."

"It's too bad the Simpsons have moved away," said Candace. "It's so seldom you can find a real big wicked family like that to save, with only Clara Belle and Susan good in it."

"And numbers count for so much," continued Alice. "My grandmother says if missionaries can't convert about so many in a year the Board advises them to come back to America and take up some other work."

"I know," Rebecca corroborated; "and it's the same with revivalists. At the Centennial picnic at North Riverboro a revivalist sat opposite to Mr. Ladd and Aunt Jane and me, and he was telling about his wonderful success in Bangor last winter. He'd converted a hundred and thirty in a month, he said, or about four and a third a day. I had just finished fractions, so I asked Mr. Ladd how the third of a man could be converted. He laughed and said it was just the other way; that the man was a third converted. Then he explained that if you were trying to convince a person of his sin

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"We are a copperated body named the Daughters of Zion."—Page 408.

on a Monday, and couldn't quite finish by sundown, perhaps you wouldn't want to sit up all night with him, and perhaps he wouldn't want you to, so you'd begin again on Tuesday, and you couldn't say just which day he was converted, because it would be two-thirds on Monday and one-third on Tuesday."

"Mr. Ladd is always making fun and the Board couldn't expect any great things of us girls, new beginners," suggested Emma Jane, who was being constantly warned against tautology by her teacher. "I think it's awful rude anyway to go right out and try to convert your neighbors; but if you borrow a horse and go to Edgewood Lower Corner, or Milliken's Mills, I s'pose that makes it Foreign Missions."

"Would we each go alone or wait upon them with a committee, as they did when they asked Deacon Tuttle for a contribution for the new hearse?" asked Persis.

"Oh! we must go alone," decided Rebecca; "it would be much more refined and delicate. Aunt Miranda says that one man alone could never get a subscription from Deacon Tuttle, and that's the reason they sent a committee. But it seems to me Mrs. Burch couldn't mean for us to try and convert people when we're none of us even church-members, except Candace. I think all we can do is to persuade them to go to meeting and Sabbath-school, or give money for the hearse, or the new horse-sheds. Now let's all think for a minute or two who's the very hardest and most heathenish person in Riverboro."

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After a very brief period of silence the words "Jacob Moody" fell from all lips with entire accord.

"You are right," said the president tersely, "and after singing hymn number 274, to be found on the sixty-sixth page, we will take up the question of persuading Mr. Moody to attend divine service or the minister's Bible class, he not having been in the meeting-house for lo! these many years.

"Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be.

Sing without reading, if you please, omitting the second stanza. Hymn 274, to be found on the sixty-sixth page of the new hymn-book or on page thirty-two of Emma Jane Perkins's old one."

It is doubtful if the Rev. Mr. Burch had ever found in Syria a person more difficult to persuade than the already "gospel-hardened" Jacob Moody of Riverboro. Tall, gaunt, swarthy, black-bearded—his masses of grizzled, uncombed hair and the red scar across his nose and cheek added to his sinister appearance. His tumble-down house stood on a rocky bit of land back of the Sawyer pasture and the acres of his farm stretched out on all sides of it. He lived alone, ate alone, ploughed, planted, sowed, harvested alone, and was more than willing to die alone, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." The road that bordered upon his fields was comparatively little used by anyone, and notwithstanding the fact that it was thickly set with choke cherrytrees and blackberrybushes, it had been for years practically deserted by the children. Jacob's red Astrakhan and Granny Garland trees hung thick with apples, but no Riverboro or Edgewood boy stole them; for terrifying accounts of the fate that had overtaken one urchin in times agone had been handed along from boy to boy, protecting the Moody fruit far better than any police patrol.

Perhaps no circumstances could have extenuated the old man's surly manners or his lack of all citizenly graces and virtues; but his neighbors commonly rebuked his present way of living, and forgot the troubled past that had brought it about: the sharp-tongued wife, the unloving and disloyal sons, the daughter's hapless fate, and all the other sorry tricks that Fortune had played him—at least that was the way in which he had always regarded his disappointments and griefs.

This, then, was the personage whose moral rehabilitation was to be accomplished by the Daughters of Zion. But how?

"Who will volunteer to visit Mr. Moody?" blandly asked the president.

Visit Mr. Moody! It was a wonder the roof of the barn chamber did not fall; it did, indeed, echo the words and in some way make them sound more grim and satirical.

"Nobody'll volunteer, Rebecca Randall, and you know it," said Emma Jane.

"Why don't we draw lots, when none of us wants to speak to him and yet one of us must?"

This suggestion fell from Persis Watson, who had been pale and thoughtful ever since the first mention of Jacob Moody. (She was passionately fond of choke-cherries and —well, we all have our secret memories!)

"Wouldn't it be wicked to settle it that way?"

"It's gamblers that draw lots."

"People did it in the Bible ever so often."

"It doesn't seem nice for a missionary meeting."

These remarks fell all together upon the president's bewildered ear the while (as she always said in compositions)—"the while" she was trying to adjust the ethics of this unexpected and difficult dilemma.

"It is a very puzzly question," she said thoughtfully. "I could ask Aunt Jane if we had time, but I suppose we haven't. It doesn't seem nice to draw lots, and yet how can we settle it without? We know we mean right, and perhaps it will be. Alice, take this paper and tear off five narrow pieces, all different lengths."

A voice from a distance floated up to the haymow—a voice saying plaintively: "Will you let me play with you? Huldah has gone to ride and I'm all alone."

It was the voice of the absolutely-without-guile Thirza Meserve, and it came at an opportune moment.

"If she is going to be a member," said Persis, "why not let her come up and hold the lots? She'd be real honest and not favor anybody."

It seemed an excellent idea, and was followed up so quickly that scarcely three minutes ensued before the guileless one was holding the five scraps in her hot little palm, laboriously changing their places again and

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"We must think of it as a kind of a sign."

again until they looked exactly alike and all rather soiled and wilted.

The five Daughters of Zion approached the spot so charged with fate, and extended their trembling hands one by one. Then after a moment's silent clutch of their papers they drew nearer to one another and compared them.

Emma Jane had drawn the short one, becoming thus the destined instrument for Jacob Moody's conversion to a more seemly manner of life!

She looked about her despairingly, as if to seek some painless and respectable method of self-destruction.

"Do let's draw over again," she pleaded. "I'm the worst of all of us. I'm sure to make a mess of it till I kind o' get trained in."

Rebecca's heart sank at this frank confession, which only corroborated her own fears.

"I'm sorry, Emma, dear," she said, "but our only excuse for drawing lots at all would be to have it sacred. We must think of it as a kind of a sign, almost like God speaking to Moses in the burning bush."

"Oh, I *wish* there was a burning bush right here!" cried the distracted and recalcitrant missionary. "How quick I'd

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step into it without even stopping to take off my garnet ring!"

"Don't be such a scare-cat, Emma Jane!" exclaimed Candace bracingly. "Jacob Moody can't kill you, even if he is cross. Trot right along now before you get more frightened. Shall we go 'cross lots with her, Rebecca, and wait at the pasture gate? Then whatever happens Alice can put it down in the minutes of the meeting."

In these terrible crises of life time gallops with such incredible velocity that it seemed to Emma Jane only a breath before she was being dragged through the fields by the other Daughters of Zion, the guileless little Thirza panting in the rear.

At the entrance to the pasture Rebecca gave her an affectionate embrace, and whispering, "*Whatever you do, be careful how you lead up,*" lifted off the top rail and pushed her through the bars. Then the girls turned their backs reluctantly on the pathetic figure, and each sought a tree under whose friendly shade she could watch, and perhaps pray, until the missionary should return from her field of labor.

Alice Robinson, whose compositions were always marked 96 or 97—100 symbolizing such perfection as could be attained in the mortal world of Riverboro—Alice, not only Daughter, but Scribe of Zion, sharpened her pencil and wrote a few well-chosen words of introduction, to be used when the records of the afternoon had been made by Emma Jane Perkins and Jacob Moody.

Rebecca's heart beat tumultuously under her gingham dress. She felt that a drama was being enacted, and though unfortunately she was not the central figure, she at least had a modest part in it. The short lot had not fallen to the properest Daughter, that she quite realized; yet would anyone of them succeed in winning Jacob Moody's attention, in engaging him in pleasant conversation, and finally in bringing him to a realization of his mistaken way of life? She doubted, but at the same moment her spirits rose at the thought of the difficulties involved in the undertaking. Difficulties always spurred Rebecca on, but they daunted poor Emma Jane, who had no little thrills of excitement and wonder and fear and longing to sustain her lagging soul. That her interview was to be entered as "minutes" by a secretary seemed to her the last straw. Her blue eyes looked lighter than usual and had the glaze of china saucers; her usually pink cheeks were pale, but she pressed on, determined to be a faithful Daughter of Zion, and above all to be worthy of Rebecca's admiration and respect.

"Rebecca can do anything," she thought with enthusiastic loyalty, "and I mustn't be any stupider than I can help, or she'll choose one of the other girls for her most intimate friend." So, mustering all her courage, she turned into Jacob Moody's dooryard, where he was chopping wood.

"It's a pleasant afternoon, Mr. Moody," she said in a polite but hoarse whisper, Rebecca's words "*Lead up! Lead up!*" ringing in clarion tones through her brain.

Jacob Moody looked at her curiously. "Good enough, I guess," he growled, "but I never have time to look at afternoons."

Emma Jane seated herself timorously on the end of a large log near the chopping-block, supposing that Jacob, like other hosts, would pause in his tasks and chat.

"The block is kind of like an idol," she thought; "I wish I could take it away from him, and then perhaps he'd talk."

At this moment Jacob raised his axe and came down on the block with such a stunning blow that Emma Jane fairly leaped into the air.

"You'd better look out, sissy, or you'll get chips in the eye!" said Moody, grimly going on with his work.

The Daughter of Zion sent up a silent prayer for inspiration, but none came, and she sat silent, giving nervous jumps in spite of herself whenever the axe fell upon the log Jacob was cutting.

Finally, the host became tired of his dumb visitor and leaning on his axe he said, "Look here, Sis, what are you here for? What's your errant? Do you want apples, or cider, or what? Speak out or *git* out, one or t'other."

Emma Jane, who had wrung her handkerchief into a clammy ball, gave it a last despairing wrench, and faltered: "Wouldn't you like—hadn't you better—don't you think you'd ought to be more constant at meeting and Sabbath-school?"

Jacob's axe almost dropped from his nerveless hand and he regarded the Daughter of Zion with unspeakable rage and disdain. Then, the blood mounting in his face, he gathered himself together and shouted: "You take yourself off that log and out o'

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Speak out or *git* out, one or t'other."—Page 412.

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Emma Jane obeyed orders, . . . scooting down the hill.

this door-yard double-quick, you imperdent sanct'omus young one! You just let me ketch Bill Perkins's child trying to teach me where I shall go, at my age! Scuttle, I tell ye! And if I see your pious cantin' little mug inside my fence ag'in on sech a business I'll chase ye down the hill or set the dog on ye! *Scoot, I tell ye!*"

Emma Jane obeyed orders summarily, taking herself off the log, out the door-yard, and otherwise scuttling and scooting down the hill at a pace never contemplated even by Jacob Moody, who stood regarding her flying heels with a sardonic grin.

Down she stumbled, the tears coursing over her cheeks and mingling with the dust

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of her flight; blighted hope, shame, fear, rage, all tearing her bosom in turn, till with a hysterical shriek she fell over the bars and into Rebecca's arms outstretched to receive her. The other Daughters wiped her eyes and supported her almost fainting form while Thirza, thoroughly frightened, burst into sympathetic tears and refused to be comforted.

No questions were asked, for it was felt by all parties that Emma Jane's demeanor was answering them before they could be framed.

"He threatened to set the dog on me!" she wailed presently, when, as they neared the Sawyer pasture, she was able to control her voice: "He called me a pious cantin' young one, and said he'd chase me out o' the door-yard if ever I came again! And he'll tell my father—I know he will, for he hates him like poison."

All at once the adult point of view dawned upon Rebecca. She never saw it until it was too obvious to be ignored. Had they done wrong in interviewing Jacob Moody? Would Aunt Miranda be angry, as well as Mr. Perkins?

"Why was he so dreadful, Emmy?" she questioned tenderly. "What did you say first? How did you lead up to it?"

Emma Jane sobbed more convulsively and wiped her nose and eyes impartially as she tried to think.

"I guess I never led up at all; not a mite. I didn't know what you meant. I was sent on an errant and I went and done it the best I could! (Emma Jane's grammar always lapsed in moments of excitement.) And then Jake roared at me like Squire Winship's bull. . . . And he called my face a mug. . . . You shut up that secretary book, Alice Robinson! If you write down a single word I'll never speak to you again. . . . And I don't want to be a 'member' another minute for fear of drawing another short lot. I've got enough of the Daughters of Zion to last me the rest o' my life! I don't care who goes to meetin' and who don't!"

The girls were at the Perkins's gate by this time and Emma Jane went sadly into the empty house to remove all traces of the tragedy from her person before her mother should come home from the church.

The others wended their way slowly down the street, feeling that their promising missionary branch had died almost as soon as it had budded.

"Good-by," said Rebecca, swallowing lumps of disappointment and chagrin as she saw the whole inspiring plan break and vanish into thin air like an iridescent bubble. "It's all over and we won't ever try it again. I'm going in to do overcasting as hard as I can because I hate that the worst. Aunt Jane must write to Mrs. Burch that we don't want to be home missionaries. Perhaps we're not big enough, anyway. I'm perfectly certain it's nicer to convert people when they're yellow or brown or any color but white; and I believe it must be easier to save their souls than to make them go to meeting."

THE WALL OF WINDS

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

THEY have passed the wall of winds,
  Though we think we hear their voices
Crying through the barren trees,
  Finding words in midnight noises;

They, beyond the wall of winds,
  Half forgetful of the living,
Hear our voices' dim complaint,
  Like the wind at midnight, grieving.

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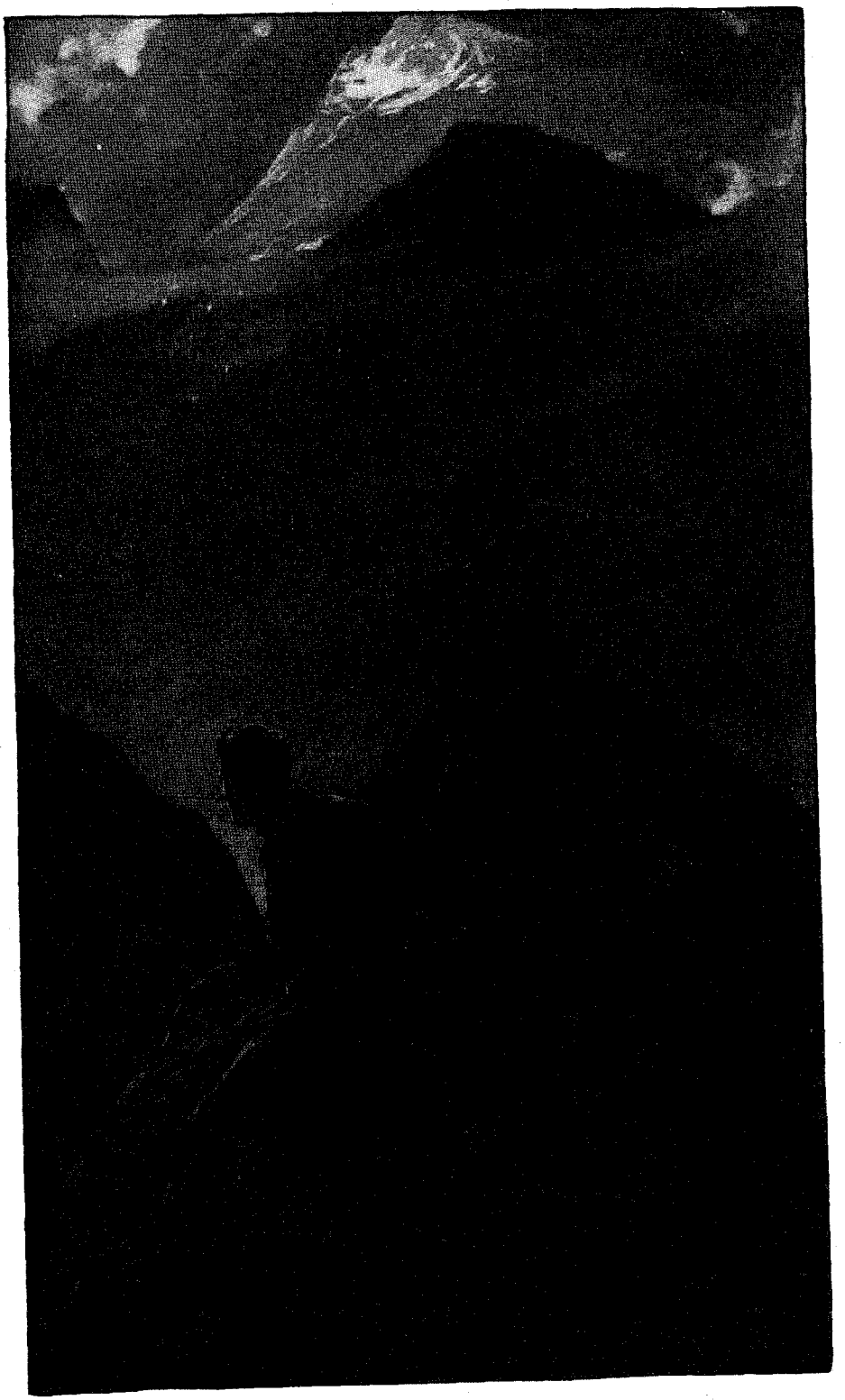

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Look!" he said, and Miles swung about toward the ridge behind.—Page 424.

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A MESSENGER

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward.
O! Why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

—*Spenser's "Fairie Queene."*

THAT the other world of our hope rests on no distant, shining star, but lies about us as an atmosphere, unseen yet near, is the belief of many. The veil of material life shades earthly eyes, they say, from the glories in which we ever are. But sometimes when the veil wears thin in mortal stress, or is caught away by a rushing, mighty wind of inspiration, the trembling human soul, so bared, so purified, may look down unimagined heavenly vistas, and messengers may steal across the shifting boundary breathing hope and the air of a brighter world. And of him who speaks his vision, men say "He is mad," or "He has dreamed."

The group of officers in the tent was silent for a long half minute after Colonel Wilson's voice had stopped. Then the General spoke.

"There is but one thing to do," he said. "We must get word to Captain Thornton at once."

The Colonel thought deeply a moment, and glanced at the orderly outside the tent. "Flannigan!" The man, wheeling swiftly, saluted. "Present my compliments to Lieutenant Morgan and say that I should like to see him here at once," and the soldier went off, with the quick military precision in which there is no haste and no delay.

"You have some fine, powerful young officers, Colonel," said the General casually. "I suppose we shall see in Lieutenant Morgan one of the best. It will take strength and brains both, perhaps, for this message."

A shadow of a smile touched the Colonel's lips. "I think I have chosen a capable man, General," was all he said.

Against the doorway of the tent the breeze blew the flap lazily back and forth. A light rain fell with muffled gentle insistence on the canvas over their heads, and out through the opening the landscape was blurred—the wide stretch of monotonous, billowy prairie, the sluggish, shining river, bending in the distance about the base of Black Wind Mountain—Black Wind Mountain, whose high top lifted, though it was almost June, a white point of snow above dark pine ridges of the hills below. The five officers talked a little as they waited, but spasmodically, absent-mindedly. A shadow blocked the light of the entrance, and in the doorway stood a young man, undersized, slight, blond. He looked inquiringly at the Colonel.

"You sent for me, sir?" and the General and his aide, and the grizzled old Captain, and the big, fresh-faced young one, all watched him.

In direct, quiet words—words whose bareness made them dramatic for the weight of possibility they carried—the Colonel explained. Black Wolf and his band were out on the war-path. A soldier coming in wounded, escaped from the massacre of the post at Devil's Hoof Gap, had reported it. With the large command known to be here camped on Sweetstream Fork, they would not come this way; they would swerve up the Gunpowder River twenty miles away, destroying the settlement and Little Fort Slade, and would sweep on, probably for a general massacre, up the Great Horn as far as Fort Doncaster. He himself, with the regiment, would try to save Fort Slade, but in the meantime, Captain Thornton's troop, coming to join him, ignorant that Black Wolf had taken the war-path, would be directly in their track. Someone must be sent

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to warn them, and of course the fewer the quicker. Lieutenant Morgan would take a sergeant, the Colonel ordered quietly, and start at once.

In the misty light inside the tent, the young officer looked hardly more than seventeen years old as he stood listening. His small figure was light, fragile; his hair was blond to an extreme, a thick thatch of pale gold; and there was about him, among these tanned, stalwart men in uniform, a presence, an effect of something unusual, a simplicity out of place yet harmonious, which might have come with a little child into a scene like this. His large blue eyes were fixed on the Colonel as he talked, and in them was just such a look of innocent, pleased wonder, as might be in a child's eyes, who had been told to leave studying and go pick violets. But as the Colonel ended he spoke, and the few words he said, the few questions he asked, were full of poise, of crisp directness. As the General volunteered a word or two, he turned to him and answered with a very charming deference, a respect that was yet full of gracious ease, the unconscious air of a man to whom generals are first as men, and then as generals. The slight figure in its dark uniform was already beyond the tent doorway when the Colonel spoke again, with a shade of hesitation in his manner:

"Mr. Morgan!" and the young officer turned quickly. "I think it may be right to warn you that there is likely to be more than usual danger in your ride."

"Yes, sir." The fresh, young voice had a note of inquiry.

"You will—you will"—what was it the Colonel wanted to say? He finished abruptly. "Choose the man carefully who goes with you."

"Thank you, Colonel," Morgan responded heartily, but with a hint of bewilderment. "I shall take Sergeant O'Hara," and he was gone.

There was a touch of color in the Colonel's face, and he sighed as if glad to have it over. The General watched him, and slowly, after a pause, he demanded:

"May I ask, Colonel, why you chose that blond baby to send on a mission of uncommon danger and importance?"

The Colonel answered quietly: "There were several reasons, General—good ones. The"—that ghost of a smile touched the Colonel's lips again—"The blond baby has some remarkable qualities. He never loses his head; he has uncommon invention and facility of getting out of bad holes; he rides light and so can make a horse last longer than most, and"—the Colonel considered a moment—"I may say he has no fear of death. Even among my officers, who are, of course, brave without exception, he is known for the quality of his courage. There is one more reason: he is the most popular man I have, both with officers and men; if anything happened to Morgan the whole command would race into hell after the devils that did it, before they would miss their revenge."

The General reflected, pulling at his moustache. "It seems a bit like taking advantage of his popularity," he said.

"It is," the Colonel threw back quickly. "It's just that. But that's what one must do—a commanding officer—isn't it so, General? In this war music we play on human instruments, and if a big chord comes out stronger for the silence of a note, the note must be silenced—that's all. It's cruel, but it's fighting; it's the game."

The General, as if impressed with the tense words, did not respond, and the other officers stared at the Colonel's face, as carved, as stern as if done in marble—a face from which the warm, strong heart seldom shone, held back always by the stronger will.

The big, fresh-colored young Captain broke the silence. "Has the General ever heard of the trick Morgan played on Sun Boy, sir?" he asked.

"Tell the General, Captain Booth," the Colonel said briefly, and the Captain turned toward the higher officer.

"It was apropos of what the Colonel said of his inventive faculties, General," he began. "A year ago the youngster with a squad of ten men walked into Sun Boy's camp of seventy-five warriors. Morgan had made quite a pet of a young Sioux, who was our prisoner for five months, and the boy had taught him a lot of the language, and assured him that he would have the friendship of the band in return for his kindness to Blue Arrow—that was the chap's name. So he thought he was safe; but it turned out that Blue Arrow's father, a chief, had got into a row with Sun Boy, and the latter would not think of ratifying the boy's promise. So there was Morgan with his

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dozen men, in a nasty enough fix. He knew plenty of Indian talk to understand that they were discussing what they would do with him, and it wasn't pleasant.

"All of a sudden he had an inspiration. He tells the story himself, sir, and I assure you he'd make you laugh—Morgan is a wonderful mimic. Well, he remembered suddenly, as I said, that he was a mighty good ventriloquist, and he saw his chance. He gave a great jump like a startled fawn, and threw up his arms and stared like one demented into the tree over their heads. There was a mangy-looking crow sitting up there on a branch, and Morgan pointed at him as if at something marvellous, supernatural, and all those fool Indians stopped pow-wowing and stared up after him, as curious as monkeys. Then to all appearances, the crow began to talk. Morgan said they must have thought that spirits didn't speak very choice Sioux, but he did his best. The bird cawed out:

"'Oh, Sun Boy, great chief, beware what you do!'

"And then the real bird flapped its wings and Morgan thought it was going to fly and he was lost. But it settled back again on the branch, and Morgan proceeded to caw on:

"'Hurt not the white man, or the curses of the gods will come upon Sun Boy and his people.'

"And he proceeded to give a list of what would happen if the Indians touched a hair of their heads. By this time the red devils were all down on their stomachs, moaning softly whenever Morgan stopped cawing. He said he quite got into the spirit of it and would have liked to go on some time, but he was beginning to get hoarse, and besides he was in deadly terror for fear the crow would fly before he got to the point. So he had the spirit order them to give the white men their horses and turn them loose instanter; and just as he got all through, off went the thing with a big flap and a parting caw on its own account. I wish I could tell it as Morgan does—you'd think he was a bird and an Indian rolled together. He's a great actor spoiled, that lad."

"You leave out a fine point, to my mind, Captain Booth," the Colonel said quickly. "About his going back."

"Oh! certainly that ought to be told," said the Captain, and the General's eyes turned to him again. "Morgan forgot to see young Blue Arrow, his friend, before he got away, and nothing would do but that he should go back and speak to him. He said the boy would be disappointed. The men were visibly uneasy at his going, but that didn't affect him. He ordered them to wait, and back he went, pell-mell, all alone, into that horde of fiends. Well, they hadn't got over their funk, luckily, and he saw Blue Arrow and made his party call and got out again all right. He didn't tell that himself, but Sergeant O'Hara made the camp ring with it. He adores Morgan, and claims that he doesn't know what fear is. I believe it's about so. I've seen him in a fight three times now. His cap always goes off—he loses a cap every blessed scrimmage—and with that yellow mop of hair, and a sort of rapt expression he gets, he looks like a child angel saying its prayers all the time he is slashing and shooting like a berserker." Captain Booth faced abruptly toward the Colonel. "I beg your pardon for talking so long, sir," he said. "You know we're all rather keen about little Miles Morgan."

The General lifted his head suddenly. "Miles Morgan?" he demanded. "Is his name Miles Morgan?"

The Colonel nodded. "Yes. The grandson of the old Bishop—named for him."

"Lord!" ejaculated the General, "Miles Morgan was my earliest friend, my friend until he died! This must be Jim's son—Miles's only child. And Jim is dead these ten years," he went on rapidly. "I've lost track of him since the Bishop died, but I knew Jim left children. Why, he married"—he searched rapidly in his memory—"he married a daughter of General Fitzbrian's. This boy's got the church and the army both in him. I knew his mother," he went on, talking to the Colonel, garrulous with interest. "Irish and fascinating she was—believed in fairies and ghosts and all that, as her father did before her. A clever woman, but with the superstitious, wild Irish blood strong in her. Good Lord! I wish I'd known that was Miles Morgan's grandson."

The Colonel's voice sounded quiet and rather cold after the General's impulsive enthusiasm. "You have summed him up by his antecedents, General," he said. "The church and the army—both strains are strong. He is deeply religious."

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The General looked thoughtful. "Religious, eh? And popular? They don't always go together."

But Captain Booth spoke quickly. "It's not that kind, General," he said. "There's no cant in the boy. He's more popular for it—that's often so with the genuine thing, isn't it? I sometimes think"—the young Captain hesitated and smiled a trifle deprecatingly—"that Morgan is much of the same stuff as Gordon—Chinese Gordon; the martyr stuff, you know. But it seems a bit brash to compare an every-day American youngster to an inspired hero."

"There's nothing in Americanism to prevent either inspiration or heroism that I know of," the General affirmed stoutly, his fine old head up, his eyes gleaming with pride of his profession.

Out through the open doorway, beyond the slapping tent-flap, the keen, gray eyes of the Colonel were fixed musingly on two black points which crawled along the edge of the dulled silver of the distant river—Miles Morgan and Sergeant O'Hara had started.

"Sergeant!" They were eight miles out now, and the camp had disappeared behind the elbow of Black Wind Mountain. "There's something wrong with your horse. Listen He's not loping evenly." The soft cadence of eight hoofs on earth had somewhere a lighter and then a heavier note; the ear of a good horseman tells in a minute, as a musician's ear at a false note, when an animal saves one foot ever so slightly, to come down harder on another.

"Yessirr. The Lieutenant'll remimber 'tis the horrse that had a bit of a spavin. Sure I thot 'twas cured, and 'tis the kindest baste in the rigiment f'r a pleasure ride, sorr—that willin' 'tis. So I tuk it. I think 'tis only the stiffness at furrst aff. 'Twill wurruk aff later. Plaze God, I'll wallop him." And the Sergeant walloped with a will.

But the kindest beast in the regiment failed to respond except with a vicious kick and increased lameness. Soon there was no more question of his incapacity.

Lieutenant Morgan halted his mount, and, looking at the woe-begone O'Hara, laughed. "A nice trick this is, Sergeant," he said, "to start out on a trip to dodge Indians with a spavined horse. Why didn't you get a broomstick? Now go back to camp as fast as you can go; and that horse ought to be blistered when you get there. See if you can't really cure him. He's too good to be shot." He patted the gray's nervous head, and the beast rubbed it gently against his sleeve, quiet under his hand.

"Yessirr. The Lieutenant'll ride slow, sorr, f'r me to catch up on ye, sorr?"

Miles Morgan smiled and shook his head. "Sorry, Sergeant, but there'll be no slow riding in this. I'll have to press right on without you; I must be at Massacre Mountain to-night to catch Captain Thornton to-morrow."

Sergeant O'Hara's chin dropped. "Sure the Lieutenant 'll niver be thinkin' to g'wan alone—widout *me?*" and with all the sergeant's respect for his superiors, it took the Lieutenant ten valuable minutes to get the man started back, shaking his head and muttering forebodings, to the camp.

It was quiet riding on absolutely alone. There were a few miles to go before there was any chance of Indians, and no particular lookout to be kept, so he put the horse ahead rapidly while he might, and suddenly he found himself singing softly as he galloped. How the words had come to him he did not know, for no conscious train of thought had brought them; but they surely fitted to the situation, and a pleasant sense of companionship, of safety, warmed him as the swing of the old hymn carried his voice along with it.

> God shall charge his angel legions
> Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
> Though thou walk through hostile regions,
> Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

Surely a man riding toward—perhaps through—skulking Indian hordes, as he must, could have no better message reach him than that. The bent of his mind was toward mysticism, and while he did not think the train of reasoning out, could not have said that he believed it so, yet the familiar lines flashing suddenly, clearly, on the curtain of his mind, seemed to him, very simply, to be sent from a larger thought than his own. As a child might take a strong hand held out as it walked over rough country, so he accepted this quite readily and happily, as from that Power who was never far from him, and in whose service, beyond most people, he lived and moved. Low but

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clear and deep his voice went on, following one stanza with its mate:

Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

And the simplicity of his being sheltered itself in the broad promise of the words.

Light-heartedly he rode on and on, though now more carefully; lying flat and peering over the crests of hills a long time before he crossed their tops; going miles perhaps through ravines; taking advantage of every bit of cover where a man and a horse might be hidden; travelling as he had learned to travel in three years of experience in this dangerous Indian country, where a shrub taken for granted might mean a warrior, and that warrior a hundred others within signal. It was his plan to ride as long as the moon lasted—until about twelve, that should be—to reach Massacre Mountain before its light went down, and there rest his horse and himself till gray daylight. There was grass there and a spring—two good and innocent things that had been the cause of the bad, dark thing which had given the place its name. A troop under Captain James camping at this point, because of the water and grass, had been surprised and wiped out by five hundred Indian braves of the wicked and famous Red Crow. There were ghastly signs about the place yet; Morgan had seen them, but soldiers may not have nerves, and it was good camping ground.

On through the valleys and half-way up the slopes, which rolled here far away into a still wilder world, the young man rode. Behind the distant hills in the west a glow like fire flushed the horizon. A rim of pale gold lifted sharply over the ridge; a huge round ball of light pushed faster, higher, and lay, a bright world on the edge of the world, great against the sky—the moon had risen. The twilight trembled as the yellow rays struck into its depths, and deepened, dying into purple shadows. Across the plain zigzagged the pools of a level stream, as if a giant had spilled handfuls of quicksilver here and there.

Miles Morgan, riding, drank in all the mysterious, wild beauty, as a man at ease; as open to each fair impression as if he were not riding each moment into deeper danger, as if his every sense were not strained, on guard. On through the shining moonlight and in the shadow of the hills he rode, and, where he might, through the trees, and stopped to listen often, to stare at the hill-tops, to question a heap of stones or a bush.

At last, when his leg-weary horse was beginning to stumble a bit, he saw, as he came around a turn, Massacre Mountain's dark head rising in front of him, only half a mile away. The spring trickled its low song, as musical, as limpidly pure as if it had never run scarlet. The picketed horse fell to browsing and Miles sighed restfully as he laid his head on his saddle and fell instantly to sleep with the light of the sinking moon on his damp, fair hair. But he did not sleep long. Suddenly with a start he awoke, and sat up sharply, and listened. He heard the horse still munching grass near him, and made out the shadow of its bulk against the sky; he heard the stream, softly falling and calling to the waters where it was going. That was all. Strain his hearing as he might he could hear nothing else in the still night. Yet there was something. It might not be sound or sight, but there was a presence, a something—he could not explain. He was alert in every nerve. Suddenly the words of the hymn he had been singing in the afternoon flashed again into his mind, and, with his cocked revolver in his hand, alone, on guard, in the midnight of the savage wilderness, his mouth framed the words that were not even a whisper:

God shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

He gave a contented sigh and lay down. What was there to worry about? It was just his case for which the hymn was written. "Desert wilds"—that surely meant Massacre Mountain, and why should he not sleep here quietly, and let the angels keep their watch and ward? He closed his eyes with a smile. But sleep did not come, and soon his eyes were open again, staring into blackness, thinking, thinking.

It was Sunday when he started out on this mission, and he fell to remembering the Sunday nights at home—long, long ago they seemed now. The family sang

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hymns after supper always; his mother played, and the children stood around her—five of them, Miles and his brothers and sisters. There was a little sister with brown hair about her shoulders, who always stood by Miles, leaned against him, held his hand, looked up at him with adoring eyes—he could almost see those uplifted eyes now, shining through the darkness of this lonely place. He remembered the big, home-like room; the crackling fire; the peaceful atmosphere of books and pictures; the dumb things about its walls that were yet eloquent to him of home and family; the sword that his great-grandfather had worn under Washington; the old ivories that another great-grandfather, the Admiral, had brought from China; the portraits of Morgans of half a dozen generations which hung there; the magazine table, the books and books and books. A pang of desperate homesickness suddenly shook him. He wanted them—his own. Why should he, their best-beloved, throw away his life—a life filled to the brim with hope and energy and high ideals—on this futile quest? He knew quite as well as the General or the Colonel that his ride was but a forlorn hope. As he lay there, longing so, in the dangerous dark, he went about the library at home in his thought and placed each familiar belonging where he had known it all his life. And as he finished, his mother's head shone darkly golden by the piano; her fingers swept over the keys; he heard all their voices, the dear never-forgotten voices. Hark! They were singing his hymn—little Alice's reedy note lifted above the others—"God shall charge his angel legions——"

God! Now! He was on his feet with a spring, and his revolver pointed steadily. This time there was no mistaking—something had rustled in the bushes. There was but one thing for it to be—Indians. Without realizing what he did, he spoke sharply.

"Who goes there?" he demanded, and out of the darkness a voice answered quietly:

"A friend."

"A friend?" With a shock of relief the pistol dropped by his side, and he stood tense, waiting. How might a friend be here, at midnight in this desert? As the thought framed itself swiftly the leaves parted, and his straining eyes, grown used to the darkness, saw the figure of a young man standing before him.

"How came you here?" demanded Miles sternly. "Who are you?"

Even in the dimness he could see the radiant smile that answered him. The calm voice spoke again: "You will understand all that later. I am here to help you."

As if a door had suddenly opened into that lighted room of which he dreamed, Miles felt a sense of tranquillity, of happiness stirring through him. Never in his life had he known such a sudden utter confidence in anyone, such a glow of eager friendliness as this half-seen, mysterious stranger inspired. "It is because I was lonelier than I knew," he said mentally. "It is because human companionship gives courage to the most self-reliant of us"; and somewhere in the words he was aware of a false note, but he did not stop to place it.

The low, even voice of the stranger spoke again. "There are Indians on your trail," he said. "A small band of Black Wolf's scouts. But don't be troubled. They will not hurt you."

"You escaped from them?" demanded Miles eagerly, and again the light of a swift smile shone into the night. "You came to save me—how was it? Tell me, so that we can plan. It is very dark yet, but hadn't we better ride? Where is your horse?"

He threw the earnest questions rapidly across the black night, and the unhurried voice answered him with a manner of gracious condescension that yet held no offence. "No," it said, and the verdict was not to be disputed. "You must stay here."

Who this man might be or how he came Miles could not tell, but this much he knew, without reason for knowing it; it was someone stronger than he, in whom he could trust. As the new-comer had said, it would be time enough later to understand the rest. Wondering a little at his own swift acceptance of an unknown authority, wondering more at the deep peace which wrapped him as an atmosphere at the sound of the stranger's voice, Miles made a place for him by his side, and the two talked softly to the plashing undertone of the stream.

Easily, naturally, Miles found himself telling how he had been homesick, longing for his people. He told him of the big familiar room, and of the old things that

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were in it, that he loved; of his mother; of little Alice, and her baby adoration for the big brother; of how they had always sung hymns together Sunday night; he never for a moment doubted the stranger's interest and sympathy—he knew that he cared to hear.

"There is a hymn," Miles said, "that we used to sing a lot—it was my favorite; 'Miles's hymn,' the family called it, you know. Before you came to-night, while I lay there getting lonelier every minute, I almost thought I heard them singing it. I don't know if you're a churchman, of course, and you may not have heard it, but it has a grand swing. I always think"—he hesitated—"it always seems to me as if the God of battles and the beauty of holiness must both have filled the man's mind who wrote it." He stopped, surprised at his own lack of reserve, at the freedom with which, to this friend of an hour, he spoke his inmost heart.

"I know," the stranger said gently. There was silence for a moment, and then the wonderful low tones, beautiful, clear, beyond any voice Miles had ever heard, began again, and it was as if the great sweet notes of an organ whispered the words:

God shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

"Great heavens!" gasped Miles. "How could you know I meant that? Why, this is marvellous—why, this"——he stared, speechless, at the dim outlines of the face which he had never seen before to-night, but which seemed to him already familiar and dear beyond all reason. As he gazed the tall figure rose, lightly towering above him. "Look!" he said, and Miles was on his feet with a quick spring. In the east, beyond the long sweep of the prairie, was a faint blush against the blackness; already threads of broken light, of pale darkness, stirred through the pall of the air; the dawn was at hand.

"We must saddle," Miles said, "and be off. Where is your horse picketed?" he demanded again.

But the strange young man stood still; and now his arm was stretched pointing. "Look," he said again, and Miles followed the direction with his eyes.

From the way he had come, in that fast-growing glow at the edge of the sky, sharp against the mist of the little river, crept slowly half a dozen pin points, and Miles, watching their tiny movement, knew that they were ponies bearing Indian braves. He turned hotly to his companion.

"It's your fault," he said. "If I'd had my way we'd have ridden from here an hour ago. Now here we are caught like rats in a trap; and who's to do my work and save Captain Thornton's troop—who's to save them—God!" The name was a prayer, not an oath.

"Yes," said the quiet voice at his side, "God"—and for a second of time there was a silence that was like an Amen.

Quickly, without a word, Miles turned to his horse and began to saddle. Then suddenly, as he pulled at the girth, he stopped. "It's no use," he said. "We can't get away except over the rise, and they'll see us there"; he nodded at the hill which rose beyond the camping ground three hundred yards away, and stretched in a long, level sweep into other hills and the west. "Our chance is that they're not on my trail after all—it's quite possible." There was a tranquil unconcern about the figure near him; his own bright courage caught the meaning of its relaxed lines with a bound of pleasure. "As you say, it's best to stay here," he said, and as if thinking aloud—"I believe you must always be right." Then he added, half-shyly, but as if his very soul would speak itself to this wonderful new friend: "We can't be killed unless the Lord wills it, and if he does it's right. Death is only the step into life; I suppose when we know that life, we will wonder how we could have cared for this one."

Through the gray light the stranger turned his face swiftly, bent toward Miles, and smiled once again, and the boy thought suddenly of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and how those who were looking "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

Across the plain, out of the mist-wreaths, came rushing, scurrying, the handful of Indian braves. Pale light streamed now from the east, filtering over a hushed world. Miles faced across the plain, stood close to the tall stranger whose shape, as the dawn touched it, seemed to rise beyond the boy's slight figure wonderfully large and high.

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There was a sense of unending power, of alertness, of great, easy movement about him; one might have looked at him, and looking away again, have said that wings were folded about him. But Miles did not see him. His eyes were on the fast-nearing, galloping ponies, each with its load of filthy, cruel savagery. This was his death coming; there was disgust, but not dread in the thought for the boy. In a few minutes he should be fighting hopelessly, fiercely against this froth of a lower world; in a few minutes after that he should be lying here still—for he meant to be killed; he had that planned. They should not take him—a wave of sick repulsion at that thought shook him. Nearer, nearer, right on his track came the riders pell-mell. He could hear their weird, horrible cries; now he could see gleaming through the dimness the huge head-dress of the foremost, the white coronet of feathers, almost the stripes of paint on the fierce face.

Suddenly a feeling that he knew well caught him, and he laughed. It was the possession that had held him in every action which he had so far been in. It lifted his high-strung spirit into an atmosphere where there was no dread and no disgust, only a keen rapture in throwing every atom of soul and body into physical intensity; it was as if he himself were a bright blade, dashing, cutting, killing, a living sword rejoicing to destroy. With the coolness that may go with such a frenzy he felt that his pistols were loose; saw with satisfaction that he and his new ally were placed on the slope to the best advantage, then turned swiftly, eager now for the fight to come, toward the Indian band. As he looked, suddenly in mid-career, pulling in their plunging ponies with a jerk that threw them, snorting, on their haunches, the warriors halted. Miles watched them in amazement. The bunch of Indians, not more than a hundred yards away, were staring, arrested, startled, back of him to his right, where the lower ridge of Massacre Mountain stretched far and level over the valley that wound westward beneath it on the road to Fort Rain-and-Thunder. As he gazed, the ponies had swept about and were galloping back as they had come, across the plain.

Before he knew if it might be true, if he were not dreaming this curious thing, the clear voice of his companion spoke in one word again, like the single note of a deep bell. "Look!" he said, and Miles swung about toward the ridge behind, following the pointing finger.

In the gray dawn the hill-top was clad with the still strength of a shining army. Regiment after regiment, silent, motionless, it stretched back into silver mist, and the mist rolled beyond, above, about it; and through it he saw, as through rifts in broken gauze, lines interminable of soldiers, glitter of steel. Miles, looking, knew.

He never remembered how long he stood gazing, earth and time and self forgotten, at a sight not meant for mortal eyes; but suddenly, with a stab it came to him, that if the hosts of heaven fought his battle it was that he might do his duty, might save Captain Thornton and his men; he turned to speak to the young man who had been with him. There was no one there. Over the bushes the mountain breeze blew damp and cold; they rustled softly under its touch; his horse stared at him mildly; away off at the foot-hills he could see the diminishing dots of the fleeing Indian ponies; as he wheeled again and looked, the hills that had been covered with the glory of heavenly armies, lay hushed and empty. And his friend was gone.

Clatter of steel, jingle of harness, an order ringing out far but clear—Miles threw up his head sharply and listened. In a second he was pulling at his horse's girth, slipping the bit swiftly into its mouth—in a moment more he was off and away to meet them, as a great body of cavalry swung out of the valley where the ridge had hidden them.

"Captain Thornton's troop?" the officer repeated carelessly. "Why, yes; they are here with us. We picked them up yesterday, headed straight for Black Wolf's war-path. Mighty lucky we found them. How about you—seen any Indians, have you?"

Miles answered slowly: "A party of eight were on my trail; they were riding for Massacre Mountain, where I camped, about an hour—about half an hour—awhile ago." He spoke vaguely, rather oddly, the officer thought. "Something—stopped them about a hundred yards from the mountain. They turned, and rode away."

"Ah," said the officer. "They saw us down the valley."

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"I couldn't see you," said Miles.

The officer smiled. "You're not an Indian, Lieutenant. Besides, they were out on the plain and had a farther view behind the ridge." And Miles answered not a word.

General Miles Morgan, full of years and of honors, has never but twice told the story of that night of forty years ago. But he believes that when his time comes, and he goes to join the majority, he will know again the presence which guarded him through the blackness of it, and among the angel legions he looks to find an angel, a messenger, who was his friend.

WASHINGTON IN THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH

FROM THE DIARIES AND FAMILY LETTERS OF MRS. SAMUEL HARRISON SMITH (MARGARET BAYARD)

Edited by Gaillard Hunt from the collection of her grandson, J. Henley Smith

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

Tuesday, July 20, 1813.

. . . I every day from the time I received Maria's, intended writing to press you to come on & pass a few weeks or more with us & to bring Fanny & Elizabeth. I believed such a jaunt might be highly serviceable to you all. But it is now out of the question & will be so while the British are such near neighbours & continue to menace us. Until the late alarm I have never been able to realize our being in a state of war; but now when such active preparations are made, when so many of our citizens & particular acquaintance have marched to meet the enemy, I not only believe but feel the unhappy state of our country. Mr. Seaton & Mr. Gales* are both with our troops at Warburton, & Mrs. Seaton & Miss Gales' anxiety naturally excite ours. It is generally believed impossible for the English to reach the city, not so much from our force at Warburton, tho' that is very large, as from the natural impediments; the river being very difficult of navigation. Every precaution has been taken to ensure the safety of the city. Fort Warburton is in a state of perfect defence & our troops are each day augmented by hundreds & thousands from the adjoining country who come pouring in. The presence of Genl. Armstrong & Col. Monroe animates & invigorates our soldiers. And our little army is full of ardour & enthusiasm. Mr. Gales & Seaton have each been up to look after the paper & give a most interesting & animating picture of the scene. There is so little apprehension of danger in the city, that not a single removal of person or goods has taken place,—a number of our friends have desired leave to send their trunks here & a number have determined to come themselves, should the British effect a passage by the fort, so you see we are esteemed quite out of danger. As for our enemy *at home* I have no doubt that they will if possible join the British; here we are, I believe firmly in no danger, as the aim of these in the country would be as quickly as possible to join those in the city & the few scatter'd s———s about our neighbourhood, could not muster force enough to venture on an attack.* We have however counted on the possibility of danger & Mr. S. has procured pistols &c. &c. sufficient for our defence, & we make use of every precaution which we should use were we certain of what we now only reckon a possibility. In the city & George town the gentlemen who by their age or other circumstances are exempted from service, have formed volunteer companies

* They were brothers-in-law and edited the *National Intelligencer* from 1812 to 1860, when Gales died. Gales acquired the paper from Mr. Smith in 1810.

* Wherever there were slaves there was terror of their insurrection.

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both of horse & foot, who nightly patrol the streets. The members of congress have determined to join the citizens, in case of an attack & there are many old experienced officers amongst them. The affair of Hampton,* which I disbelieved until the publication in the Intelligencer, inspires us with a terror we should not otherwise have felt. There were 300 French men at that attack & it was chiefly these wretches who perpetrated these horrors. Their intention was to desert to our side & they march'd near to our militia with a view to surrender, but were fired on & so obliged to fight in their own defence,—20 did desert & are now at the fort. The French prisoners taken from the English jails, will it is supposed, & the Irish likewise all desert the moment they are landed. Mrs. Seaton behaves with admirable self command, I quite admire her composure & serenity, as I am certain loving as she loves her amiable husband, it must require great effort. We one & all resist the intrusion of useless anxiety & alarm. We go on regularly with our every day occupations. I spend the morning in my family affairs & school. Ann sits with our guests & after dinner we all assemble & while the rest sew, Miss Gales reads some amusing book. If we did not resolutely adhere to this plan of occupation our fancy would augment our fears & we should be sad enough. As it is we are quite animated, each strengthens the resolution of the other & since we have been so well provided with fire arms, my apprehensions have quite ceased. *For those whom I fear'd are easily intimidated.* Mr. Smith has this morning gone in to the Bank, & Mrs. Seaton & Miss Gales, to see Mr. Seaton who has come up to arrange the paper. If Susan is with you, read or show her this letter as you think proper, or if at Princeton & you think it may allay her anxiety, please to send it. Ann is quite a Heroine. She makes no protestations but her cheerfulness & freedom from unnecessary alarm shows that she is not easily intimidated. She is a dear good girl. I love her every day more & more. And if danger comes, I shall not think of or risque more for my children than her. We expect Mrs. Clay, her sister Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Catting & many others to come to us in case of a serious alarm. At present all the members & citizens say it is impossible for the enemy to ascend the river, and our home enemy will not assail us, if they do not arrive. . . .

M. H. S.

* The village of Hampton, Va., was sacked June 25, 1813, by the British and given over to pillage and rapine by Cockburn's orders.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

August [1814], Brookville [Md.].

On Sunday we received information that the British had debark'd at Benedict. They seem'd in no haste to approach the city, but gave us time to collect our troops. The alarm was such that on Monday a general removal from the city & George Town took place. Very few women or children remain'd in the city on Tuesday evening, altho' the accounts then received were that the enemy were retreating. Our troops were eager for an attack & such was the cheerful alacrity they display'd, that a universal confidence reign'd among the citizens & people. Few doubted our conquering. On Tuesday we sent off to a private farm house all our linen, clothing & other movable property, in the afternoon Dr. Bradley's family came from the city & took tea with us,—the Dr. said several citizens from the camp brought information of the enemy's remaining quiet at N. Malborough, but that 3 of the volunteer companies, . . . ,* Davidsons & Peters were order'd to attack the Pickets & draw the B—— on to a general engagement. This was the last news; until we were roused on Tuesday night by a loud knocking,—on the opening of the door, Willie Bradley called to us, "The enemy are advancing, our own troops are giving way on all sides & are retreating to the city. Go, for Gods sake go." † He spoke in a voice of agony, & then flew to his horse & was out of sight in a moment. We immediately rose, the carriage & horses were soon ready, we loaded a wagon with what goods remained & about 3 o'clock left our house with all our servants, the women we sent to some private farm houses at a safe distance, while we pursued our course. I felt no alarm or agitation, as I knew the danger was not near. I even felt no distress at the idea of forsaking our home. I could not realize the possibility of the B. gaining possession of the city, or of our army being defeated. We travel'd very slowly & as it

* Illegible

† The battle took place August 24.

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was dark I walk'd part of the way. Ann was equally composed. At sunrise we stop'd to breakfast at Miss Carrol's & then pursued our journey. The girls were quite delighted with our flight, novelty has such charms at their age, that even the exchange of comfort & peace, for suffering & distress, has its charms. Even for myself, I felt animated, invigorated, willing to encounter any hardship, calmly to meet any danger, patiently to bear any difficulty. I suffer'd considerably pain during the ride, & fear'd every moment being taken ill, but happily I was not, & we all reach'd this place at one oclock in perfect health. We received a most kind reception from Mrs. Bently, & excellent accomodations. The appearance of this village is romantic & beautiful, it is situated in a little valley totally embosom'd in woody hills, with a stream flowing at the bottom on which are mills. In this secluded spot one might hope the noise, or rumour of war would never reach. Here all seems security & peace! Happy people may you never be obliged to fly from this peaceful spot, which now affords so hospitable a shelter to our poor citizens!

Thursday morning. This morning on awakening we were greeted with the sad news, that our city was taken, the bridges & public buildings burnt, our troops flying in every direction. Our little army totally dispersed. Good God, what will be the event! This moment a troop of horse have enter'd, they were on the field of battle, but not engag'd. Major Ridgely * their commander, disapproving Genl. Winder's order, refused to obey, left the army & is taking his troops home. E. Riggs, who was likewise there has given us a sad detail. He was in Loughbourough's, who with ten men form'd a reconnoitering party, & Riggs was employed in carrying messages from Winder. His account was that the first skirmish was near Malborough, where Peters, Davidson's & Strul's (?) companies were ordered to attack the enemies picquets, but on finding how inefficient their force were, order'd to retreat, which they did in great disorder. Winder finding the enemy marching on the Bladensburg turnpike, forsook the posts he had taken & march'd towards the city, where they station'd themselves on the hills near Bladensburg bridge. The enemy march on in solid column & attack'd with coolness, & order. The 5th regiment from Baltimore commenced the attack & stood their ground firmly, but for a short time only, they were almost destroy'd & our whole troops gave way & began a disordered retreat. The President who was on the ground, escap'd & has gone into Virginia. *Winder* with all the men he can collect are at the court house. He has directed our poor broken militia to make the best of their way to Baltimore. Every hour the poor wearied & terrified creatures are passing by the door. Mrs. Bently kindly invites them in to rest & refresh. Major Ridgely's troop of horse all breakfasted in town, that not a man was left to breakfast in the tavern. Ann & I hasten'd to assist Mrs. B. in getting their breakfast,—and Julia & Susan wanted to do something, help'd to set the table, &c.

Noon. We were much alarm'd by Mr. Milligan, who called & told Mr. Smith, Genl Winder had ordered him to come here for an express, that Montgomery C. H. was burnt by the British, who were then on their march for Frederick. But a person who knew him assured us he was crazy, his account afterwards proved untrue, as a great many have passed since. Our men look pale & feeble but more with affright than fatigue,—they had thrown away their muskets & blankets.

Just as we were going to dinner, a tremendous gust arose, it has broken the trees very much, in the midst of it, a wagon came to the door with a family going they knew not whither. Poor wanderers. Oh how changed are my feelings, my confidence in our troops is gone, they may again be rallied, but it will require a long apprenticeship to make them good soldiers. Oh my sister how gloomy is the scene. I do not suppose Government will ever return to Washington. All those whose property was invested in that place, will be reduced to poverty. Mr. Smith had invested a large portion of his in bridge stock,—both the bridges are destroy'd,—it serves to beguile the time to write, so my dear sister I will write a kind of journal to you, & send it when I can. I wish you to keep it. If better times come, it will serve to remind me of these.

Thursday evening. Our anxiety has been kept alive the whole day. Our poor men are coming in some two or three, sometimes

* One of the Maryland militia officers.

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a dozen at a time, just now another troop of horse have come in, they have not been in the engagement, as they did not arrive until a retreat had been order'd. Mr. Carr one of the clerks of the Bank was here just now & has given us the most correct account we have yet had. Our position was a bad one, so placed that neither the artillery or cavalry could act. Barney* took a position on a hill, the enemy had to pass & as they ascended rak'd them prodigiously but they never halted one moment, but marched on in solid mass, disregarding the dead bodies that fell before them. Barney & his men did not leave their cannons until they were within 5 yrds, then spik'd them & retreated,—Barney badly wounded. They [the enemy] never left the turnpike but enter'd the city after our retreating army. They first march'd to the navy yard which is wholly consumed; then to Capitol Hill. They had great difficulty in firing the capitol, several houses on the hill were burnt by cinders from the Capitol, but none by design, the President's house, the Potomac bridge, & all the other public buildings. Mr. Lee went to their camp at Malborough (as a citizen unmolested) conversed with the officers, several of whom he had known in London. They told him that resistance would be vain; that instead of 7000, they wished we had 40,000 militia, as it would make the greater confusion. They bade Mr. Lee tell the citizens that private property would not be injured, if the houses were not deserted, or private persons molested, that they intended to destroy the public buildings & shipping, & then to march to Baltimore on one side while Lord Hill with his fleet would attack it by water. I left our house with reluctance, but when I urged Mr. Smith to let me remain to protect the house, he would not hear of it, his duty called him away, & my situation being so critical, he said no consideration would induce him to leave me, for altho' the troops when under their officers might behave well, yet small parties or drunken soldiers might alarm or injure me in my present situation. And Ann declared she would not leave me if she were to die by my side. I had therefore to yield. I am afraid the consequence of leaving the house empty will be its destruction. Our house in the city too is unprotected & contains our most valuable furniture. In a week more & we may be penniless! for I count little on the continuance of Mr. S.'s salary. God only knows when the executive government will again be organized. But I can say with truth, the individual loss of property, has not given me a moment's uneasiness. But the state of our country, has wrung tears of anguish from me. I trust it will only be momentary. We are naturally a brave people & it was not so much fear, as prudence which caused our retreat. Too late they discovered the dispreparation of our troops. The enemy were 3 to 1. Their army composed of conquering veterans, ours of young mechanics & farmers, many of whom had never before carried a musket. But we shall learn the dreadful, horrid trade of war. And they will make us a martial people, for never, never will Americans give up their liberty. But before that time comes, what sufferings, what reverses, what distress must be suffer'd. Already, in one night, have hundreds of our citizens been reduced from affluence to poverty, for it is not to be expected W—— will ever again be the seat of Govt. Last night the woods round the city & G. T—— were filled with women & children & old men & our flying troops. One poor woman, after wandering all night, found at day light she wander'd 10 miles,—a lady in our neighbourhood, the wife of one of Mr. S.'s clerks, went out of her senses, her son was in the army. Mrs. Genl. Mason,* that lovely woman whom you knew, is likewise laying dangerously ill. Her husband was in the engagement & her anxiety has render'd a common fever dangerous. I am going tomorrow to see her.

Night, 10 oclock. The streets of this quiet village, which never before witnessed confusion, is now fill'd with carriages bringing out citizens, & Baggage waggons & troops. Mrs. Bently's house is now crowded, she has been the whole evening sitting at the supper table, giving refreshment to soldiers & travellers. I suppose every house in the village is equally full. I never saw more benevolent people. "It is against our principles," said she this morning, "to have anything to do with war, but we receive & relieve all who come to us." The whole

* Captain Joshua Barney, U.S.N., was the only man who reaped glory in this, the greatest disgrace to American arms.

* Wife of Armistead Thomson Mason, then colonel of a cavalry regiment. He was killed in a duel by his brother-in-law, John M. McCarty. They fought with muskets at six paces on the famous Bladensburg duelling ground.

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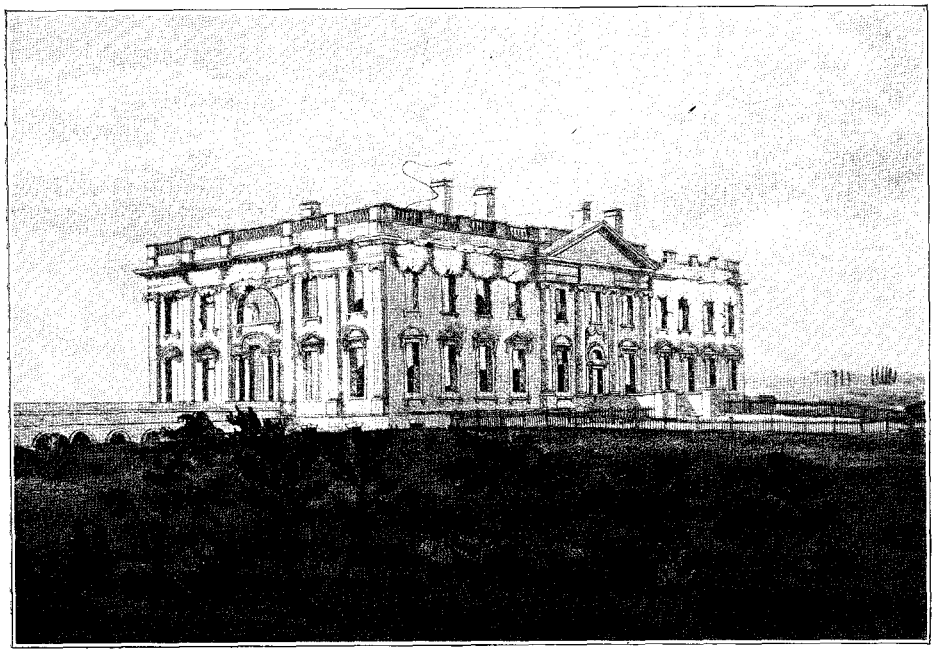

The President's house, Washington, after the conflagration of August 24, 1814.

settlement are quakers. The table is just spread for the 4th or 5th time, more wanderers having just enter'd.

I know not when you will get this letter. I suppose the mail will be impeded. How is Maria,—is N. Y. menaced. My health is improved, thank a kind Providence, the event so dreaded has not taken place & I now begin to think I shall continue well.

I have not yet read this letter. I know not what I have written. I thought you would be anxious for intelligence, for tho' you were no friend to Washington, yet the recent event is interesting to the nation. The enemy are in the centre of union!

I will now bid you good night,—let Maria & Susan Smith know we are safe. Susan particularly,—she will be miserable.

Farewell, dearest sister. God grant this letter may contain more news, than I may ever have occasion to write again.

Farewell,

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

Brookville [August, 1814].

Saturday morning. On Thursday evening I closed my letter to you. The next morning soon after breakfast I went to see Mrs. Mason. She had found refuge in a farm house, with a poor but respectable family, about 4 miles from this place. She had her 3 eldest daughters with her & 2 servant maids. She was very ill, of a highly inflamatory billious fever. When I enter'd her chamber her spirits were much affected. She was too ill to talk, but when I offered to stay, gladly accepted the offer. She felt cheerless & desponding, had no confidence in her young physician or servants, who indeed seem'd very ignorant. She thought herself in danger, if not of her life, yet of derangement of mind, so continued & violent was the pain in her head. I immediately took on the functions of a nurse & being much accustomed to her disease, I soon succeeded in procuring her entire relief from the pain of her head, & other alarming symptoms. I did not leave her a moment during the day & sat up part of the night. Dr. Worthington, her physician arrived. He distress'd me excessively by his conversation. He exulted in the defeat of our army in the capture of our city. "Did I not tell this," said he, "I suppose, Mrs. Smith, your wise men will now believe a standing army a necessary thing & a navy in the bargain." "If they do" (I answer'd)

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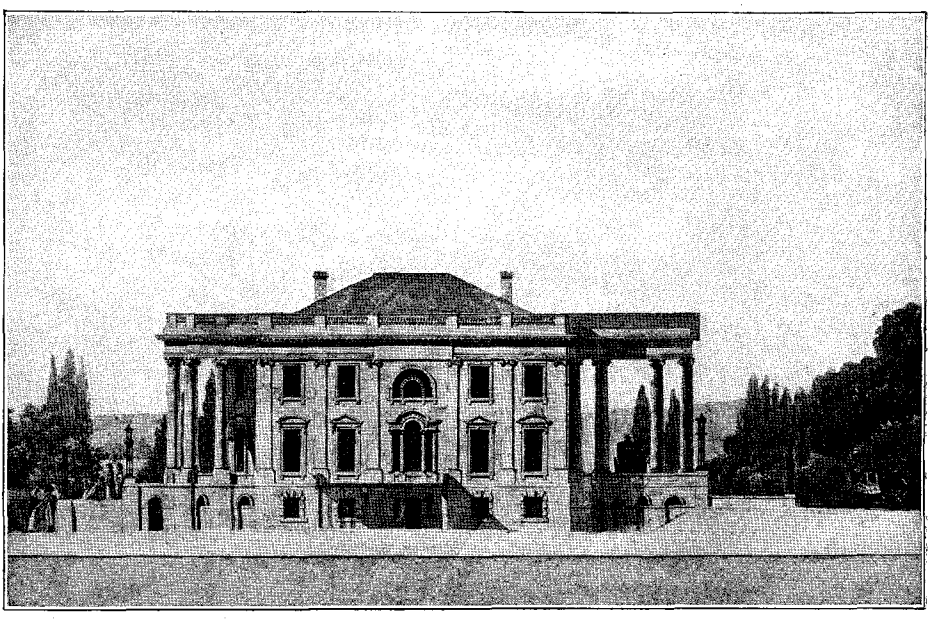

View of the east front of the President's house, with the addition of the north and south porticos.
From a drawing made in 1807 by B. H. Latrobe, surveyor of the public buildings, Washington.

"they will certainly aim at establishing them, for however mistaken in judgement, be assured sir, in all their measures, the administration have honestly & sincerely endeavour'd to promote the welfare of their country. It was believed, & all history has proved it to be so, that a standing army is an instrument of despotism; but if our liberties cannot be preserved without; the lesser evil will be chosen,—the risk run." "I do not allow," said he, "a standing army to be the instrument of despotism, but I allow it to be inseparable from a monarchy." "I am not competent to discuss such questions, Sir, but I beg at such a moment as this, you will not thus seem to rejoice at what every friend of his country must mourn over." The tears started in my eyes, & seeing my distress silenced him at the time, tho' every now & then his evident satisfaction broke forth. Surely it is not possible that such is the disposition of all the federal party, no, no, few I hope could speak as he did. On Saturday morning Genl. Mason arrived, this was joyful tidings for his poor wife. I left them together & did not see the Genl until breakfast. He appeared excessively harrass'd. He & Mr. Rush had never left the President since our disgraceful retreat. He had crossed over with him into Virginia, where he had collected troops & 2000 brave fellows then following his steps to our poor city, commanded by Genl. Hungerford a revolutionary officer. Wherever they pass'd, they as well as our flying forces were received with the most affectionate kindness, not only at large houses but at every hovel; the women came out with milk, bread, spirits, or something to offer the weary soldiers & to press them to rest & refresh. Everywhere he met indignation at the invading force & an alacrity to march against them, but the most prominent sentiment was mortification at the precipitate retreat of our army. The President & himself had arrived the night before & staid at Mrs. Bently's where we were. Mrs. Mason begged him not to stay one moment on her account, but urged him to depart that he might to the utmost serve his country. After breakfast he return'd to Brookville, soon after Mr. Smith sent for me & I was obliged to leave this amiable woman. She parted with me with reluctance as I was the only one near her who had any experience in her disease. When I arrived to-day at Brookville, the President & his suite had gone. The girls were very sorry I had been absent, as the scene in B. had been novel & interesting. Just at bed time the Presd. had ar-

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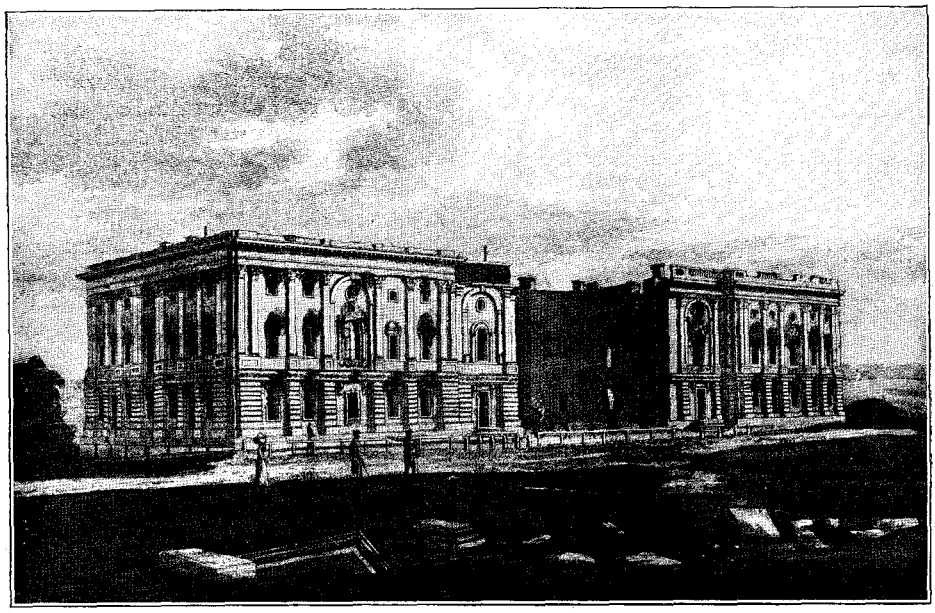

The Capitol after the conflagration of August 24, 1814.

rived & all hands went to work to prepare supper & lodgings for him, his companions & guards,—beds were spread in the parlour, the house was filled & guards placed round the house during the night. A large troop of horse likewise arrived & encamp'd for the night, beside the mill-wall in a beautiful little plain, so embosom'd in woods & hills. The tents were scatter'd along the riverlet & the fires they kindled on the ground & the lights within the tents had a beautiful appearance. All the villagers, gentlemen & ladies, young & old, throng'd to see the President. He was tranquil as usual, & tho' much distressed by the dreadful event, which had taken place not dispirited. He advised Mr. Smith to return to the city, whither he was himself going. Mr. Monroe & some other gentlemen join'd him & about noon he set off for our suffering city. The rest of the day we pass'd tranquilly. It is now night, all around is quiet. All the inhabitants of this peaceful village sleep in peace. How silent! How serene! the moonlight gilds the romantic landscape that spreads around me. Oh my God, what a contrast is this repose of nature, to the turbulence of society. How much more dreadful is the war of man with man, than the strife of elements. On Thursday the hurricane which blew down houses, tore up trees & spread terror around, pass'd in a few minutes & nature recovered her tranquility. But oh my country, when will the destroying tempest which is now ravaging & destroying thy property & happiness, when will that be hushed to peace! At this moment, escaped from danger, I, & my family, all I hold most dear, are safe. But when I think of my good fellow citizens, when I think of our poor soldiers, flying on every part, sinking under fatigue & pain & hunger, dying alone & unknown, scattered in woods & fields—when I think of these horrors, I can hardly enjoy my own security.

Tuesday 30. Here we are, once more restored to our home. How shall I be sufficiently thankful for the mercies I have experienced. Once more the precious objects of my affection are gathered round me under our own roof. But how long shall I enjoy this blessing! The blast has pass'd by, without devastating this spot. But the storm is not yet over, dark, gloomy, lowering is the prospect, & far more dreadful scenes may be impending. Never did I feel so affected, so hopeless & sunk, as I did yesterday in the city. Oh my sister, what a sight! But to resume my journal. On Sunday morning we left Brookeville. Our

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ride was pleasant. All the way we were conjecturing how we should find our dwelling. We saw no vestige of the late scene till we approach'd the gate that open'd into our farm, then in the woods we saw a cannon whose carriage was broken, near the ruins of our cottage. On descending the hill, at the foot of a tree we saw a soldier sleeping on his arms,—leaving the woods we saw four or 5 others crossing the field & picking apples. When we reach'd the yard, a soldier with his musket was standing by the gate & asked permission to get a drink. These men were only passing over the farm. We found the house just as we had left it, & the vestige of no enemy, but the hurricane of Thursday which had blown down fences & trees. Julia & Ann cook'd us up a little dinner & in the afternoon we rode to the city. We pass'd several dead horses. The poor capitol! nothing but its blacken'd wall remain'd! 4 or 5 houses in the neighbourhood were likewise in ruins. Some men had got within these houses & fired on the English as they were quietly marching into the city, they killed 4 men & Genl. Rosse's horse. I imagine Genl. R. thought that his life was particularly aim'd at, for while his troops remained in the city he never made his appearance, altho' Cockburn & the other officers often rode through the avenue. It was on account of this outrage that these houses were burnt. We afterwards look'd at the other public buildings, but none were so thoroughly destroy'd as the House of Representatives & the President's House. Those beautiful pillars in that R—— Hall were crack'd & broken, the roof, that noble dome, painted & carved with such beauty & skill, lay in ashes in the cellars beneath the smouldering ruins, were yet smoking. In the P. H. not an inch, but its crack'd & blacken'd walls remain'd. That scene, which when I last visited it, was so splendid, throng'd with the great, the gay, the ambitious placemen, & patriotic Heros was now nothing but ashes, & was it these ashes, now trodden under foot by the rabble, which once possess'd the power to inflate pride, to gratify vanity. Did we ever honour the inhabitants of this ruin the more for their splendid habitation,—was this an object of desire, ambition, envy? Alas, yes, and this is human grandeur! How fragile, how transitory! Who would have thought that this mass so solid, so magnificent, so grand, which seem'd built for generations to come, should by the hands of a few men & in the space of a few hours, be thus irreparably destroy'd. Oh vanity of human hopes! After this melancholy survey, Mr. Smith went to see the President, who was at Mr. Cutts' (his brother in law) where we found Mrs. Madison & her sister Mrs. Cutts. Mrs. M. seem'd much depress'd, she could scarcely speak without tears. She told me she had remained in the city till a few hours before the English enter'd. She was so confident of Victory that she was calmly listening to the roar of cannon, & watching the rockets in the air, when she perceived our troops rushing into the city, with the haste & dismay of a routed force. The friends with her then hurried her away, (her carriage being previously ready) & she with many other families, among whom was Mrs. Thornton & Mrs. Cutting with her, retreated with the flying army. In George town they perceived some men before them carrying off the picture of Genl Washington (the large one by Stewart) which with the plate, was all that was saved out of the President's house. Mrs. M. lost all her own property. The wine, of which there was a great quantity, was consumed by our own soldiers. Mrs. M. slept that night in the encampment, a guard being placed round her tent, the next day she cross'd into Virginia where she remained until Sunday, when she return'd to meet her husband. Men, soldiers, expresses were round the house, the President was in a room with his cabinet, from whence he issued his orders. The English frigates were laying before Alexandria & as it was supposed only waiting for a wind to come up to the city. The belief was that about 700 or more sailors were to be let loose in the city for plunder, dreadful idea. A universal despondency seem'd to pervade the people,—we every where met them in scatter'd groups, relating or listening to their fears. We drank tea at Mrs. Thornton's, who described to us the manner in which they conflagrated the President's H & other buildings,—50 men, sailors & marines, were marched by an officer, silently thro' the avenue, each carrying a long pole to which was fixed a ball about the circumference of a large plate, —when arrived at the building, each man was station'd at a window, with his pole & machine of wild-fire against it, at the word

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of command, at the same instant the windows were broken & this wild-fire thrown in, so that an instantaneous conflagration took place & the whole building was wrapt in flames & smoke. The spectators stood in awful silence, the city was light & the heavens redden'd with the blaze! The day before Cockburn paid this house a visit & these will answer as a memento. I must take something too, & looking round, he seized an old hat a *chapeau de bras* of the President's, and a cushion off Mrs. M.'s chair, declaring these should be his trophies, adding pleasantries too vulgar for me to repeat. When he went to burn Mr. Gale's office, whom he called his "dear Josey";

Mrs. James Madison.

From the steel engraving by J. F. E. Prudhomme, after the portrait by J. Wood.

forced a young gentleman of our acquaintance to go with him,—on entering the dining room they found the table spread for dinner, left precipitately by Mrs. M.,—he insisted on young Weightman's sitting down & drinking Jemmy's health, which was the only epithet he used whenever he spoke of the President. After looking round, he told Mr. W. to take something to remember this day. Mr. W. wished for some valuable article. No, no said he, *that* I must give to the flames, but here, handing him some ornaments off the mantel-piece, Mrs. Brush, Mrs. Stelle & a few citizens remonstrated with him, assuring him that it would occasion the loss of all the buildings in the row. "Well," said he, "good people I do not wish to injure you, but I am really afraid my friend Josey will be affronted with me, if after burning Jemmy's palace, I do not pay him the same compliment,—so my lads, take your axes, pull down the house, & burn the papers in the street." This was accordingly done. He told Mrs. Brush & several others, that no houses should be injur'd but such as were shut &

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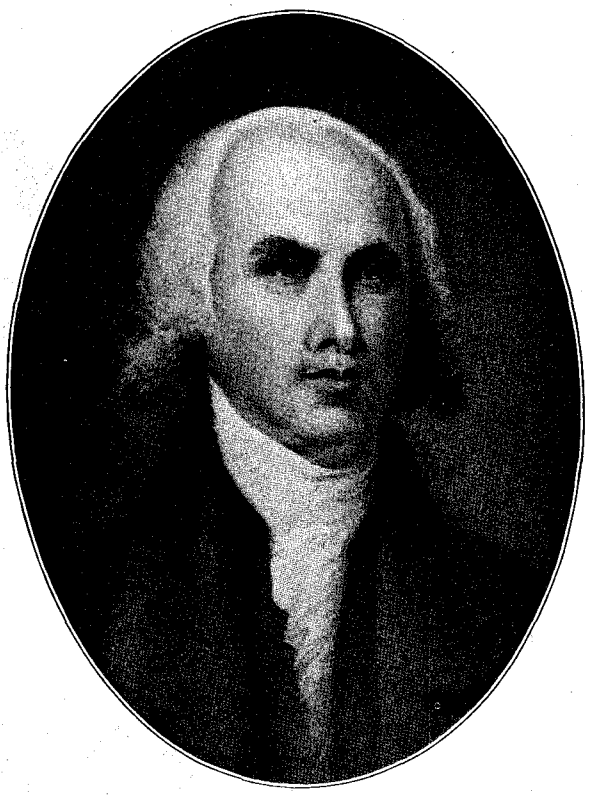
deserted. Mr. Cutting & Mrs. B. saved ours by opening the windows. Cockburn often rode down the avenue, on an old white mare with a long main & tail & followed by its fold to the dismay of the spectators. He, & all his officers & soldiers were perfectly polite to the citizens. He bade them complain of any soldier that committed the least disorder & had several severely punished, for very slight offences. All provisions were paid for. He stop'd at a door, at which a young lady was standing & enter'd into familiar conversation. "Now did you expect to see me such a clever fellow," said he, "were you not prepared to see a savage, a ferocious creature, such as Josey represented me? But you see I am quite harmless, don't be afraid, I will take better care of you than Jemmy did!" Such was his manner,—that of a common sailor, not of a dignified commander. He however deserves praise & commendation for his own good conduct & the discipline of his sailors & Marines, for these were the destroying agents. The land troops & officers were scarcely seen while in the city, but kept close qrs at the navy yard. Cockburn had ordered Col. Wharton's & Capt. Tingey's houses (both public property) and the barracks & arsenal to be burnt, but on a remonstrance from the citizens, & an assurance the fire would destroy private property he desisted, "I want to injure no citizen," said he, " & so your Barracks may stand." I must praise his moderation, indeed his conduct was such as to disarm the prejudices that existed. During the stay of their troops in the city, it was so still you might have heard a pin drop on the pavement. The negroes all hid themselves & instead of a mutinous spirit, have never evinced so much attachment to the whites & such dread of the enemy. I could fill sheets with similar anecdotes, but the above



James Madison.

From a picture by Gilbert Stuart in the possession of T. Jefferson Coolidge.

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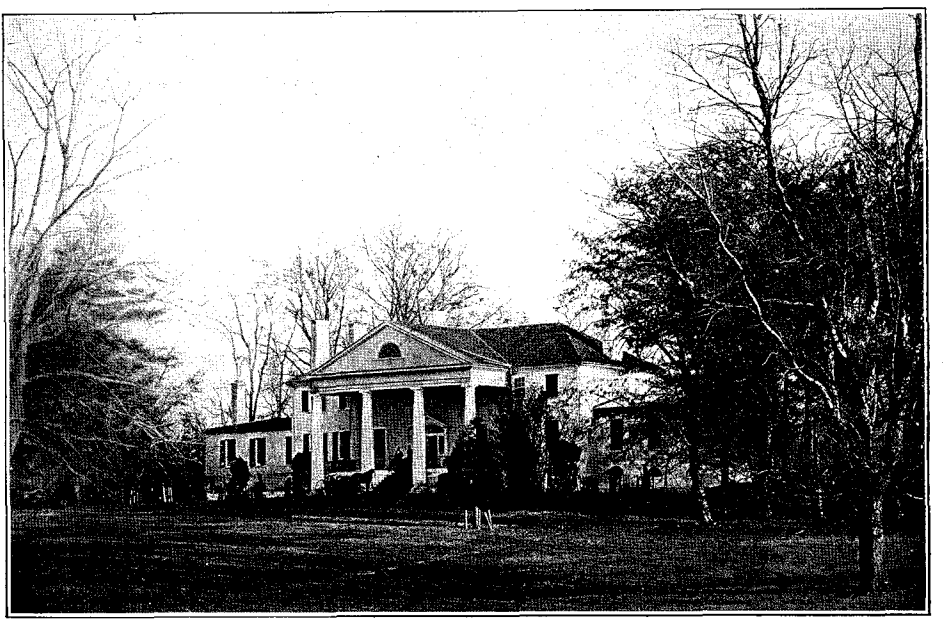

Montpelier.
Madison's home near Richmond, Virginia.

will give you an idea of Cockburn. They left the city precipitately, from the idea that Winder was collecting his forces & would by going round them, cut off their retreat to their ships. And this could have been done, & our poor soldiers were willing & able for any enterprise, but their commanders,—Ah their commanders, Armstrong & Winder—on their shoulders lies the blame of our disastrous flight & defeat. Our men were all eager to fight & were marching on with a certainty of victory, more than 2000 had not fired their muskets, when Armstrong & Winder gave the order for a retreat, & to enforce that order added terror to authority! The English officers have told some of our citizens that they could not have stood more than 10 minutes longer, that they had march'd that day 13 miles, & were exhausted with thirst, heat & fatigue. It is said 2 Irish regiments wish'd to be taken & were on the point of joining us when the retreat commenced. I have conversed with many of our officers & men. All agree in this statement, that the troops wish'd to fight, & were full of spirit & courage. The English expected great resistance. Yesterday when in the city I conversed with a great many citizens, they were all desponding, dishearten'd. The President is determined on making a resistance in case the enemy return. But our citizens sent a deputation begging him not to attempt it, as it would be ineffectual, & would only be making them & the roofs that shelter'd them a sacrifice. "They now," they said, "had neither honor or property to loose. All they valued was gone." The President's orders, however, were enforced & all day yesterday while I was in the city I saw them collecting. Troops are order'd from all around, & 3000 are expected tonight. Alexandria has surrender'd its town with all their flour & merchandize & the frigates are now laying before that town, loading the Alexandria shipping with the goods of the citizens. What will be our fate I know not. The citizens who remain'd are now moving out, & all seem more alarm'd than before. I brought Eliza Doyne (that was) out with me. Mrs. Brush is coming out this evening & has sent out all her furniture. I prefer offering our house as an asylum to the poor than the rich. There is dreadful individual suffering,—one of Mr. S.'s clerk's was here this morning, his house & furniture were all burnt, even his clothing & he & his family are reduced to penury. Hundreds, I may say thousands of our flying troops pass'd thro our farm after the engagement. The

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English got within half a mile of us & have plunder'd our neighbours on the adjoining farms,—the intervening wood hid us from them. On their retreat through Bladensburg they have done a great deal of injury, destroying furniture, carrying off cattle, &c. The consternation around us is general. The despondancy still greater. But *I* look forward with hope, our troops are again collecting & altho' the poor citizens are disgovernment, they were answer'd, Romans would never be driven from their homes, Rome should never be destroy'd. May a Roman spirit animate our people, & the Roman example be followed by the Americans. Meanwhile, you will ask for some domestic details. We are in that state of confusion, which with our clothes & furniture all removed you may imagine. Mrs. Brush & Mrs. Grammar (E. Doyne) are

Mrs. James Madison.
After a water-color by Dr. William Thornton.

hearten'd by the fate of their city, the rest of the army are still willing to fight. Universal execration follows Armstrong, who it is believed never wished to defend the city & I was assured that had he pass'd thro' the city the day after the engagement, he would have been torn to pieces. The district certainly was not in a state of preparation, whether from want of ability or want of inclination on the part of the administration we can not know. The city was capable of defence & ought to have been defended. But we will retrieve, yes I trust we will retrieve our character & restore our capital. Oh that I a feeble woman could do something! This is not the first capital of a great empire, that has been invaded & conflagrated; Rome was reduced still lower by the Goths of old, than we are, & when its senate proposed removing the seat of added to our family. Every hour brings a different rumour; we know not what to believe & scarcely what to hope. We are determined however not again to quit the house, but to run all risques here, as we find our enemy not so ferocious as we expected & that property is much endanger'd by quitting it. I shall persuade Ann to go to Brookville & take the children, if more alarming intelligence arrives. I am now so harden'd to fatigue & alarm, that I do not fear my health will suffer. The same external symtoms continue & I am astonished I am not much weakened by so long a continuation. But I am not [torn out] no depression, but feel wound up to be [torn out]. I trust when the hour of alarm or trial comes I shall be enabled to support it. Ann is as composed & easy as if all was peace. She is all that is kind & attentive to me & the

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children, & in the absence of our servants, she & Julia do everything. Do not be so anxious about us my dearest sister. The back is fitted to the burden. As yet, my strength has not been tryed. I trust not in myself,—the firm, the innate, the deep felt conviction that every thing is over ruled by a great & a good God, reconciles me to every event. The late astonishing events in Europe, & the dreadful ones here, seems to have so sunk all human grandeur, all human concerns in my estimation, & human life appears so short, so very short, that instead of anxiety, I feel almost indifference. All will soon be past, whether life is spent in suffering or enjoyment, is of little moment, so that it is well spent,—we cannot suffer long. External circumstances are of little consequence, so that in all we do our duty. Such are my reflections; & my whole effort now, is not to escape from suffering & danger, but to be active in the performance of the duties they bring with them. Please to send my letter to Maria. I cannot write over,—dear, dear sister adieu. Do not be anxious about me—I am not uneasy myself.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

SIDNEY, Sept. 11 [1814].

. . . The affairs of our country grow more & more gloomy; last night the perusal of the paper made me quite melancholy, at Plattsburgh, N. London, N. Haven, all was consternation & alarm, families removing their property, & many, I suppose, as in this place wandering from their homes, without knowing where to find a shelter. All around our neighborhood was fill'd; those who could not get into houses encamp'd in the woods. In our old church there were 9 families. At Mrs. Fries 5 families with 18 children with scarcely anything to eat. Every day we are hearing of new instances of the cruelty of the soldiery & individual suffering. It has been the poor who have been the principle sufferers. At Bladensburgh which was inhabited chiefly by poor persons, the gentlemen having large houses & farms around the houses are much damaged by cannon ball &c.—many of them occupied by the British wounded & our wounded men. (The army left all of their wounded for us to take care of)—The poor owners thus excluded, their gardens, corn fields & enclosures laid waste; their horses all taken. In the army's march from Benedict they made tents & beds of all the green corn, for which purpose they cut down whole fields. I am told this country (from Benedict to Washington) is totally laid waste; you can scarcely get anything for man or horse to eat. They strip'd the people of their clothing, taking women's & even children's clothes. All this was done by the straggling parties of soldiers who robb'd only the poor. At Bladensburg, Malboro' & Wood Yard, the officers had guards placed around the houses of many considerable & wealthy persons & obtruded no further than to go to lodge, breakfast or dine with the gentlemen, except where they found houses empty & deserted, in which case they generally destroyed them. We ran a great risque in deserting ours. We are again establish'd & I now think nothing (excepting an army of Cossacks) shall induce me again to leave it. The battle was very near to us. In the next farm, there was skirmishing, & 10 dead bodies were found (of the enemy) some only 4 or 5 days ago. A poor old lady, one of our nearest neighbors, heard the bullets rattling around her house & has found a good many in the yard. I say I will remain, tho' all who did, say nothing would induce them to again go through such scenes. I have heard of two persons, I knew, who have lost their senses, & several I have seen are very much alter'd in their looks. Mrs. Bradley is the only one who would go thro' the same scenes again —she is generally timid, but she says when the hour of trial came, courage came with it. Several hundred of our flying troups were at her house, she dress'd their wounds & gave them meat & drink. I am persuaded the enemy lost many more than was at first supposed, as bodies are daily found, unburied, under bushes, in gulleys. Alas poor wretches, how many anxious hearts in England may be looking for your return! The wounded & prisoners who remain, all express themselves delighted with this country, many who have been in France & Spain, say they never saw so beautiful or so rich a country & wonder how so happy a people could go to war. It is supposed between 4 or 500 blacks have either [obliterated] taken. They have behaved well, been quiet, & [obliterated] in general appear to dread the enemy as much as we do. Thus we are spared one evil & the one I had most

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dread of. Muskets, cartridge boxes, were found by 100's & in possession of the blacks, who have all cheerfully given them up, to the persons sent to look for & collect them. Our black men found 3 on our farm, which they immediately gave up. Citizens have returned & are slowly & despondently resuming business, but society & individuals have received a shock it will require a long time to recover from. I now begin to feel a little composed & able to resume my ordinary employments. Mr. Smith has lost considerably by the destruction of the Bridges, in both of which he had invested a large sum. We shall make some change in our living, so as to reduce our expenditures. We have given up our house in the city, as it was much wanted & we shall not go there next winter. Excuse me for writing on one subject only. It is the only one of which we talk or think. But our country, our poor country. It seems surrounded. No place seems safe. I will not begin on another sheet, but conclude this with begging you my dear sister to write as soon as you can. All our family are perfectly well. Matty as well as ever she was in her life, she was quite safe during the alarm, in an obscure farm I had sent her to.

*To Saml. Harrison Smith**

LONE HOUSE-BY THE WAY SIDE [1815].

What a novel letter I could write you if I but had the time & if the passing stage will not take me up, I shall have time enough, for here I must stay till they do, if its all day & night too. A few miles this side of Chester, our stage broke, but the mud was so deep, the gentlemen would not let me get out, we all sat on the upper side, (one of the braces was broke & the carriage rested on the axel) & were drag'd thro' the mud to this house, about two miles off. It was ten o'clock & the people all abed & it was a long time before we could waken them. At last the door was open'd by a nice good looking old quaker lady, with fear & trembling however. There were no men & no assistance of any kind—the moon was just down & the night so foggy that the driver said it would be very dark. I therefore begged the old lady to keep me all night. The gentlemen said they could get on the horses or walk & as they were anxious to get on, they bade me farewell & commended me to the lady's care. It was eleven o'clock before they got off, the stage supported by an old rail. I then begged my good quaker, to take me to the kitchen fire, as I was very cold & wet. My feet had been wet all day, & getting in & out of the stages in the rain, for it had rain'd hard all day, had wet my clothes. Two sweet looking young women got up & soon made a fine fire. I got into the chimney corner, for the chimney was like old Mrs. Tracy's, undress'd & dried & warm'd myself. I ask'd them if it would not be too much trouble, if they could give me something for supper. They said they really had nothing at all in the house, they didnt often accommodate people, it being a house just for the market folks to stop at. I told them a bowl of tea, with brown sugar would do, for I felt chilly & weary. They put on the tea kettle, & on my asking for an egg, found *one*. They seem'd curious about me, & when I told them that I came from *Washington*, I became an object of curiosity to them & they asked me a hundred questions,—particularly about its being taken by the British, & about slaves. While my kettle was boiling, I sat in one corner & the old lady in the other corner of the chimney. She was a pale, delicate looking woman, with an uncommonly sweet face. She regretted much having no better accomodation, but I told her truly it was more agreeable than a public house, that I could feel as if she was my mother, at least take as good care of me & that her daughters were just the age of mine. Here I must say, a few tears would in spite of me break from my full heart, at the thought of *home* dear home—dangers being now over my courage was over too. The dear old lady was so kind. In a few moments I went on with my history of the taking & burning of Washington, which all listen'd eagerly to, while we sat cowering over the fire. I related all the little anecdotes I could remember, our fears at Sidney, & when they heard that I could fire a pistol & had slept with a loaded pistol under my head, & Ann with a pen-knife in her bosom, they were lost in astonishment & look'd on me as something wonderful. The simplicity of the good folks amused me & their extreme interest excited me to tell them all about Ross Cockburn &c &c I could recollect & like the old soldier I sat

* Mrs. Smith was on her way to Philadelphia to visit her brother, Andrew Bayard, President of the Commercial Bank of Philadelphia. She finished the letter in Philadelphia.

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by the "fire & show'd how fields were won" —lost I mean— Whenever I was about to pause, they begg'd me to go on. My little table was put in the corner by me, my bowl of tea & *one* egg & two crackers. I was wrapped in my flannel gown, & my clothes hung round the stove to dry. The sheets for my bed were hung on a chair before the blaze, & if I had indeed been her daughter she could not have been more careful of me, but there was a sick child upstairs whom they had to watch by. I therefore summon'd up courage to go to bed alone (the only thing I dreaded) they took me thro' five or six doors, into another house which had been built in addition to this. I requested the candle might be left. In vain I tried to sleep. It was raining & blowing, the windows & doors rattling. I became every moment more nervous, something in the room, threw a shadow on the wall exactly like a coffin—that night week dear Elizabeth had died—her image, almost herself was by me, the candle was almost out, I trembled so the bedstead shook under me. I felt almost sure if left in the dark I should fall into some kind of fit, at last I jump'd up & without waiting to put on my flannel gown, I took my almost expiring candle, determined to find my way to the kitchen, & if I could not find another candle, to sit in the chimney corner all night. I open'd the door of a chamber next me, hoping some one of the family might be there, but I saw a bedstead, the idea that some one might have just died there struck me. I dared not look farther, but found my way down stairs into a large empty room, with four doors, I opened the one nearest to me, the wind rushed in & blew out my candle. I then groped all round the room. Two doors were bolted, at last I found one that yielded to my hand, I open'd it, but knew not where I was & was afraid of falling down steps. I thought it best to return to my chamber, tho' with a horror I cannot describe—then I thought I would sit down in the empty room on the floor. The windows shook with the storm, as if they would have fallen in—the wind blew most violently & some open door was creaking & slaming. I shook, so I could scarcely stand & was quite unable to find the door at the foot of the stairs. At last, some one called out—Who's there? I answer'd & the old woman came to me with a light, & look'd quite frightened to see me there. She took me in the kitchen,—the fire was still burning, & they had been making up bread, &c. I told them I felt unwell & had come down for another candle—they mixed me a glass of toddy, as they saw me shaking as if I had an ague. After I got warm'd I began one of the stories that had interested them so much & was very eloquent indeed, in hopes of beguiling them to sit up an hour or two with me, but they were too sleepy, for even my most wonderful stories to keep them awake. At last finding neither Cochburn's murders, nor negro conspiricies, nor Georgia negro buyers could keep their eyes open, I again ask'd for a bed fellow & said I felt so lonely I could not sleep. But the daughter could not be spared, & I again return'd with a whole candle & crept into bed, where the kind girl tucked me in. But it was in vain, I repeated poetry & exerted my reason. I whose courage had that morning been so admired & extoll'd by my fellow travellers, when in danger of losing my life, was now ill with imaginary terrors. After about an hour, I heard doors opening & shutting, then foot steps ascending the stairs—then some one at my door, who whispered, "Are you awake?" To which I gladly answered "Yes," for even the entrance of robbers would have been welcome. But it was my good old lady, who feeling uneasy, had made her youngest daughter, a little girl the size of Anna Maria get up & brought her to me as a bed fellow. The moment I felt *warm* flesh & blood near me & her little arm round me my trembling & shiverings ceased & soon I drop't into a sweet sleep, from which I was awaken'd by a bright sun, shining in my windows. My pretty bed fellow assisted to dress me & when I went down in the sitting room, I found a fine looking grey-headed old man that put me in mind of Mr. K. He was the father of the family, & I had again in answer to his questions to relate my dangers & hair breadth escapes. A little breakfast table was set for me, & when done they cut this sheet of paper out of a book for me & with an old stub of a pen, I am sitting by the stove to write. No stage has yet pass'd. I think it probable the roads were so dangerous near the Susquehanah & so deep elsewhere, something may have happen'd & that they will not be along till in the evening or night, like us. I can find no book in the house, so for my own amusement as well as

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yours will write on, if it is all day & by way of making it answer for a chapter in the great work, will go into details in the novel style—this will be killing two birds with one stone.

Now to begin my journal. Like all other times of war & peace, it affords little to say. My ride to Baltimore was as pleasant as on a summer's day, my companion a very agreeable man who knew everybody I knew in New York, & we talked of all the old acquaintance of twenty & 30 years back—he told me who he was, his business & family. I told him who I was, my husband's business & our family & before we reached Baltimore felt like old acquaintance. When the stage stopp'd we were taken into the stage office & found on enquiry, not a single passenger was going on to Philad. Mr. Dey, said if I would wait he would go to the other stage office & enquire. There were a parcel of men standing round, but no one offer'd me a chair. I asked one of them to carry my letter into Mr. Williamson. Soon after the bar keeper, came & asked me to walk into a parlour, where a very genteel young man, came & in the most respectful way, enquir'd what he could do for my accomodation, stating his father was very ill, but he would execute any commands I might give him. When he understood my wishes, he begg'd me to walk in a better parlour up stairs, while he would go to the other stage office & learn what passengers there were, begging me to feel quite at home & order what I pleased. He soon return'd, likewise Mr. Dey, with information there were two gentlemen going on to Philad. I then ordered a slight dinner, while Mr. D. went to take my seat & speak to the gentlemen & Mr.——

The stage stopp'd & I left off. In the stage were very clever people, but you may judge of the state of the roads, when I was four hours coming 15 miles. At four o'clock I got safely here, but alas not to find all as happy as I had hoped, the whole family were in the greatest anxiety as Sally was very ill. I did not see sister or Elizabeth until this morning, her life was in danger I believe for some hours, at one, the child was born—it was six months, it is still alive but no probability of its living. I hope Sally is out of danger, but poor sister & brother are very, very anxious. In this state of the family I feel in the way, 'tho' all are kind enough to persuade me to stay longer, I think it best to go tomorrow. Brother would have gone with me, had not this event occur'd. Oh how frail is the tenure of human felicity. This happy family may soon be plunged into the greatest grief. Mrs. Bayard, Caroline, Susan & Mrs. Hodge * & several other friends came in to see me & have been again this morning. I can scarcely steal time for a few lines, & am writing with them all around me. All are unsettled, going & coming from Sally's. I feel anxious but shall go tomorrow. I am perfectly well, all the better for the exposure & adventures I have met with. I meant to give you an account of the passage of the Susquehannah, & the rest of my journey, but now I feel in no spirits to write it. All our friends & connections of all the different families are in deep mourning. I do not want the girls to get any, but it might be as well to lay aside their gay ribbons. Things seem very different here & at Sidney—they have just come in to say Sally is much better & has fallen asleep. This is very favorable. I wrote those few lines from Elketon under the impression the mail to Washington would be missing, but it was the northern mail which was deranged. I cannot write more now, for every moment some one is coming in. Heaven bless you all.

M. H. Smith.

I cannot even read over what I have written.

* Mrs. Smith's mother, Col. Bayard's first wife (he was married three times), was Margaret Hodge.

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By
EDWARD PENFIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

TWO donkeys with their noses close together stood on the earthen floor of the *posada*. The sun streamed through the cracks of the partly opened door, and the little beasts put back their ears in perverse obstinacy whenever the harness-maker came to fit their saddles, nor did they resume their contented attitude until Don Felipe's cigarette once more sent up quietly curling streams of blue smoke, as he resumed his work beside the high-wheeled, heavily hooded carts in the *patio*. A few more stitches, and one or two more holes punched, and everything would be ready for señor and his guide.

The gayly bedecked little beasts stood patiently waiting, with large heavy saddles, when Fernando and I entered the inn yard early the next morning. A fringed blanket shawl folded in a long roll was thrown over each pommel, the ends dangling fantastically around the fore feet. Another heavy blanket was folded over the saddle seat, from which hung the gay red-fringed saddle-bags. From heavy bridles hung long strips of tasselled leather, which fell over the forehead and nose, a protest to the cruel, persistent flies. Fernando's stirrups were yellow and mine were green, and as he handed me an "estock to make heem hurry," I climbed astride my little steed and led the way out of the inn yard, down the wide pavement, and under the Puerto del Toledo, out on the hard white smooth government road of flint.

Teams of as many as five mules, all in a row, with gay head-dresses, from which hung rows and rows of bells, tinkled in merry unison as they pulled faithfully at the heavily laden, high-wheeled, big-hooded carts with their load of earthenware or wine-casks hung from a swinging platform beneath the axle as well as piled high up above it. The drivers with their savage

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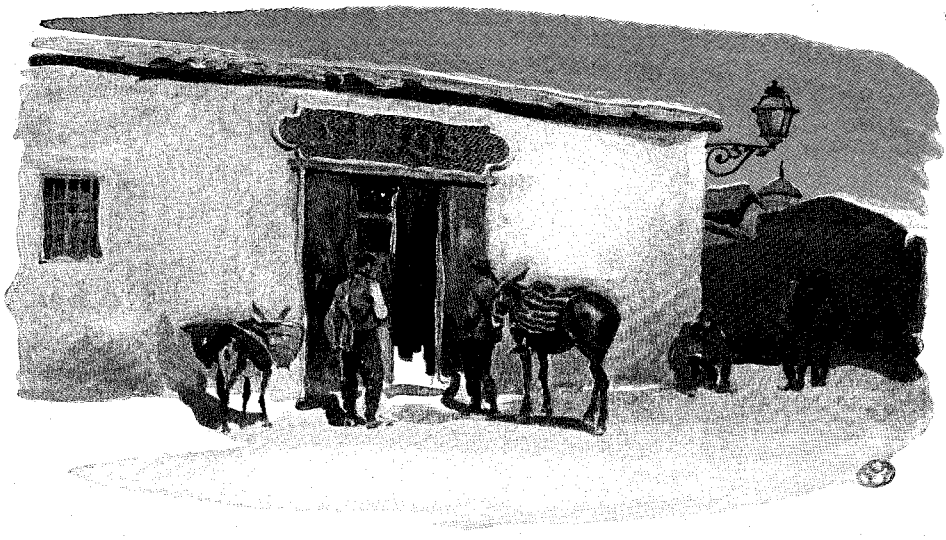
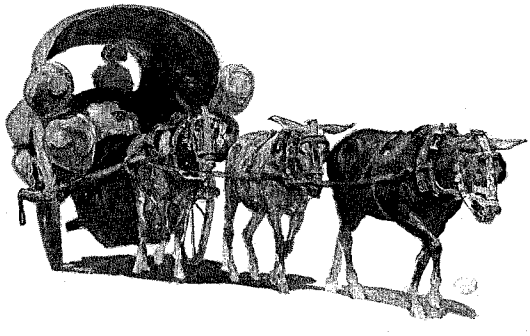


A wine-shop on the roadside.

dogs sat lazily, curling their long lashes not only around the ears of their own patient beasts, but most generously distributing their efforts on all passing animals.

Small donkeys loaded with water-casks, live poultry, earth from a near-by excavation, passed by in single file, all encircled by their fantastic little harnesses of braided straw rope, with red and yellow worsted patterns and dangling purple pompons.

Well-ordered olive groves, the trees with their gnarled and twisted trunks withered and scarred, but sending forth shoots of new green branches, lined either side of the road, and as we left the signs of the town behind us the country became slightly rolling. The herbage grew scantily on the parched earth, ploughed and pulverized by the Romans, then by the Moors, and now by a people whose instinct of pillage is stronger than its desire for development.



A load of pottery.

Two forlorn burros yoked to a sharpened stick scraped the sun-baked ground and a patient raw-boned mule, blindfolded, trod a well-worn circle, drawing up water from a well, in earthern jars, and a Roman pillar, broken to the proper length and fastened to a rough-hewn framework, pressed seeds into the ground as it was rolled over it.

Presently we came to a low square building with sun-baked tiles upon the roof, and Fernando called from behind to stop; it was a wine-shop, and I found that on a road where the hot, dry sun beats mercilessly down, where the blue, blue sky becomes monotonous, and wine-shops are few, it is well to heed Fernando's well-meant interruption; so I dismounted and walked into the low whitewashed room. Two men sat over against the wall and I glanced curiously at a beggar in a long faded cloak who stood before the wine-seller. He had dropped his humble demeanor and stooped pose, and held his head in a lordly manner, for he was no longer the supplicant at the cathedral steps, but a man of capital spending his money, and commanded the proper courtesy from the shopkeeper, who showed his evident amusement at the proud and haughty demeanor of the well-schooled mendicant. When he was given his glass of wine and paid his penny, he graciously offered it to both of us with true politeness before he touched his greedy thick lips to the rim.

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Drawn by Edward Penfield.

The beggar in the wine-shop.

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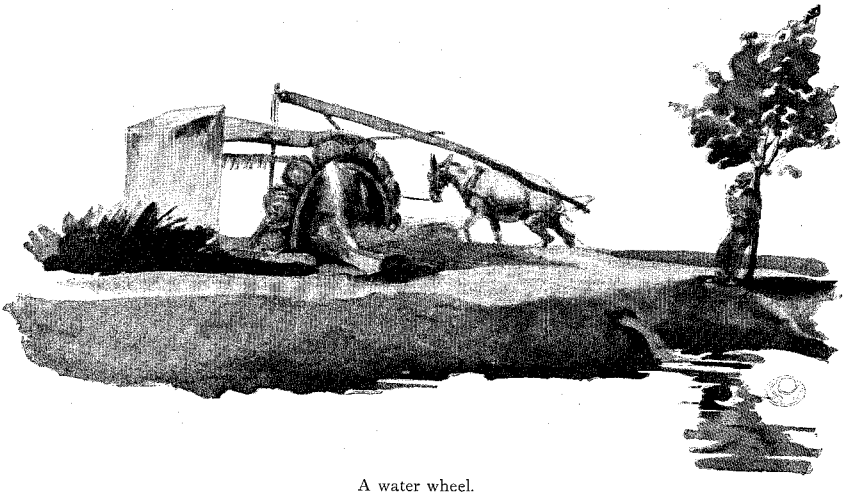

A water wheel.

After our refreshment, we sat around on the low benches for some time, and I could

Encircled in a gay little harness.

see that my companion was as loath to remount as I was, for riding a donkey is something one must get used to; the short, quick-step of the burro produces a jogging that one cannot "rise" to as in horseback, but you must sit and "take it," and it requires time before the muscles are hardened enough to use the stick and your throat leathery enough to shout "a-rr-r-r—ray-y-y-y-y-O-O-O-O!*" so that a Spanish donkey will respect either.

The sun's rays grew more intense, absorbing the cool breeze from the snow capped Sierras, and as we continued along the road the little beasts, either realizing that they were on a long journey or that we used the "estocks" with a more professional swing, started on a quick walk, almost breaking into a trot.

We were farther from the city now, and there was only an occasional traveller on the road. The fields were parched, but here and there, in irrigated portions, the grass grew a little greener Occasional small dilapidated walled villages, marked by the spire of a cathedral, were on the hillsides, and often very small hamlets had very big cathedrals. As we approached one of these villages, a man carrying a big jug and riding astride of an old mule came out to meet us. He was preceded by a woman dressed in black and taking very long strides. When he came nearer he waved his hand, and before we knew it the farmer who helped us in buying the donkeys at the market, was beside us and inquired how the beasts were behaving, while his good wife stood and looked on with good-nature and solicitude.

A country gentleman.

*Spelled arrhé.

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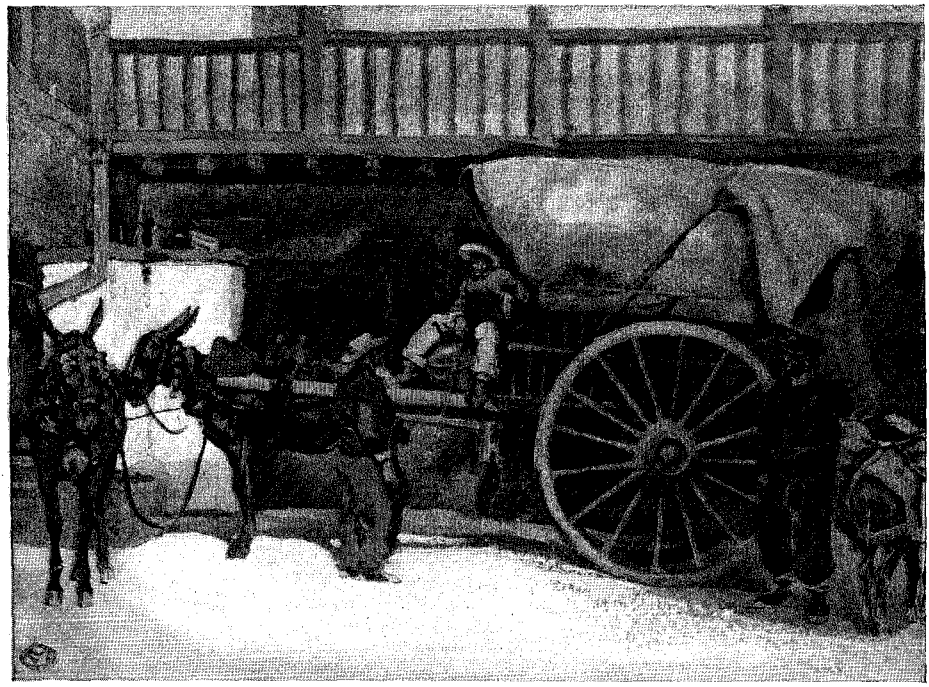
The compliment of being assured that his judgment was good put him in a fine humor, and he invited us to lunch out in the fields of his farm under one of the few small trees that grew about his irrigating well. So here we enjoyed the proverbial loaf of bread and jug of wine, but his wife was thoughtful. enough to go back to the house and add a hot tortilla to the repast, and then while the farmer's patient mule, blind-folded, walked round and round the treadmill of the water-wheel and the donkeys nipped the new sweet buds that grew about the well, we all spread our blankets on the ground and took a *siesta* in the soft air, sweetened by the sun-dried grass.

Late in the afternoon Fernando gently shook me by the shoulder. The farmer's day's work had been done, which consisted of watching his mule draw up enough water to the storage reservoir to enrich his fields, and as he had offered us the hospitality of his house for the night and there was also a wedding in the village, we threw the grass, saddles, and saddle-bags over our donkeys and all three were soon on our way to the pile of low, yellow-roofed houses clustered around the cathedral in the village.

The wedding dance was being held in a long, narrow building near a fountain, and we entered on a smooth earth floor; seats were ranged about the sides of the white-washed room, and the low rafters were draped and festooned with fancy wall-paper with gold scrolls in it. The music was furnished by a piano organ at one end of the long room, turned in rotation by a number of small boys in their clean blue blouses and brown corduroy breeches, who felt their importance; and at the other end of the room a table was spread with cakes and bread and a wine concoction very sweet and pleasant but seductive. The women, some bringing their babies, were a pleasant set but not beautiful, although a few, with their large dark eyes, came very near to it. They did not wear the gay costumes of my imagination, but their dresses showed great care and conscientious patching. A gay handkerchief was often folded around the neck and across the breast and large ear-rings and big breastpins were the vogue even among the young women. The men wore broad-brimmed black felt hats and clean blue blouses, corduroy trousers, either



The *patio* of a *posada*.

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light tan or brown, and the long red or black sash belt called a "faja," wound many times about the waist, the folds serving as pockets for cigarettes, tobacco-pouch, and the villainous knife that everyone carries.

The dances were "round," interspersed with a square dance, where four people comprised a set—a sort of fandango, with lots of stamping and attempts at lithe, serpentine motions, with the hands raised above the head. There was a very old man who danced with great gusto and amused the crowd of young people, who encouraged him with clapping of hands. When, at last, we left the wedding, and passed the fountain where the laborers from the fields were watering their mules, the rose-color was slowly fading from the sky, and we made our way to the farmer's house, which was in the village. The front had the square prison-like effect so common—iron bars, delicately wrought, before each window, and a huge heavy double wooden door filled with big iron-headed nails, giving the entire place the look of a strong box. We entered the *patio*, a square yard around which the house was built. There was a high-wheeled cart resting on its shafts on the cobble floor, the heavy brass studded harness thrown across the dashboard. Dried vegetables and grasses hung from beams and rafters, and dangling down in the center of all the chaos was an electric light, a single bulb, cobwebbed and soiled, but giving out its feeble ray in strange contrast.

All the lower rooms opened out on the court and a broad stairway of tiles led to the bedrooms on the floor above.

Out from the kitchen, dining-room, and stairway came my host's family, displaying no end of curiosity. Later, over a large pan of rabbit stew, from which we all helped ourselves, my host asked many questions and told many little anecdotes of his large family. Four sons and two daughters, all married and living in this large, rambling, thick-walled house, made a family of twenty-two children (many of them were still at the wedding), and the eldest son tried to show with gestures the appearance of the stairway at Christmas time, when twenty-two pairs of shoes were laid there to receive the gifts of the honored and kindly saint. Many well-meant questions were asked regarding *my history*. Telling them that I was an American caused no cessation in their hospitality (I afterward learned that an American in Spain can come from North or

A desolate stretch.

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Drawn by Edward Penfield.

A Spanish tramp.

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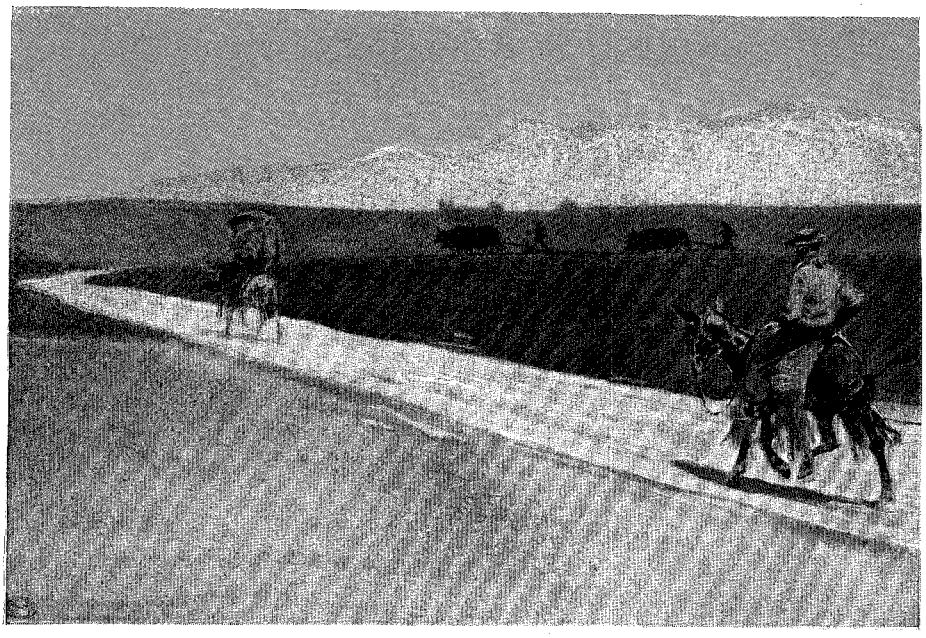

Our town for the night was silhouetted in blue.

South America or Cuba or the West Indies, if he wishes, but a *Yankee* is the only man who hails from our glorious United States); but when I expressed my disappointment over the unromantic appearance of the wine-shops, where I had expected to find the brave toreador trumming a guitar in unison with a fair señorita's lithe motions, my host, placing his finger beside his nose and drawing down the inner corner of his eye, promised to arrange an entertainment at the wine-shop of the village that night, that would, he was sure, restore my old ideals. His sons played the mandolin, and evidently belonged to a musical club, for four other young men came with their mandolins and sat around the great circular table in the wine-shop. In their flat-brimmed sombreros, hair banged and brushed forward over their ears, in imitation of the bull-fighters, sun-browned faces, short, black velvet coats and red sashes tightly binding their narrow hips, they made a picture, and played their weird, wild music, touched with pathos, well into the night.

Although no request was made of me, the code required strangers to furnish wine, and Fernando ordered a large jug to be placed upon the table and kept full. The villagers who could, crowded into the shop and others stood at the doors and windows, and everyone had access to the flowing bowl; but before they drank they saluted me gravely, and no one was rude or stared or took advantage of the occasion.

Fernando and I were given a large room on the upper floor of the farmer's house. There were two beds, one at either end; the floor was tiled with big square red bricks and heavy oaken blinds at the windows opened on a balcony. The beds and the room were sweet and clean, much better accommodations than the pretentious hotel at Madrid.

In the morning, our host, carrying a long heavy cane, accompanied us as far as a cross beside a small church, on the outskirts of the village, where we bade him farewell and continued our journey. The road lay over treeless rolling hills; sparse grain grew in meagre patches that ended abruptly on barren wastes with flocks of feeding goats on the red sun-baked earth, which took on rose hues in the sunshine or deep plum color in the floating cloud shadows. Purple bush flowers, clustered in the copperas green of the grass or poppies, waved their heads above the struggling blades. Then we came to waste tracts of light-gray clayey land; tufts of sage held savagely to life under the blazing sun, and the road, hard and white, showed us we were on the main highway. We passed more of the high-wheeled carts (some now held families, on the way to the larger towns for market-day) pulled by a mule in the shafts and often a dimin-

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utive donkey in the lead. On an uphill pull a high-wheeler's load shifted too far back of the axle for perfect balance. The slow creak gave way to excited female voices in a high key and the deep angry exclamations of men as the shafts pointed skyward and the mules' hind feet left the ground.

We seized the shafts and did our best to bring about order in Sancho's family as they laughingly endeavored to extricate themselves.

The road was not without its pathos. We passed some people too poor even to travel on donkey-back or in carts. One family—a grandmother, the mother, and three children, the youngest having to be carried, under the only umbrella in the party—with a scanty supply of provisions, shoes and sandals worn and patched and tied on with strips torn from skirts and aprons, were walking a distance of two hundred miles to join their men, who had found work in a distant town. They answered our questions, but did not ask for money—far from beggars were they—but after we passed, the babies' little fists held a few shining silver pesetas.

We met tramps who were thoughtful enough of the future to carry a heavy ragged blanket over their shoulders to protect them from the cold night blasts and a small earthen pot for cooking food that might be given to them. Cigarettes were always received with great pleasure; but they were fain to talk. Stone structures, about six or seven feet high, whitewashed and reminding one of a kiln, occurred frequently on the road and were placed for wayfarers to spend the night in, and we passed several large buildings with a cluster of these gentlemen of the road before them, each with his earthen bowl full of steaming food.

As the sun sank that day, the sky casting its purple veil over all, we passed into a beautiful little town, all gardens and bridges and ornate gate-posts, placed there when Spanish rulers were lavish and indifferently maintained by the present King. We found the *posada* a short distance from the palace, and after the donkeys' trappings were taken off and locked in a room for safety and the little animals were led off to the stable, we stooped and entered the kitchen. Señor could have anything he preferred, but after a deal of hunting about for chickens, the larder narrowed down to rabbit stew; so two rabbits were killed and prepared before us (I noticed in other *posadas* our food was always "alive" when we ordered it) and placed in a large bowl in the centre of the table, out of which we helped ourselves. At a table near by a group of carters sat around a larger bowl of "stew." The politeness of the Spanish was ever present, for they formed an orderly group, and each wore a clean blouse and broad-brimmed hat, which he must have carried in his wagon—a sort of dinner dress. There were some sleeping-rooms above, but a "fiesta" in the town had brought many people, and we were obliged to lay down on bags of chopped hay, placed on the floor where the mules, donkeys, and horses were, but well out from their heels. I wrapped myself up in the great blanket shawl that swung from my saddle and lay down on the long bag, tired after the day's ride. Although I lay very still, sleep would not come to me, for I could not shut out the terrible noise of the bells that hung from the mules' gayly bedecked bridles, which with every movement of the jaw sent out a tormenting jangle. A flickering lamp on the post near by waved a sickly glimmer over the sleeping men and rested on the haunches of the taller animals. Centuries of cobwebs hung from the rough rafters like lowering clouds overhead, and during the momentary silence of the bells deep snoring reached my ears. How many honest souls and how many bandits were there among this crowd of black-haired, travel-worn men? They each had that long blade in their belts. The night was cold and I was far from home. As I lay there so still, watching them all, the blanket on a bag over back of the post moved, a head stuck up and looked about. I kept very still. The head raised, and the man sat on his bed and reaching around, drew out a thick rope that had been heavily knotted on both ends and torn apart in the middle. After assuring himself that all was safe, his short overworked, underfed form crept stealthily to the side of a raw-boned mule. He removed the good rope at the halter, and substituted the rope he held in his hand, tying one knotted end in the manger ring and the other on his mule's halter, and then slipped back under his blanket. The old mule tossed his head, backed out of his

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standing room, went from one mule's manger to the other, and greedily ate the remaining fodder. Imaginary fears gave way to impending danger, and I raised up and gave a protesting cry to the man behind the post. He did not respond, but the carter beside me rubbed his eyes and sat up in time to see in the pale light the wandering mule beside his own. With a shout and a yell, he jumped up and caught the offending brute. In a minute all were aroused. Where was the sneaking scoundrel who would not buy his mule food, but must needs turn him loose to feed on others. Where was he? All wanted to know. At last he was found and pulled out of his assumed sleep. "Get up and explain!" The apparently amazed man went to the old mule and dramatically seizing the frayed end of the heavy rope, began to tug and pull frantically at it to show how strong he had been tied, and was it a fault of his if a mule could break a hawser fit to hold a boat at the quay? But protests and excuses were in vain. Ready hands and feet pushed and kicked mule and man out into the *patio*, past the covered carts, to the big oak door. The inn-yard keeper heard the noise and came to unlock the door and add his sandal. Out on the road in the cold moonlight the deceiver was left to continue his way on his poor beast, over the bleak rolling hills.

A few hours of sleep must have come after this, for Fernando was gently shaking me when I opened my eyes the next morning.

Our journey now lay over a road through a very isolated country where we would find few places for refreshment, so a loaf of bread and a leather jug of wine was stuffed in either saddle-bag. When we passed out of the pleasant garden-like town, down a road under large cool trees, and through two very tall gate-posts that once must have been very elaborate, we found ourselves, after passing a few irrigated fields, out in a barren sun-baked country. Small shrub bushes grew in clusters and looked as if a very fine gray powder had been dusted over them. The sun beat down mercilessly on the green umbrella, and its heat was reflected from the hot cinders of hell underneath and the quick dart of an occasional huge green lizard was the only form of life we saw in miles and miles of slightly rolling country, treeless and bare, with the heat shimmering the horizon line.

I could hear Fernando's little beast back of me, picking his way through the sage or shaking his ornamented head in fighting the aggravating flies.

"Good placa for a wine-shop, señor," comes to me through the heated air. No Spanish explorer looked more anxiously than did Fernando and I for some place to shelter us. About noon a long row of beautiful cool trees could be seen, stretching along the horizon, a novel sight in all this barren desert.

An hour later and the donkeys were eating the moist grass; the saddle-bags were relieved and on our blankets in the cool shade we had our "loaf of bread and jug of wine" while the creak, creak, of the rough machinery of a well, the soft notes of a cuckoo, and a voice giving orders in a distant field broke the drowsy silence.

To one who is brought up on this diet, it may be very satisfying, but as I chewed off hunks of soggy bread and swallowed it in gulps of almost bitter wine, I was thankful that "thou" was not there for me to apologize to for the menu. We finished off with cigarettes, and until the heat of the day was over, we laid our lengths on the cool ground for a quiet *siesta*.

I opened my eyes a few hours after to see a man with a wide belt over his shoulder, on which was a large oval brass sign. He carried a gun, a short carbine affair, and looked ugly. He turned out to be the warder or keeper of this fertile spot we were on. "Ten minutes and we must be gone!" "Why did we feed our donkeys on his master's grass?" "Did we not have enough money to go to a *posada?*" Fernando did not have to be asked to hurry in saddling that time, and we tried to "save our face," as the Chinese say, when we departed by offering the keeper cigarettes. He politely received them and his *adios* followed us, as Fernando said, "out of the Garden of Eden." Several hours' riding brought us to an occasional house and the desert gradually melted into fields of sparsely growing grain. The crops were being gathered not by machinery, but by men with small scythes, who cut down the wheat by handfulls. They worked fast and thoroughly, and the little they dropped was gathered up by boy gleaners, so that when they had passed not a single straw of grain could be found. The country now was slightly rolling. Fields

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green with grass, yellow with ripe grain, or freshly ploughed made our spirits rise; and way beyond, the hills, on the crest of which our town for the night was silhouetted in blue against a late afternoon sky.

Wine-shops, big covered carts, and patient little donkeys filled the road as we neared the city. When we climbed the hill and passed through the big Moorish gate, the cool blue veil of evening brought out the shining yellow lights; the shepherds were driving their flocks of goats into the city and the small iron shoes of our burros beat a lively tattoo on the stone pavements of the narrow hilly streets, that wound and twisted, like a maze, until we found ourselves at the gate of the *posada*. Here we did not have to sleep with the animals, but each had a comfortable clean room which opened through a green door on to the balcony above the *patio*. The town was a most interesting one, containing remnants of its Roman occupants, built around gorgeously by its Moorish conquerors and now occupied in decay and semi-preservation by the Spanish. Here we rested and explored before taking up again our journey over the bleak, stern wastes of poor old tired-out Spain.

THE TRAVELLER

By Robert Gilbert Welsh

WHAT matter that his crippled feet
About his room scarce carry him,
His spirit finds adventures meet
In Fez, Fashoda, Suakim.

How can his world seem small and bare,
When his brown eyes, so kind yet keen,
May welcome friends from here and there,
And see in them what they have seen?

When summer seethes in his confines
He dreams of woodlands cool and dim;
He strolls in Dante's haunts, the pines
Of San Vitale sing to him.

And yet at times, when hours creep by,
Measured by couch and crutch and chair,
His cloistered body seems to cry
For the free world of Otherwhere.

Ah! Some day, when he shall have drawn
The final, ineffectual breath,
He will set out across the dawn
On that great journey men call death.

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A KNIGHT OF THE CUMBERLAND

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

THE AURICULAR TALENT OF THE HON. SAMUEL BUDD

III

BEHIND us came the Hon. Samuel Budd. Just when the sun was slitting the east with a long streak of fire, the Hon. Samuel was, with the jocund day, standing tiptoe in his stirrups on the misty mountain top and peering into the ravine down which we had slid the night before, and he grumbled no little when he saw that he, too, must get off his horse and slide down. The Hon. Samuel was ambitious, Southern, and a lawyer. Without saying, it goes that he was also a politician. He was not a native of the mountains, but he had cast his fortunes in the highlands, and he was taking the first step that he hoped would, before many years, land him in the National Capitol. He really knew little about the mountaineers, even now, and he had never been among his constituents on Devil's Fork, where he was bound now. The campaign had so far been full of humor and full of trials—not the least of which sprang from the fact that it was sorghum time. Everybody through the mountains was making sorghum, and every mountain child was eating molasses.

Now, as the world knows, the straightest way to the heart of the honest voter is through the women of the land, and the straightest way to the heart of the women is through the children of the land; and one method of winning both, with rural politicians, is to kiss the babies wide and far. So as each infant, at sorghum time, has a circle of green-brown stickiness about his chubby lips, and as the Hon. Sam was averse to "long sweetenin'" even in his coffee, this particular political device just now was no small trial to the Hon. Samuel Budd. But in the language of one of his firmest supporters—Uncle Tommie Hendricks:

"The Hon. Sam done his duty, and he done it damn well."

The issue at stake was the site of the new Court-House—two localities claiming the right undisputed, because they were the only two places in the county where there was enough level land for the Court House to stand on. Let no man think this a trivial issue. There had been a similar one over on the Virginia side once, and the opposing factions agreed to decide the question by the ancient wager of battle, fist and skull—two hundred men on each side—and the women of the county with difficulty prevented the fight. Just now, Mr. Budd was on his way to "The Pocket"—the voting place of one faction—where he had never been, where the hostility against him was most bitter, and, that day, he knew he was "up against" Waterloo, the crossing of the Rubicon, holding the pass at Thermopylæ, or any other historical crisis in the history of man. I was saddling the mules when the cackling of geese in the creek announced the coming of the Hon. Samuel Budd, coming with his chin on his breast—deep in thought. Still his eyes beamed cheerily, he lifted his slouched hat gallantly to the Blight and the little sister, and he would wait for us to jog along with him. I told him of our troubles, meanwhile. The Wild Dog had restored our mules—and the Hon. Sam beamed:

"He's a wonder—where is he?"

"He never waited—even for thanks."

Again the Hon. Sam beamed:

"Ah! just like him. He's gone ahead to help me."

"Well, how did he happen to be here?" I asked.

"He's everywhere," said the Hon. Sam.

"How did he know the mules were ours?"

"Easy. That boy knows everything."

"Well, why did he bring them back and then leave so mysteriously?"

The Hon. Sam silently pointed a finger at the laughing Blight ahead, and I looked incredulous.

"Just the same, that's another reason I told you to warn Marston. He's already got it in his head that Marston is his rival."

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"Pshaw!" I said—for it was too ridiculous.

"All right," said the Hon. Sam placidly.

"Then why doesn't he want to see her?"

"How do you know he ain't watchin' her now, for all we know? Mark me," he added, "you won't see him at the speakin', but I'll bet fruit cake agin gingerbread he'll be somewhere around."

So we went on, the two girls leading the way and the Hon. Sam now telling his political troubles to me. Half a mile down the road, a solitary horseman stood waiting, and Mr. Budd gave a low whistle.

"One o' my rivals," he said, from the corner of his mouth.

"Mornin'," said the horseman; "lemme see you a minute."

He made a movement to draw aside, but the Hon. Samuel made a counter-gesture of dissent.

"This gentleman is a friend of mine," he said firmly, but with great courtesy, "and he can hear what you have to say to me."

The mountaineer rubbed one huge hand over his stubbly chin, threw one of his long legs over the pommel of his saddle, and dangled a heavy cowhide shoe to and fro.

"Would you mind tellin' me whut pay a member of the House of Legislatur' gits a day?"

The Hon. Sam looked surprised.

"I think about two dollars and a half."

"An' his meals?"

"No!" laughed Mr. Budd.

"Well, look-ee here, stranger. I'm a pore man an' I've got a mortgage on my farm. That money don't mean nothin' to you—but if you'll draw out now an' I win, I'll tell ye whut I'll do." He paused as though to make sure that the sacrifice was possible. "I'll just give ye half of that two dollars and a half a day, as shore as you're a-settin' on that hoss, and you won't hav' to hit a durn lick to earn it."

I had not the heart to smile—nor did the Hon. Samuel—so artless and simple was the man and so pathetic his appeal.

"You see—you'll divide my vote, an' ef we both run, ole Josh Barton 'll git it shore. Ef you git out o' the way, I can lick him easy."

Mr. Budd's answer was kind, instructive, and uplifted.

"My friend," said he, "I'm sorry, but I cannot possibly accede to your request for the following reasons: First, it would not be fair to my constituents; secondly, it would hardly be seeming to barter the noble gift of the people to which we both aspire; thirdly, you might lose with me out of the way; and fourthly, I'm going to win whether you are in the way or not."

The horseman slowly collapsed while the Hon. Samuel was talking, and now he threw the leg back, kicked for his stirrup twice, spat once, and turned his horse's head.

"I reckon you will, stranger," he said sadly, "with that gift o' gab o' yourn." He turned without another word or nod of good-by and started back up the creek whence he had come.

"One gone," said the Hon. Samuel Budd grimly, "and I swear I'm right sorry for him." And so was I.

An hour later we struck the river, and another hour upstream brought us to where the contest of tongues was to come about. No sylvan dell in Arcady could have been lovelier than the spot. Above the road, a big spring poured a clear little stream over shining pebbles into the river; above it the bushes hung thick with autumn leaves, and above them stood yellow beeches like pillars of pale fire. On both sides of the road sat and squatted the honest voters, sour-looking, disgruntled—a distinctly hostile crowd. The Blight and my little sister drew great and curious attention as they sat on a bowlder above the spring while I went with the Hon. Samuel Budd under the guidance of Uncle Tommie Hendricks, who introduced him right and left. The Hon. Samuel was cheery, but he was plainly nervous. There were two lanky youths whose names, oddly enough, were Budd. As they gave him their huge paws in lifeless fashion, the Hon. Samuel slapped one on the shoulder, with the true democracy of the politician, and said jocosely:

"Well, we Budds may not be what you call great people, but, thank God, none of us have ever been in the penitentiary," and he laughed loudly, thinking that he had scored a great and jolly point. The two young men looked exceedingly grave and Uncle Tommie panic-stricken. He plucked the Hon. Sam by the sleeve and led him aside:

"I reckon you made a leetle mistake thar. Them two fellers' daddy died in the penitentiary last spring." The Hon. Sam whistled mournfully, but he looked game enough

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when his opponent rose to speak—Uncle Josh Barton, who had short, thick, upright hair, little sharp eyes, and a rasping voice. Uncle Josh wasted no time:

"Feller-citizens," he shouted, "this man is a lawyer—he's a corporation lawyer;" the fearful name—pronounced "lie-yer"—rang through the crowd like a trumpet, and like lightning the Hon. Sam was on his feet.

"The man who says that is a liar," he said calmly, "and I demand your authority for the statement. If you won't give it—I shall hold you personally responsible, sir."

It was a strike home, and under the flashing eyes that stared unwaveringly through the big goggles, Uncle Josh halted and stammered and admitted that he might have been misinformed.

"Then I advise you to be more careful," cautioned the Hon. Samuel sharply.

"Feller-citizens," said Uncle Josh, "if he ain't a corporation lawyer—who is this man? Where did he come from? I have been born and raised among you. You all know me—do you know him? Whut's he a-doin' now? He's a fine-haired furriner, an' he's come down hyeh from the settlemints to tell ye that you hain't got no man in yo' own deestrict that's fittin' to represent ye in the legislatur'. Look at him—look at him! He's got *four* eyes! Look at his hair—hit's *parted in the middle!*" There was a storm of laughter—Uncle Josh had made good—and if the Hon. Samuel could straightway have turned bald-headed and sightless, he would have been a happy man. He looked sick with hopelessness, but Uncle Tommie Hendricks, his mentor, was vigorously whispering something in his ear, and gradually his face cleared. Indeed, the Hon. Samuel was smilingly confident when he rose.

Like his rival, he stood in the open road, and the sun beat down on his parted yellow hair, so that the eyes of all could see, and the laughter was still running round.

"Who is your Uncle Josh?" he asked with threatening mildness. "I know I was not born here, but, my friends, I couldn't help that. And just as soon as I could get away from where I was born, I came here and," he paused with lips parted and long finger outstretched, "and—I—came—because—I *wanted*—to come—and *not* because *I had to*."

Now it seems that Uncle Josh, too, was not a native and that he had left home early in life for his State's good and for his own. Uncle Tommie had whispered this, and the Hon. Samuel raised himself high on both toes while the expectant crowd, on the verge of a roar, waited—as did Uncle Joshua, with a sickly smile.

"Why did your Uncle Josh come among you? Because he was hoop-poled away from home." Then came the roar—and the Hon. Samuel had to quell it with uplifted hand.

"And did your Uncle Joshua marry a mountain wife? No! He didn't think any of your mountain women were good enough for him, so he slips down into the settlemints and *steals* one. And now, fellow-citizens, that is just what I'm here for—I'm looking for a nice mountain girl, and I'm going to have her." Again the Hon. Samuel had to still the roar, and then he went on quietly to show how they must lose the Court-House site if they did not send him to the legislature, and how, while they might not get it if they did send him, it was their only hope to send only him. The crowd had grown somewhat hostile again, and it was after one telling period, when the Hon. Samuel stopped to mop his brow, that a gigantic mountaineer rose in the rear of the crowd.

"Talk on, stranger; you're talking sense. I'll trust ye. You've got big ears!"

Now the Hon. Samuel possessed a primordial talent that is rather rare in these physically degenerate days. He said nothing, but stood quietly in the middle of the road. The eyes of the crowd on either side of the road began to bulge, the lips of all opened with wonder, and a simultaneous burst of laughter rose around the Hon. Samuel Budd. A dozen men sprang to their feet and rushed up to him—looking at those remarkable ears, as they gravely wagged to and fro. That settled things, and, as we left, the Hon. Sam was having things his own way, and on the edge of the crowd Uncle Tommie Hendricks was shaking his head:

"I tell ye, boys, he ain't no jackass—even if he can flop his ears."

At the river we started upstream, and some impulse made me turn in my saddle and look back. All the time I had had an eye open for the young mountaineer whose interest in us seemed to be so keen. And now I saw, standing at the head of a gray

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horse, on the edge of the crowd, a tall figure with his hands on his hips and looking after us. I couldn't be sure, but it looked like the Wild Dog.

IV

TWO hours up the river we struck Buck. Buck was sitting on the fence by the roadside, barefooted and hatless.

"How-dye-do?" I said.

"Purty well," said Buck.

"Any fish in this river?"

"Several," said Buck. Now in mountain speech "several" means simply "a good many."

"Any minnows in these branches?"

"I seed several in the branch back o' our house."

"How far away do you live?"

"Oh, 'bout one whoop an' a holler." If he had spoken Greek the Blight could not have been more puzzled. He meant he lived as far as a man's voice would carry with one yell and a halloa.

"Will you help me catch some?" Buck nodded.

"All right," I said, turning my horse up to the fence. "Get on behind." The horse shied his hind quarters away, and I pulled him back.

"Now, you can get on, if you'll be quick." Buck sat still.

"Yes," he said imperturbably; "but I ain't quick." The two girls laughed aloud, and Buck looked surprised.

Around a curving corn-field we went, and through a meadow which Buck said was a "nigh cut." From the limb of a tree that we passed hung a piece of wire with an iron ring swinging at its upturned end. A little farther was another tree and another ring, and farther on another and another.

"For heaven's sake, Buck, what are these things?"

"Mart's a-gittin' ready fer a tourney-ment."

"A what?"

"That's whut Mart calls hit. He was over to the Gap last Fourth o' July, an' he says fellers over thar fix up like Kuklux and go a-chargin' on hosses and takin' off them rings with a ash-stick—'spear'—Mart calls hit. He come back an' he says he's a-goin' to win that ar tourneyment next Fourth o' July. He's got the best hoss up this river, and on Sundays he an' Dave Branham goes a-chargin' along here a-picking off these rings jus' a-flying'; an' Mart can do hit, I'm tellin' ye. Dave's mighty good hisself, but he ain't nowhar 'longside o' Mart."

This was strange. I had told the Blight about our Fourth of July, and how on the Virginia side the ancient custom of the tournament still survived. It was on the last Fourth of July that she had meant to come to the Gap. Truly civilization was spreading throughout the hills.

"Who's Mart?"

"Mart's my brother," said little Buck. "He was over to the Gap not long ago, an' he come back mad as hops——." He stopped suddenly, and in such a way that I turned my head, knowing that caution had caught Buck.

"What about?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Buck carelessly; "only he's been quar ever since. My sisters says he's got a gal over thar, an' he's a-pickin' off these rings more'n ever now. He's going to win or bust a belly-band."

"Well, who's Dave Branham?"

Buck grinned. "You jes axe my sister Mollie. Thar she is."

Before us was a white-framed house of logs in the porch of which stood two stalwart, good-looking girls. Could we stay all night? We could—there was no hesitation—and straight in we rode.

"Where's your father?" Both girls giggled, and one said, with frank unembarrassment:

"Pap's tight!" That did not look promising, but we had to stay just the same. Buck helped me to unhitch the mules, helped me also to catch minnows, and in half an hour we started down the river to try fishing before dark came. Buck trotted along.

"Have you got a wagon, Buck?"

"What fer?"

"To bring the fish back." Buck was not to be caught napping.

"We got that sled thar, but hit won't be big enough," he said gravely. "An' our two-hoss wagon's out in the corn-field. We'll have to string the fish, leave 'em in the river and go fer 'em in the mornin'."

"All right, Buck." The Blight was greatly amused at Buck.

Two hundred yards down the road stood

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his sisters over the figure of a man outstretched in the road. Unashamed, they smiled at us. The man in the road was "Pap"—tight—and they were trying to get him home.

We cast into a dark pool farther down and fished most patiently; not a bite—not a nibble.

"Are there any fish in here, Buck?"

"Dunno—used ter be." The shadows deepened; we must go back to the house.

"Is there a dam below here, Buck?"

"Yes, thar's a dam about a half mile down the river."

I was disgusted. No wonder there were no bass in that pool.

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"You never axed me," said Buck placidly.

I began winding in my line.

"Ain't no bottom in that pool," said Buck.

I never saw any rural community where there was not a bottomless pool, and I suddenly determined to shake one tradition in one community. So I took an extra fish-line, tied a stone to it, and climbed into a canoe, Buck watching me, but not asking a word.

"Get in, Buck."

Silently he got in and I pushed off—to the centre.

"This the deepest part, Buck?"

"I reckon so."

I dropped in the stone and the line reeled out some fifty feet and began to coil on the surface of the water.

"I guess that's on the bottom, isn't it, Buck?"

Buck looked genuinely distressed; but presently he brightened.

"Yes," he said; "ef hit ain't on a turtle's back."

Literally I threw up both hands and back we trailed—fishless.

"Reckon you won't need that two-hoss wagon," said Buck.

"No, Buck, I think not." Buck looked at the Blight and gave himself the pleasure of his first chuckle. A big crackling, cheerful fire awaited us. Through the door I could see, outstretched on a bed in the next room, the limp figure of "pap" in alcoholic sleep. The old mother, big, kind-faced, explained—and there was a heaven of kindness and charity in her drawling voice.

"Dad didn' often git that a-way," she said; "but he'd been out a-huntin' hawgs that mornin' and had met up with some teamsters and gone to a political speakin' and had tuk a dram or two of their mean whiskey, and not havin' nothin' on his stummick, hit had all gone to his head. No, 'Pap' didn't git that a-way often, and he'd be all right jes' as soon as he slept it off a while." The old woman moved about with a cane and the sympathetic Blight merely looked a question at her.

"Yes, she'd fell down a year ago—and had sort o' hurt herself—didn't do nothin', though, 'cept break one hip," she added, in her kind, patient old voice. Did many people stop there? Oh, yes, sometimes fifteen at a time—they "never turned nobody away." And she had a big family, little Cindy and the two big girls and Buck and Mart—who was out somewhere—and the hired man, and yes—"Thar was another boy, but he was fitified," said one of the big sisters.

"I beg pardon," said the wondering Blight, but she knew that phrase wouldn't do, so she added politely:

"What did you say?"

"Fitified—Tom has fits. He's in a asylum in the settlements."

"Tom come back once an' he was all right," said the old mother; "but he worried so much over them gals workin' so hard that it plum' throwed him off ag'in, and we had to send him back."

"Do you work pretty hard?" I asked presently. Then a story came that was full of unconscious pathos, because there was no hint of complaint—simply a plain statement of daily life. They got up before the men, in order to get breakfast ready; then they went with the men into the fields—those two girls—and worked like men. At dark they got supper ready, and after the men went to bed they worked on—washing dishes and clearing up the kitchen. They took it turn about getting supper, and sometimes, one said, she was "so plumb tuckered out that she'd drap on the bed and go to sleep ruther than eat her own supper." No wonder poor Tom had to go back to the asylum. All the while the two girls stood by the fire looking, politely but minutely, at the two strange girls and their curious clothes and their boots, and the way they dressed their hair. Their hard life seemed

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to have hurt them none—for both were the pictures of health—whatever that phrase means.

After supper "pap" came in, perfectly sober, with a big ruddy face, giant frame, and twinkling gray eyes. He was the man who had risen to speak his faith in the Hon. Samuel Budd that day on the size of the Hon. Samuel's ears. He, too, was unashamed and, as he explained his plight again, he did it with little apology.

"I seed ye at the speakin' to-day. That man Budd is a good man. He done somethin' fer a boy o' mine over at the Gap." Like little Buck, he, too, stopped short. "He's a good man an' I'm a-goin' to help him."

Yes, he repeated, quite irrelevantly, it was hunting hogs all day with nothing to eat and only mean whiskey to drink. Mart had not come in yet—he was "workin' out" now.

"He's the best worker in these mountains," said the old woman; "Mart works too hard."

The hired man appeared and joined us at the fire. Bedtime came, and I whispered jokingly to the Blight:

"I believe I'll ask that good-looking one to 'set up' with me." 'Settin' up' is what courting is called in the hills. The couple sit up in front of the fire after everybody else has gone to bed. The man puts his arm around the girl's neck and whispers; then she puts her arm around his neck and whispers—so that the rest may not hear. This I had related to the Blight, and now she withered me.

"You just do, now!"

I turned to the girl in question, whose name was Mollie. "Buck told me to ask you who Dave Branham was." Mollie wheeled, blushing and angry, but Buck had darted cackling out the door. "Oh," I said, and I changed the subject. "What time do you get up?"

"Oh, 'bout crack o' day." I was tired, and that was discouraging.

"Do you get up that early every morning?"

"No," was the quick answer; "a mornin' later."

A morning later, Mollie got up, each morning. The Blight laughed.

Pretty soon the two girls were taken into the next room, which was a long one, with one bed in one dark corner, one in the other, and a third bed in the middle. The feminine members of the family all followed them out on the porch and watched them brush their teeth, for they had never seen tooth-brushes before. They watched them prepare for bed—and I could hear much giggling and comment and many questions, all of which culminated, by and by, in a chorus of shrieking laughter. That climax as I learned next morning, was over the Blight's hot-water bag. Never had their eyes rested on an article of more wonder and humor than that water-bag.

By and by, the feminine members came back and we sat around the fire. Still Mart did not appear, though somebody stepped into the kitchen, and from the warning glance that Mollie gave Buck when she left the room I guessed that the newcomer was Dave. Pretty soon the old man yawned.

"Well, mammy, I reckon this stranger's about ready to lay down, if you've got a place fer him."

"Git a light, Buck," said the old woman. Buck got a light—a chimneyless, smoking oil-lamp—and led me into the same room where the Blight and my little sister were. Their heads were covered up, but the bed in the gloom of one corner was shaking with their smothered laughter. Buck pointed to the middle bed.

"I can get along without that light, Buck, I said, and I must have been rather haughty and abrupt, for a stifled shriek came from under the bedclothes, in the corner and Buck disappeared swiftly. Preparations for bed are simple in the mountains—they were primitively simple for me that night. Being in knickerbockers, I merely took off my coat and shoes. Presently somebody else stepped into the room and the bed in the other corner creaked. Silence for a while. Then the door opened, and the head of the old woman was thrust in.

"Mart!" she said coaxingly; "git up thar now an' climb over inter bed with that ar stranger."

That was Mart at last, over in the corner. Mart turned, grumbled, and, to my great pleasure, swore that he wouldn't. The old woman waited a moment.

"Mart" she said again with gentle imperiousness, "git up thar now, I tell ye—you've got to sleep with that thar stranger."

She closed the door and with a snort Mart

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piled into bed with me. I gave him plenty of room and did not introduce myself. A little more dark silence—the shaking of the bed under the hilarity of those astonished, bethrilled, but thoroughly unfrightened young women in the dark corner on my left ceased, and again the door opened. This time it was the hired man, and I saw that the trouble was either that neither Mart nor Buck wanted to sleep with the hired man or that neither wanted to sleep with me. A long silence and then the boy Buck slipped in. The hired man delivered himself with the intonation somewhat of a circuit rider.

"I've been a-watchin' that star thar, through the winder. Sometimes hit moves, then hit stands plum' still, an' ag'in hit gits to pitchin'." The hired man must have been touching up mean whiskey himself. Meanwhile, Mart seemed to be having spells of troubled slumber. He would snore gently, accentuate said snore with a sudden quiver of his body and then wake up with a climacteric snort and start that would shake the bed. This was repeated several times, and I began to think of the unfortunate Tom who was "fitified." Mart seemed on the verge of a fit himself, and I waited apprehensively for each snorting climax to see if fits were a family failing. They were not. Peace overcame Mart and he slept deeply, but not I. The hired man began to show symptoms. He would roll and groan, dreaming of feuds, *quorum pars magna fui*, it seemed, and of religious conversion, in which he feared he was not so great. Twice he said aloud:

"An' I tell you thar wouldn't a one of 'em have said a word if I'd been killed stone-dead." Twice he said it almost weepingly, and now and then he would groan appealingly.

"O Lawd, have mercy on my pore soul!"

Fortunately those two tired girls slept—I could hear their breathing, but sleep there was none for me. Once the troubled soul with the hoe got up and stumbled out to the water-bucket on the porch to soothe the fever or whatever it was that was burning him, and after that he was quiet. I awoke before day. The dim light at the window showed an empty bed—Buck and the hired man were gone. Mart was slipping out of the side of my bed, but the girls still slept on. I watched Mart, for I guessed I might now see what, perhaps, is the distinguishing trait of American civilization down to its bed-rock, as you find it through the West and in the Southern hills—a chivalrous respect for women. Mart thought I was asleep. Over in the corner were two creatures the like of which I supposed he had never seen and would not see, since he came in too late the night before, and was going away too early now—and two angels straight from heaven could not have stirred my curiosity any more than they already must have stirred his. But not once did Mart turn his eyes, much less his face, toward the corner where they were—not once, for I watched him closely. And when he went out he sent his little sister back for his shoes, which the night-walking hired man had accidentally kicked toward the foot of the strangers' bed. In a minute I was out after him, but he was gone. Behind me the two girls opened their eyes on a room that was empty save for them. Then the Blight spoke (this I was told later).

"Dear," she said, "have our roommates gone?"

Breakfast at dawn. The mountain girls were ready to go to work. All looked sorry to have us leave. They asked us to come back again, and they meant it. We said we would like to come back—and we meant it—to see them—the kind old mother, the pioneer-like old man, sturdy little Buck, shy little Cindy, the elusive, hard-working, unconsciously shivery Mart, and the two big sisters. As we started back up the river the sisters started for the fields, and I thought of their stricken brother in the settlements, who must have been much like Mart.

Back up the Big Black Mountain we toiled, and late in the afternoon we were on the State line that runs the crest of the Big Black. Right on top and bisected by that State line sat a dingy little shack, and there, with one leg thrown over the pommel of his saddle, sat Marston, drinking water from a gourd.

"I was coming over to meet you," he said, smiling at the Blight, who, greatly pleased, smiled back at him. The shack was a "blind Tiger" where whiskey could be sold to Kentuckians on the Virginia side and to Virginians on the Kentucky side. Hanging around were the slouching figures of several moonshiners and the villainous fellow who ran it.

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"They are real ones all right," said Marston. "One of them killed a revenue officer at that front door last week, and was killed by the posse as he was trying to escape out of the back window. That house will be in ashes soon," he added. And it was.

As we rode down the mountain we told him about our trip and the people with whom we had spent the night—and all the time he was smiling curiously.

"Buck," he said. "Oh, yes, I know that little chap. Mart had him posted down there on the river to toll you to his house—to toll *you*," he added to the Blight. He pulled in his horse suddenly, turned and looked up toward the top of the mountain.

"Ah, I thought so." We all looked back. On the edge of the cliff, far upward, on which the "blind Tiger" sat was a gray horse, and on it was a man who, motionless, was looking down at us. "He's been following you all the way." said the engineer.

"Who's been following us?" I asked.

"That's Mart up there—my friend and yours," said Marston to the Blight. "I'm rather glad I didn't meet you on the other side of the mountain—that's "the Wild Dog." The Blight looked incredulous, but Marston knew the man and knew the horse.

So Mart—hard-working Mart—was the Wild Dog, and he was content to do the Blight all service without thanks, merely for the privilege of secretly seeing her face now and then; and yet he would not look upon that face when she was a guest under his roof and asleep.

Still, when we dropped behind the two girls I gave Marston the Hon. Sam's warning, and for a moment he looked rather grave.

"Well, he said, smiling, "if I'm found in the road some day, you'll know who did it."

I shook my head. "Oh, no; he isn't that bad."

"I don't know," said Marston.

The smoke of the young engineer's coke ovens lay far below us and the Blight had never seen a coke-plant before. It looked like Hades even in the early dusk—the snake-like coil of fiery ovens stretching up the long, deep ravine, and the smoke-streaked clouds of fire, trailing like a yellow mist over them, with a fierce white blast shooting up here and there when the lid of an oven was raised, as though to add fresh temperature to some particular malefactor in some particular chamber of torment. Humanity about was joyous, however. Laughter and banter and song came from the cabins that lined the big ravine and the little ravines opening into it. A banjo tinkled at the entrance of "Possum Trot," sacred to the darkies. We moved toward it. On the stoop sat an ecstatic picker and in the dust shuffled three pickaninnies—one boy and two girls—the youngest not five years old. The crowd that was gathered about them gave way respectfully as we drew near; the little darkies showed their white teeth in jolly grins, and their feet shook the dust in happy competition. I showered a few coins for the Blight and on we went—into the mouth of the many-peaked Gap. The night train was coming in and everybody had a smile of welcome for the Blight—post-office assistant, drug clerk, soda-water boy, telegraph operator, hostler, who came for the mules—and when tired, but happy, she slipped from her saddle to the ground, she then and there gave me what she usually reserves for Christmas morning, and that, too, while Marston was looking on. Over her shoulder I smiled at him.

That night Marston and the Blight sat under the vines on the porch until the late moon rose over Wallens Ridge, and, when bedtime came, the Blight said impatiently that she did not want to go home. She had to go, however, next day, but on the next Fourth of July she would surely come again; and, as the young engineer mounted his horse and set his face toward Black Mountain, I knew that until that day, for him, a blight would still be in the hills.

(To be concluded.)

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THE DRAWN SHUTTERS

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE HARDING

NO sooner had the *Midnight* let go her anchor in the cove than a door opened in the topmost little house on the rocks. Carefully an old man came down to the beach, with some difficulty launched his boat, and presently was alongside.

The skipper himself took the old man's painter. "Come aboard, Mister Kippen," he said heartily.

"Thankee, captain, but not this mornin'." He hesitated perceptibly ere he put the question. "No word, captain?" There was more of inquiry in the old man's eyes than in what came from his faltering lips—worn old eyes, in which was a pitiable plea for hope. "No word yet o' the *Pallas*, Captain Butler?"

"None yet, Mister Kippen."

"Wh-h-h——" the sigh shook the old body. "Such a fine, able vessel as she was, too. My boy thought he was made when he got her, captain."

"And well he might, Mister Kippen."

"And the proud man I was when I saw him sail out o' Carouge Cove that day. I followed him across the bay to old Weebald, you mind, in my little jack, captain, though 'twas a risin' gale and I had to lay to Lark Harbor for two days after afore it moderated so I could put back. But the grand American schooners, they'll make easy work of this, I says, and warn't I proud to think of him sailin' that able American vessel! The first Bay of Islands boy that ever went master of a Gloucesterm'n. They'll few o' 'em show *him* the course to Gloucester, I says. Aye, I did. And—" again the eyes dulled—"and no word o' him since, you say, captain? Sure there's no word?"

"Well, not when we left home, Mister Kippen, though we didn't come straight from Gloucester. We stopped at St. Pierre on the way. Maybe Murray, who's just come to anchor below, has some word. He left home two days after we did."

"Did he, now? Two days? Yes, yes. I'll drop below and see him. Thankee, captain, but not this mornin'. Ay, I could one time, and dance as I drinked, but my bitters be'n't what they were to me. No, my bitters don't taste right now; but thankee, captain, for all that."

The old man reseated himself in his little boat, resumed his oars, and was off. Captain Butler watched him until he had reached the side of Murray's vessel.

"There, he's aboard. He'll ask the same question, and Murray'll give him the same answer. Nobody with the heart to tell him the truth."

"And what *is* the truth, captain?"

"The truth? The whole story? Well, you must go back some little way for that—back to six weeks yesterday, when three of us were on this very spot ready to leave for Gloucester—Wesley Marrs in the *Lucy Foster*, old Kippen's son in the *Pallas*, and myself in this one. We were all of one tonnage, and there was rivalry between us to see who'd take the biggest load of herring. Each of us took on two thousand barrels salt herring, and I know I thought that for our tonnage we all had enough. Well, that night the three of us met at a dance, and after the dance there was supper and a few drinks of smuggled stuff. There was more or less talking too, you know, before the girls, and somebody remarked how deep the vessels were loaded—too deep for that time of the year. We were, as a matter of fact, pretty deep; but Wesley said: 'Deep hell! the *Lucy* could take another two hundred and fifty barrels and not know she had 'em.'

"Well, you know there are people in the world who are made of meanness and envy. There was a fellow there who was quite a little man when the American skippers weren't around. He'd been in the rear row for some time, but now he comes to the front again. He looks across at Wesley. 'That's good talk, captain. Could—you say you could, but *would* you?'

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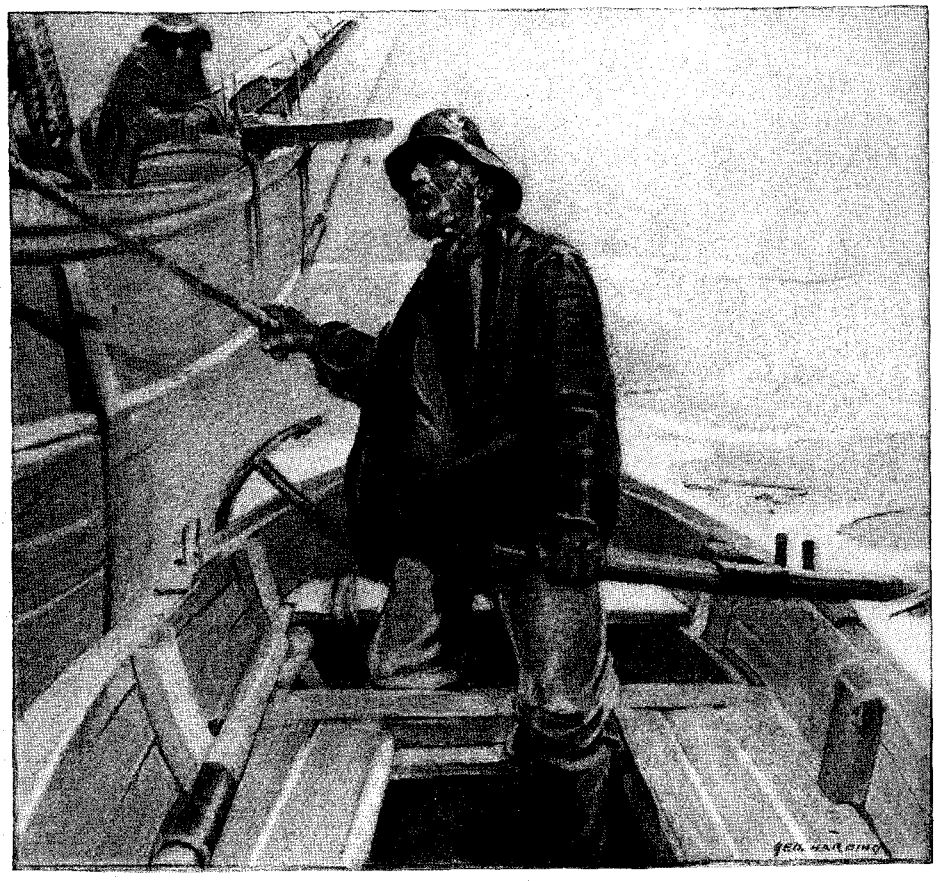

"No word yet o' the *Pallas*, Captain Butler?"—Page 460.

"'Would? Yes, and *will*,' fires back Wesley. 'Have you two hundred and fifty barrels handy?'

"'I will have 'em alongside in the morning.'

"'Then in the afternoon they'll be aboard,' says Wesley.

"'I'll have 'em there. That's certainly something *like* a load of herring,' goes on this chap. 'I wonder now if any of our people here would——' and looks over to young Kippen.

"'What's that,' asks Kippen, 'about carryin' a load of herrin'?'

"The fellow repeated what he'd said, and Kippen flares right up. Bring him another two hundred and fifty barrels and see what he'd do with them! You see, he had double reasons for it. There was the girl that he was trying to work into windward of, and making good weather of it, too, naturally—a husky, good-looking young skipper—and this the night before he was to leave on what was generally reckoned a hard trip to Gloucester at this time of year. And then, too, he was the first man out of this place ever went master of a first-class American fisherman. And the natives hereabout were that proud of him! 'H-m!' they'd say, 'and so they has to come here to wild Newf'undland for skippers as well as men?' and could hardly keep from shouting, some of 'em, at our fellows as they went by. And maybe 'twas from knowing something of that spirit that Wesley Marrs was so quick to make his boast.

"Anyway, whatever Wesley Marrs says drunk he'll make good sober. So when our friend was there with any quantity of salt herring next morning, Wesley took his two hundred and fifty barrels. And you may be sure the *Lucy* did set something scandalous in the water when she'd got 'em on deck—a good plank deeper than any vessel leaving Bay of Islands that month.

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"'I misdoubt you'll ever get her home, Captain Marrs, if you meets heavy weather,' was the cheerful word of one native.

"'No?' says Wesley. 'No? Well, we'll see,' and goes around with an auger plugging up her regular scuppers and boring new ones under the top rail. The natives couldn't keep their admiration to themselves when they saw it.

"Simon Kippen, the old man's son, listened to that talk for a while, and then for the honor of the Bay of Islands—and the thought of the girl, too, I guess—he said he'd stand by what he said the night before. 'What one man could do another man could do,' and also went around plugging up the regular scuppers and boring holes under his top rail.

"Tried to stop him, did Wesley. 'Now you don't need to do that, Kippen,' he says, 'just because you had a glass of liquor in you last night.'

"'Why not, as well as you?' says Sim, stung you see. 'Why can't a Newf'undlander do what any American-born can do?'

"'Why, no reason at all why he can't, gen'rally speaking, if he's got the right stuff in him, which I know you have; but I'll tell you why, and no discredit to you, Sim, that in this partic'lar case you can't. It's true I'm no older than you, but I've been handling big fishermen ten times as long. I've been carrying sail since I was a boy 'most. I know what a vessel c'n do. I know what no man learns except by hard experience, and then he's lucky if he lives to brag about it afterward. I know just how far a vessel c'n roll down before she rolls down to stay. You don't learn that in one year, or two years, or five years of driving. And you're damn lucky if, after you've learned it, you don't get lost yourself—yourself and your vessel and all hands—some day, experimenting further. And more than that, Sim,' says Wesley. 'I've been making passages from here to Gloucester for eight or ten winters now. I know every foot of the road, and no credit to me, while this is your first passage as master.'

"'Maybe so,' says Simon Kippen to that; 'but I've been hand for many a passage—as many as you, for that matter.'

"'Maybe you have,' says Wesley; and through it all he was good-tempered as could be. I mind how he looked, standing with one foot on the quarter-rail and smiling, though we all knew it might be no smiling matter soon. 'Maybe you have, Sim,' says he, smiling over at young Kippen, 'but when you're master and the whole responsibility on you alone, you get to thinking a little deeper. So if you take my advice, and no harm meant, you won't take aboard that deck-load of herring.'

"'You put ashore your deck-load and I won't take mine aboard,' says Sim.

"'No,' says Wesley. 'I've shipped mine—it is in the papers now—and what I've shipped I'll take home or wash overboard—or,' he added after a little pause, 'go down with.'

"'Well, maybe I'll go down with mine, too.'

"'Maybe you will, too,' says Wesley; 'but what good will that do?'

"So they put out. I warn't quite ready to sail—had to reeve a new main-sheet—and I remember I cast off—we were all three tied together—first Kippen's line, and then Wesley's.

"'Good-by!' calls out Sim to me.

"'Fair wind,' I answered.

"'I'll see you in Gloucester,' was Wesley's word—'that's if all goes well,' he added. Wesley was always like that, adding little last words after a little study. He'd lived too long on the sea, I s'pose, to make the mistake of ever saying he'd surely do this or cert'nly do that. But Sim warn't that way. He was drunk with the pride of sailing the *Pallas* out of the Bay of Islands, where all his old chums could see him, and his father, too,—to say nothing of the girl he was in love with. To the dock she'd come to see him off. And there he kissed her and hopped aboard the *Pallas*. 'Good-by, dad,' he hollered back to the old man. 'I'll be back in a month, and maybe be in Gloucester in three or four days; certainly in a week with anything like a fair chance. Maybe somebody'll be showing you a Gloucester paper with an account of the trip in it before I get back.'

"They sailed out, and I followed next day. And, of course, what further happened to them I didn't learn till afterward. But they had it out from the beginning. They were no sooner clear of the bay, hardly into the gulf, with Kippen maybe a mile or two in the lead, than they drove into a westerly gale. And all the way down this tough west coast to Cabot's Strait they had it.

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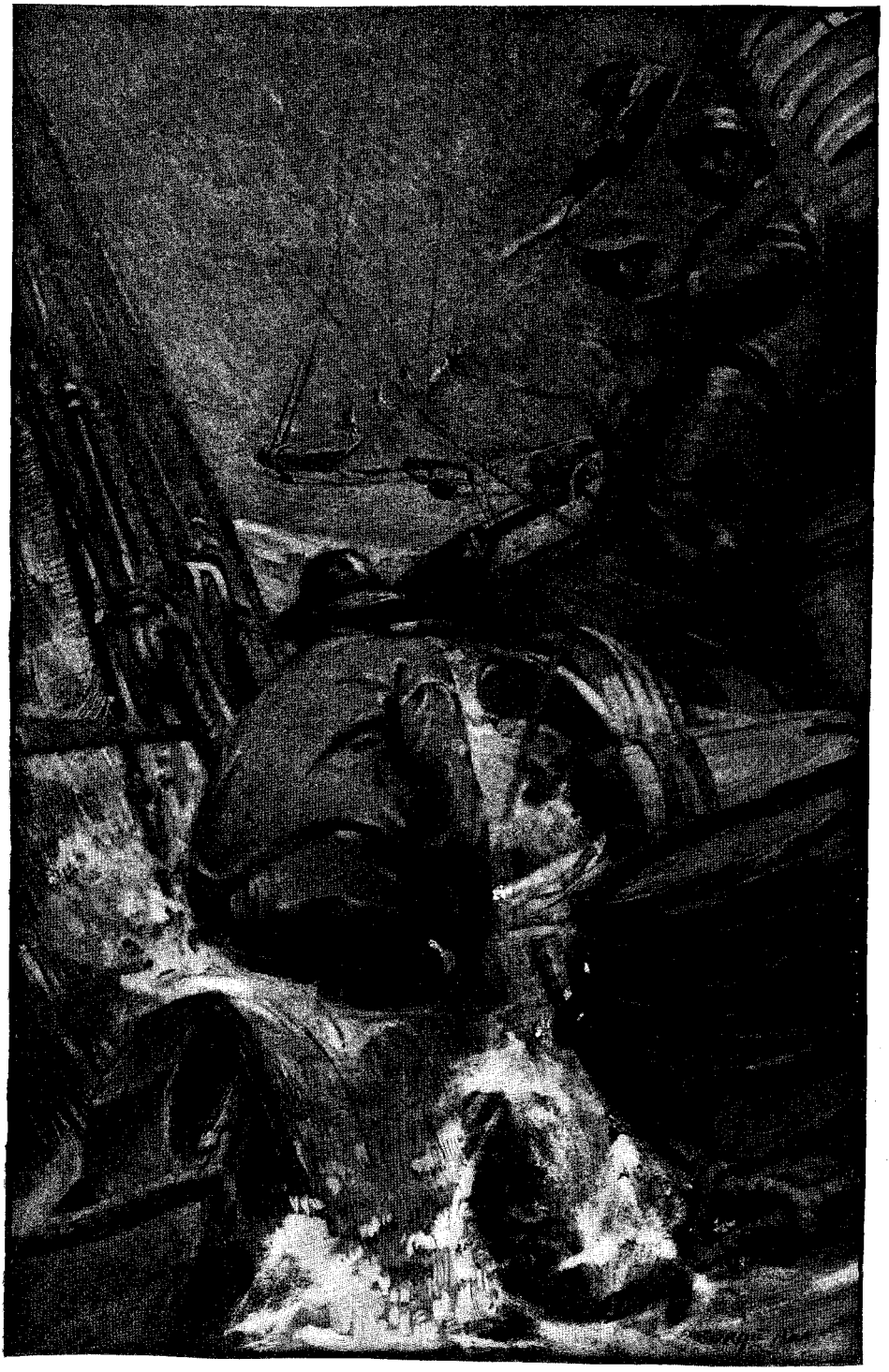

Drawn by George Harding.

"The deck-load began to loosen up."—Page 464.

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Both of 'em had on more sail than they should, more than was any mortal use to 'em; but after two days and two nights together, sometimes so close they could hail each other, they warn't either of 'em taking any of it in. Kippen ought to have, because —I meant to have said before—the *Pallas*, while as fine and able-looking a vessel as almost any man would want to see, was what's called a crooked vessel. Her deck wasn't flat enough, and she was too low in the waist—the kind that would fill up amidships and sometimes not get rid of it in time, while the *Lucy's* flat as a ball-room floor. That was the biggest reason why we didn't want to see Sim load too deep. But you couldn't tell Kippen there was any fault with the *Pallas*—he'd eat you alive.

"Well, Kippen held on, the gulf behind them, till they butted into the Atlantic and into that hard south-easter, the hardest gale in maybe two winters. I met it two days later, and though I warn't loaded near so deep as Wesley and Kippen, I was glad enough to put into Sydney for a harbor. And I warn't carrying any whole mains'l, either. So you can imagine what weather they made of it. Loaded deep with salt herring a vessel might's well be fastened with a long rod to the bottom of the ocean. There's no lift or heave to her. The sea breaking over her gives her no chance at all. Well, the bother in a case like that—a logey cargo, a big sea, a gale of wind, and a press of canvas—is that you're most sure to get caught sooner or later and hove down; and a vessel hove down with an overload of salt herring is in a bad way. Gen'rally she don't leave you long in doubt. That's what must have happened to the *Pallas* with her crooked deck. Up to five o'clock that particular afternoon, after twenty-four hours in the south-easter, those on the *Lucy Foster* could easily make out the *Pallas* astern. She'd hung on well up to that time—Wesley didn't pass her till they were clear of the New-f'undland coast; but now coming on dark this day the *Pallas* began to drop back, and soon after, when she'd put up her lights, they could hardly be seen from the *Lucy*. Now all this time they'd been having desp'rate times aboard the *Lucy*. There was forty times they thought she was going, but somehow or other, just like her, she'd come up just in time. Then the deck-load of two hundred and fifty barrels began to loosen up under the battering. Now it would have been a great blessing all around if the deck-load had gone—to all but the owners, that is, and even they'd rather lose the deck-load than the vessel and the two thousand barrels in the hold, not to speak of the crew. But Wesley wouldn't let 'em go. 'No,' he says, 'I'll get 'em home. Nobody'll have it to say in Gloucester we got scared so soon. I know Kippen. He'll try and hang on to *his* deck-load long's he can.' And with lines about them Wesley and his gang went into the swash and put extra lashings to the barrels on deck. By the time they got that job done 'twas good and dark, and they could barely see the staggering red light of the *Pallas* astern. After that they had no time for anybody but themselves. The worst of it was on them then. And it was well Wesley did get his deck-load double-griped. But tough as it was on the *Lucy* it must have been tougher still on the vessel that was lurching along behind them. And thinking of that, after two terrible seas had all but finished the *Lucy*, Wesley looked back for the lights of the *Pallas* again.

"Wesley looked long to where he had seen the red light before. He brushed the spray from his eyes and looked again. No light could he see. He sent men into the rigging—he was lashed to the wheel himself—and they looked back over the water. No light anywhere—nothing but what looked like a patch of foam.

"And though he dreaded it, Wesley hove to his vessel. 'Suppose she isn't gone, and suppose she's not hove to and he keeps her goin', he'll cert'nly have the laugh on Wesley Marrs, but what of that? We may not be a bit of use, but we'll wait here till morning.'

"Which they did. But no *Pallas*, not even a bit of wreckage. Like a rock she must have gone down, as a vessel loaded like that and caught wrong is bound to. Anyway, Wesley was satisfied she was gone, and next day went on his way, and after another ten days battled into Gloucester.

"Is she gone? Of course we all know she's gone. Two months ago that was. Her list was published in the Gloucester papers just before we left, but nobody here will tell that to old Kippen. He still thinks she was blown out to sea or maybe clear back into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where she is now drifting around dismantled and

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Together they stood and gazed over the water.—Page 466.

unable to help herself, but still afloat and the boy that left here six weeks back still walking her battered hulk."

The master of the *Midnight* glanced down toward Murray's vessel. From there his eyes roved toward the little old house perched high up on the rocks, and back then to Murray's vessel, where now old Kippen could be seen shoving off his boat. The old man made but feeble progress, and the tide set him over toward the *Midnight*. Clearly he was very tired, but when he called out to Captain Butler there was a more hopeful ring to his words: "Captain Murray says 'tis possible the *Pallas* was drove clear back through the gulf to the Labrador coast, drove ashore like, and they might be there now, he says. Hard livin' on that coast, captain, in winter."

"It must be."

"Aye, but they has their herrin', and what fresh fish they can ketch. Simon will make out."

"I hope so, Mister Kippen."

The old man rowed on to the beach, where, after drawing his boat above high-tide mark, he laboriously made the ascent of the rocks. Now they could see him, and

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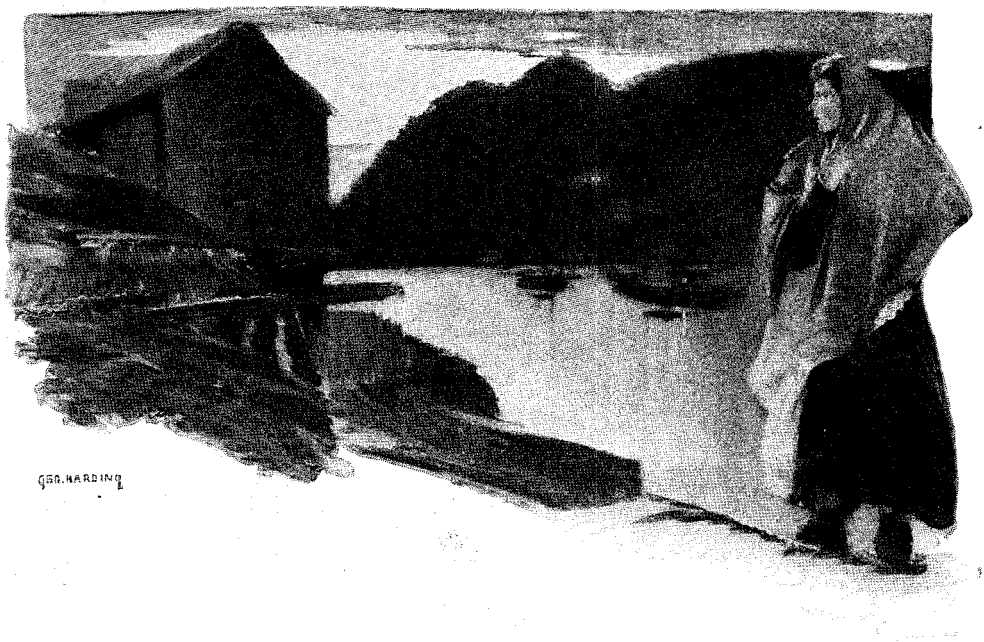

Resettled her shawl about her shoulders, and came away.—Page 467.

again he would disappear beyond some intervening shack in the winding path. Neighbors were evidently hailing him on the way, for here and there he would halt and, half turning, nod his head, say a few words, of further hope doubtless, and pass along. Twice he paused, apparently for breath.

Arrived at his house he did not at once enter, but turned and gazed out over the bay. He stood so until the door opened and his old wife appeared; and together they stood on the flat rock that served for a doorstep and gazed over the water. It gave one a shiver to see their old gray heads bared to the cold winter air.

Not until the old woman clutched him by the arm did he turn his face from the sea, and even then he returned to it, sweeping his thin arm toward the north-west with hopeful emphasis. She bent her head to his ear then, and evidently asked a disturbing question, for he dropped his arm and shook his head, whereat, stepping heavily, she went within the door. The old man lingered for one more long look across the bay and out toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Then he, too, went within.

The master of the *Midnight* sighed heavily. "Isn't that tough? The old woman hasn't his faith, you see. But he'll go on hoping and praying, and none of us with courage to tell him. Maybe 'twould 've been better to tell him."

As he spoke a neighbor was seen to stop at the door of the house on the hill and knock. The old man came to the door. The neighbor handed him a newspaper and was about to make off, but the old man called after him. The neighbor opened up the paper, pointed hurriedly to something in it and rushed away. The old man gazed after him and then at the paper, before he closed the door. "He can't read," commented the master of the *Midnight*, "but his wife can. God! she'll get it first and have to tell him—what we might have told him before!"

In perhaps an hour the door of the little shack reopened. It was the old woman who came out. With some effort, for the wind was high, she closed all the shutters, and without further look around, stepped within the door again.

Presently another woman, a younger woman this, was seen to climb the winding path and stop at the door. The master of the *Midnight* unconsciously bent over the rail. "See now—the poor girl!"

After some hesitation the young woman knocked. Again she knocked. And yet once more. No answer coming, she rapped

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on one of the closed shutters, and still receiving no response, she stood on her toes in an effort to peek through the diamond opening. She was not tall enough for that, and, stepping back, again she essayed the door. She rattled the latch; but no word.

Throwing back her head, she stared anew at the blank walls; but nothing coming of that, she made a despairing gesture with her hands, resettled her shawl about her shoulders, and came away. Neighbors, from behind jarred doors, peered out on her, but none spoke to her; and so still was it that from the deck of the *Midnight* they could hear her heels clicking as she hurried down the rocky pathway.

THE GIRL FROM THE MACHINE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

I

THE girl slipped into the shadow of a tree just beyond the crowd and listened, smiling appreciatively as she thought how disconcerted "the eloquent young candidate" would be to know that she was there. He was emitting burning words about the wickedness of the corporations, and her father was president or director of a score of the most conspicuous.

The speaker's efforts to convince the people that he was one of them, despite well-known handicaps of birth and inheritance, appealed to her as too delicious to keep to herself. The money enabling him to fight corporate wealth happened to have been inherited from a corporation. But the anticipated relish of mimicking him at home burned out in a blush as she suddenly realized that this would involve acknowledging that she had taken the trouble to go and hear him—a thing she did not care to proclaim. Perhaps the blush showed the real reason for this secret expedition.

Abstractly he was absurd, as represented by the papers (controlled by her father), but concretely he looked very nice as he stood up there with the flaring light overhead casting deep, interesting shadows upon his clean-cut face while he forgot himself in the vehemence with which he swayed the silent crowd before him.

Davidge, unaware of Miss Hallowell's proximity, presently caught a glimpse of the familiar figure of the Hallowells' butler, he being her escort, and his figure being of a sort inconvenient to hide in the shadow of middle-aged trees—hardly an æsthetic sight, but the orator sweeping grandly on to his peroration experienced the usual leap of the heart occasioned by the presence of anybody or anything even remotely associated with her. Subconsciously he kept wondering what the deuce old Gray might be doing in this remote edge of a dirty town miles away from the Hallowells' place at an hour usually claimed by the Hallowells' dinner.

As a lover, Davidge was grimly grateful that even this member of the household cared to come and hear him talk. As a politician he reminded himself that a servant's opinion counts as much as his master's at the polls—more, incidentally, than his mistress's—and resolved to seek out Gray at the conclusion of the speech to thank him for his interest.

So the girl behind the tree was caught.

"Nell!" he exclaimed with a burst of delight; "how sweet of you!" The vote was forgotten; he had her hand in his, he was making obeisance over it. The crowd was still cheering his name; he did not hear it.

"Oh, you needn't think it was because I admire you," she said, smiling easily. She withdrew her hand and retreated a little from him.

"I don't," he said in a lower tone; "but you came!" His voice was vibrant from speaking, his eye flashing, his atmosphere dominant.

"Oh," said the girl in an indolent manner, "I was just passing by this way."

"But you stopped!"

"I couldn't get through this crowd of

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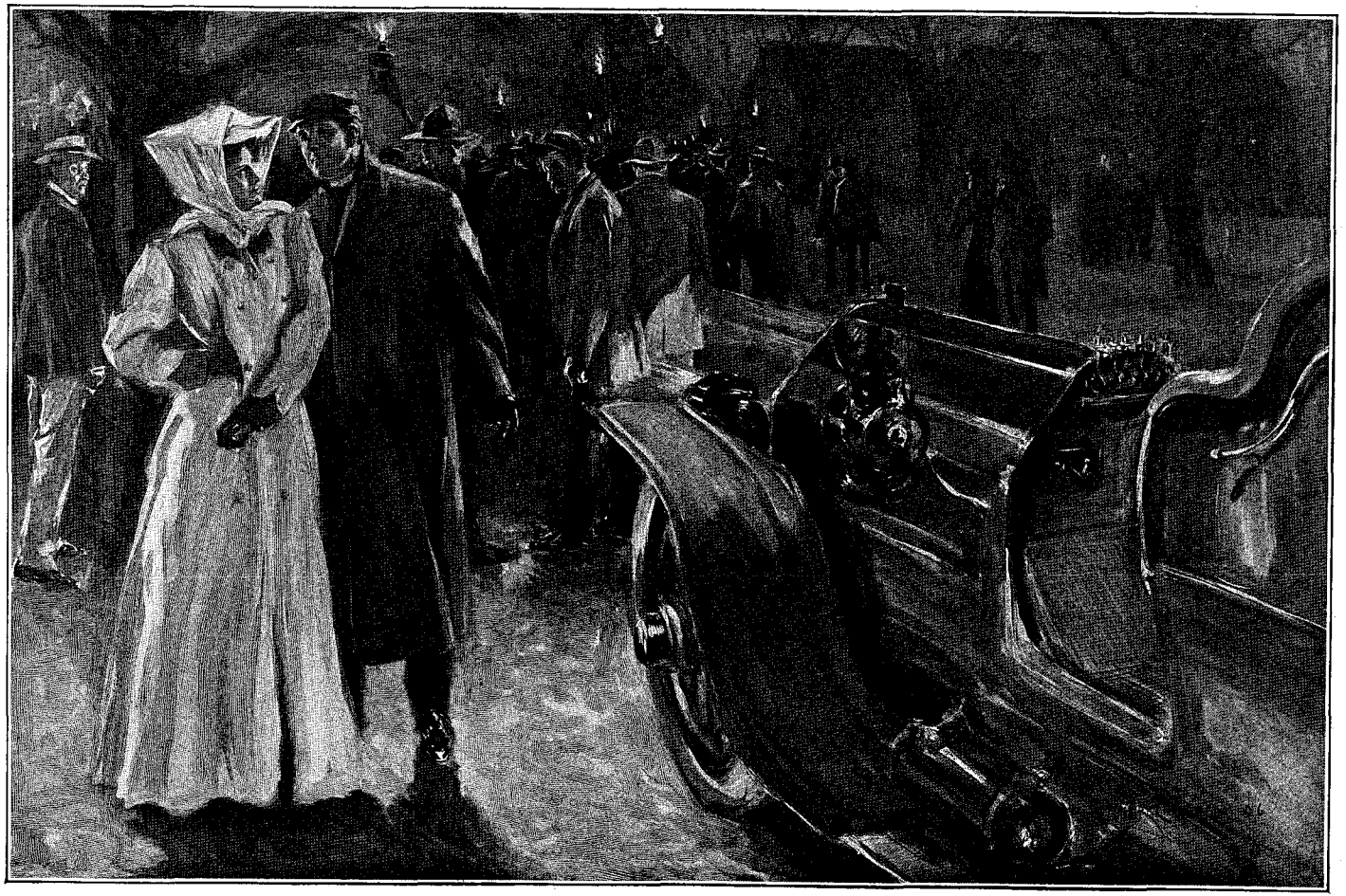

Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

He touched her elbow gently. She bristled.—Page 469.

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yours with the machine. We haven't all had your experience in getting around the 'peopul,' Tom."

He laughed applaudingly at that. "You could have gone around the block, you know—if you'd wanted to." He drove his gaze down into her eyes, which fluttered like cowards and sought the shadow.

"Not with a broken-down machine," she returned glibly. "I had to put in the time somehow. You're not much of a speaker; are you?"

He paid no attention to the last. "Broken down?" he asked, a sudden plan coming into the back of his head. Politicians learn to see opportunities quickly.

"It's all right now."

"Oh!" he sighed, disappointed. Then looking sceptically at the fat, incompetent house servant, "Who fixed it?" he asked.

He kept demolishing her defences. Safety lay in flight. "Perhaps you'll be convinced that it's fixed if you'll take the trouble to get it for me," she answered. "I'm late enough as it is." He kept on gazing quizzically at Gray as she pointed down the dark side-street where the automobile stood. "But it would take him forever," she whispered, smiling, "to get through this crowd of yours."

"That's what I was counting on, Nell," he muttered and started off in the direction she pointed, adding, "I suppose you saw that."

She did see it; she felt it, too; her breast was thumping with it—another reason for her panicky desire to be rid of him.

She watched him as the crowd parted before him, some of them turning to point him out, to gaze after the hero, as he brushed by, ignoring their adulation. She had come here to be amused. . . . So she smiled satirically.

As usual after one of his moments Davidge had felt the jubilant glow that comes of masterly self-assertion, a delicious form of intoxication known to a few preachers, some actors, and to "born" orators. But the momentary sense of invincibility now only made him rebel the more at being thwarted in the thing he desired beyond all the public power the world could offer. The natural man within him raged, and he had to battle with a suffusing impulse to rush back, snatch her up in his arms, and make off with her to the uttermost ends of the earth, there to fight and keep her for his own to the end of time.

Presently the civilized man returned to the lady and her servant in a snorting forty-horse-power touring car.

"That's not my machine," she remarked, annoyed.

"It's mine," he said, jumping out beside her; "but I'll let you go home in it," he added with bantering condescension, and then stretched out an assisting hand deferentially.

The girl turned away with a manner calculated to freeze him. "Gray, will you be good enough to get my runabout?"

"Yes, Gray, get Miss Hallowell's runabout," put in Davidge, "and have it hauled to that garage half a mile down Main Street. I've telephoned them to expect it."

The girl turned in amazement.

"Whoever fixed your car," he said calmly, "bungled the job pretty badly; the vibration screws are gone."

"The vibration screws!"

"What did you think was the trouble?"

There had been no trouble, but she could not confess it now. She stood looking down the side-street, trapped, irritated, but considerably interested.

"Hurry, please," he said in a matter-of-fact manner; "I have another speech to make this evening." He touched her elbow gently. She bristled. He should have remembered how she always disliked being seized by the elbow.

"I do not care to go with you," she said.

"I know, but I'm afraid there's no way out of it, now," he replied with elaborate sympathy. "Gray has gone to hunt up a horse. Hurry, Nell, I'm due in Carusey in forty-five minutes."

"I'm not going with you, Tom!"

"Oh, yes you are!"

She felt that he was willing her toward the step. "It will be thirty miles around by your place," he whispered; "but I'll risk it—to please you."

She drew back abruptly. "Thanks," she said with sarcastic distinctness; "I'd hate to make you late!"

"Think how that would please your father," he returned. "Come, Nell, it's to be the speech of my life!"

"I'm not interested in your silly career."

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"But I am!" he cried, and picking her up in his arms, he sprang into the car, threw in the clutch, and dashed for the open country.

II

At first she said nothing, sinking into the depths of her fur collar and giving herself up to the soothing sensations of speed and the joyous fright of abduction, perhaps a heritage from former ages. He, too, said nothing, being still in a region of vehicles and frequent crossings. Finally her dignity compelled her to let him see a little of her disapproval.

"The vibration screws," she remarked, looking straight down the road, "were all right when I left the machine."

"I know," he said; "it was done after you came to hear me speak."

"How do you know?"

"I saw it done."

"Who did it?"

"Some foe of the money power."

"Why didn't you stop it?"

"But I'm a friend of the people."

"You did it!"

"Of course; putting the money power's machine out of business is my job, at present. Ask your father."

She looked at the fleeting landscape, the rising moon, and then at him. "I suppose you think you're very clever," she remarked sneeringly.

"It doesn't matter about that. I've got you."

"When we come to the trolley, I'll get out, if you please."

He reached down, engaged the high-speed gear, opened the throttle, and advanced the spark. "At this rate of speed, Nell? Really, I couldn't let you think of it."

"I prefer to go home by trolley."

"I'm fighting the trolleys."

There was a silence. They raced on through the cool, open country, the coil purring in high notes of delight as the car ate up the white road, bounding over bridges with a roar, dashing past farm-houses, disappointing eager dogs which could not reach the fence in time to bark at them.

Presently the girl spoke again, still deep in her coat and still looking straight ahead:

"Of course you realize that after this I can never have anything more to do with you; that I shall never speak to you; that I shall never come near you, that I—oh, oh!"

They were rounding a curve at rather high speed and centrifugal force had its way with her. She came very near him, indeed, and now was constrained to speak to him, too—a stiff apology for having clutched his arm. Perhaps it was his elbow.

"Your apology is accepted," he said, turning his face away.

She knew he was laughing at her.

"Witty, aren't you?" she flung out.

"It *was* a pretty good joke on you, Nell, when you stop to think of it. You would come to hear me speak, would you? Well, I'll teach you how to trifle with a reformer."

"Quite proud of yourself!"

"I'm proud of one thing."

She kept silent for a bounding half-mile.

He was bending over the wheel. "I'm sure you want to know what I'm so proud of," he said, tooting for the trolley crossing.

"I do not."

"Then I'll tell you. *I*," he said deliberately, "am honest about it, at any rate."

"You mean that I'm not?" Her cheeks flushed.

"Here are your vibration screws. Even your father's crowd acknowledges that I'm honest."

Oh, to jump out and break her neck so that the blame would fall upon him and he should have remorse all the days of his life! But she didn't; they seldom do. Between her teeth she said, "If you only knew how I hated you!" her voice shaking with it.

He observed the interesting curl of her lips and under it the momentary flash in the moonlight as he replied luxuriously: "Is that the reason you came to see me—'way over there, without any dinner?"

"I dined before starting, thank you."

"Did you? Nice of you to think of ordering dinner early, stirring up old Gray, coming all that distance—all to hear me speak."

"Oh, I admit being curious——"

"Aha!"

"To see you make a spectacle of yourself."

"But you liked my speech—you know you did. *I* know you did. A man can always tell."

"You convinced me of one thing: What they say about you is true."

"They say so many things. Do *you* believe them, Nell?"

He seemed serious and a little nicer in

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that tone; but it did not save him. "You have convinced me that you are just as conceited as a man can be."

"That isn't true, Nell. I could be still more conceited—if you would only let me."

She hurried away from that at once. "Also you amused me. It must amuse your 'peo-pul' too, pretending to be one of them—coming in an imported car to do it. Ha, ha!"

"It's sweet of you, Nell, to be so much concerned about my success. But don't you worry about the people," he went on in a calm, conversational tone, as if they were the best of friends. "That is just the mistake so many of the bosses—so many reformers make, too. The people know me pretty well by this time, so much better than you do, Nell. And they understand the issues of this campaign so much better, too. Did you ever stop to think how little you appreciate all this? I don't believe you even understood what I was talking about."

"Oh, you don't?" she returned disdainfully. There was not enough difference in their ages to make her wish that he were younger, but there was quite enough to make her wish often that she were a little older. Just to show him that she was not the ignorant child he thought her, she now outlined his entire address. When she finished she found him bending over the wheel shaking with laughter.

"You dear thing! you lovely thing!" he cried jubilantly. "Conceited? Oh," he shouted aloud to the passing trees, echoing his horn from the distant hills, "there never was a man so conceited! Why, Nell, you must have been there the whole time! You must have listened to the whole speech!" Then, suddenly in the other tone, he said: "Oh, if I could only make you listen to me when I talk to you alone! No, don't be afraid, Nell, I won't. I know my place. But, oh, you dear, dear girl!" His voice came closer even though he did not. "If you only knew how I am missing you these days! If you only knew how I'm needing you! But that's all right, I'll shut up." He turned his gaze down the road again.

The combination of her emotions was almost too much for her. Just when he seemed to be taking her less seriously than ever he suddenly became devoted and deferential; while still showing her that he despised her he let her see how he loved her. She resented his masculine arrogance, his mannish tactlessness, and she hated herself for wanting to cry. So because she felt her heart giving way a little in spite of everything she pushed forth these words to him in desperation:

"The reason I came to hear you, the reason I listened so closely, if you must have it"—her clear voice rang defiantly in the frosty air—"I wanted to see whether you attacked my father!"

"Was that it, Nell?" he asked quietly.

"That was it."

The horn tooted dismally for a curve. He said nothing more.

It suddenly occurred to her for the first time why her father's name had been so consistently spared in the candidate's speeches. It opened a rift in the clouds that had gathered over them of late. It was the sort of thing to appeal to a girl, and it set her thinking.

The silence continued for so long that she became exceedingly uncomfortable. She had wanted to sting, but not to injure. His actions and his words this evening were hard to forgive, but it was harder to forget the reason for them. Besides, even if he did play the game roughly, it was all in the spirit of banter and good sport; whereas she felt that she had now done the nasty, cattish thing. Straightway, like her impulsive sort, she wanted to take all the blame. But girlish pride closed her lips, so she bit them, hating herself, her sex, her situation.

As for the young man, he too was taking her remark with undue seriousness, being in love with her. He had, to be sure, made jocular allusions to his fight with her father's interests—just as he and the old man himself were accustomed to do when they met at the club—because it seemed more sensible and civilized than to ignore the matter with a humorless silence which would only proclaim it uncomfortably. But the girl's serious reference to the affair, whether she really had suspected him or not, seemed in very bad taste. He had not thought it of her. It made him rather bitter as he reflected how little she realized the kind of attack he could make on Colonel Hallowell, if he wanted to, and at what a sacrifice he refrained.

The candidate sighed and still held his peace. He no longer felt strong and confident; he felt weak and discouraged. The

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cold, whistling air had cleared his brain of excitement and gayety. The reaction had now set in from the elation following his speech, a thing to be expected with temperaments of his sort, though he had never yet learned to expect it.

What was the use of doing the nice thing, when this was the way it was received by the one for whom it was done. Under all his romping badinage there had been a real craving for a little sympathy and understanding, the kind women can give. He was very tired. He had been going on his nerves for the past fortnight, and like a runner in the last lap, it sometimes seemed impossible to keep up the present pace until that terrible Tuesday, now only three days away.

Within the last two weeks a reaction, subtly abetted by the machine, had also set in with the reform movement throughout the State. Every day his managers reported that he was losing ground. A month ago he could have won easily, but now even his most enthusiastic followers predicted a close finish; and Colonel Hallowell, Davidge happened to know, was as confident in private as he was blatant in public. He predicted that his man Holmes would be elected governor by fifty thousand majority. This would mean not merely the death of Davidge's political aspirations, but what mattered a great deal more to him (at least he thought it did), it would also mean that the reform movement would die, as so many others have, in ridicule and despair, with the machine more firmly riveted to the government than ever.

There was a way out, and the girl had reminded him of it in an unfortunate manner. One day two years ago when Davidge was still a regular party man the old gentleman had said: "Tom, there's an envelope at my office containing twenty-five thousand dollars. Of course I know you don't want any of it for yourself, but you better tell the boys to come around."

In itself it was not very astonishing; they all did it, all the corporations; but Davidge hadn't expected it of Colonel Hallowell. It had been, indeed, one of the things that had set the young man thinking and had helped to disgust him with the game as it was played. Now, at that time, perhaps it might not have excited an apathetic public, but in these two years the country had become more sensitive about such matters. That much, at least, investigations, reform movements, and magazine exposures had accomplished. If this charge were made now against a man of Colonel Hallowell's standing it would be political capital worth far more than twenty-five thousand dollars to Davidge. . . .

Finally, it reduced itself in his mind to a question of whether or not he really had any right to suppress truth which meant so much to the good cause merely out of a selfish sentiment for a girl (who did not appreciate him). He had the average human capacity for self-deception, you see, and therefore saw his duty now in a light that was denied him as long as he had any hope of winning the girl's approval. Therefore, not being of the sort to waste time in feeling his pulse or analyzing his motives, he straightway began to outline a new speech for Carusey which would arouse the whole State. It was Saturday night. The thing would soak in effectively by Tuesday morning.

It was not to be much of a meeting; the machine had bought up all the available places in Carusey, except an assembly-room in the same building as the opera-house, where the opposition was holding its grand rally. Apparently the only reason the machine allowed them to have this place was because it had been undergoing repairs which were still unfinished. But it did not matter about the size of the audience as long as it included the inevitable reporters. They would do the rest.

Another sharp curve swept the girl almost into his arms. Her feet, clutching vainly at the rubber-covered floor of the car, slipped out from under her, and despite the low partition between the seats, Davidge felt the sweet weight of her slenderness against him. It was not a great weight, but it made him gasp, and his open lips caught a wind-swept wisp of odorous hair, which tingled him like a live wire. He had the sensitiveness of his kind to such influences and in his present overwrought nervous state the occurrence made him tremble as he clutched the wheel.

She recovered her balance quickly and merely remarked, with the comical drollness of the old days when things went better with them: "After all, we seem to be thrown together a good deal of late."

It was so like her to rise with smiling su-

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periority to a thing which would have embarrassed maidens of the blushing, bridling order. It was one of the qualities in her that had first made her seem worth while, and now it came up to him, with its train of precious associations, far more potent than her physical allure. He had to face what he loved and would lose to-night. His Carusey speech might help his chances for the governorship; it would kill his chances with the girl.

He had made no reply to her facetious remark and they rode on in silence, wasting several more miles of moonlight.

"Why don't you talk to me?" she asked.

"I've got to think about my speech," he said, trying hard to do so.

Then after a pause, "Tell me about your speech, Tom."

"You wouldn't understand it," he answered abruptly.

"Oh, indeed!" she said. "Do you mind if I play with my dolls?"

He paid no attention to her fooling; seemed not to hear her, so intent was he upon his speech, bending abstractedly over the wheel.

Her father, who, with good-natured cynicism, took it for granted that this efficient young man would get over "the reform stage" and come around to a practical view of certain matters after his approaching defeat, had once remarked to Nell that Tom had great powers of concentration. She turned now and looked at him, saying to herself, "He has great powers of concentration."

With that something happened he knew nothing of. Somehow or other there had suddenly come to her at last the old feminine desire to belong to a man; the thing she had struggled against so long, feared and liked, hated and wanted to happen. Her shoulder was against his and she shuddered and rejoiced as her heart leaped out to him. He seemed so brave and fine, fighting on with his back to the wall for an unselfish cause against an outnumbering foe and yet scorning their methods. It suddenly dawned upon her that she had a hero at her feet, and that she had only trampled upon him. He had said that he needed her; it was sweet to be needed by him. He looked drawn and tired. Oh, to be of some real use, to make up for all that had gone before! The preliminary struggle of the captive was over. She was ready to yield to him now.

They were rapidly picking up familiar landmarks. Home would be upon them soon. She looked at him once more and smiled chaffingly. "I suppose you think you're going to make a very fine speech at Carusey," she said.

"The speech of my life," he muttered, without turning.

She laughed aloud at his momentous tone, not dreaming of what had been going on within his mind. "Plotting murder, or suicide—which is it?"

He laughed with her. "Murder," he said glibly. "One must make his choice in this world, Nell," he went on; "I'm done with suicide. We all come to it sooner or later: The survival of the fittest; your life or mine. It's the scheme of the universe, and we happen to be part of the universe. Ideals is only another name for obstacles. The logical conclusion of self-sacrifice is self-annihilation; and surely the object of being *can't* be non-being. Yes, I'm done with suicide."

She looked round at him as if bored by his sententiousness. "Dear me," she said, "I'm terribly afraid of you!"

"What's more to the point," he replied, with an answering smile, "I'm not afraid of *you*, either!"

She did not like this. "Aren't you?" she asked.

They glared at each other for a moment in the moonlight.

"Not a scrap," he said. "Shall we go on down to the east drive or is the new road finished?"

"You needn't trouble," she said; "I'm going to Carusey with you!"

"The deuce you are!"

"Don't you want me?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, you do."

"What makes you think so?"

"I'm sure you do. Why did you put my car out of order? Why did you run away with me? Why did you come so far out of your route?"

"Oh, just for a lark."

"Nonsense! You wouldn't risk missing the speech of your life just for a lark. You know it's because you were simply crazy to have me with you. *I* know it, too. A woman can always tell!"

"I suppose you think that's an imitation of my voice," he said, but could not help

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laughing at the way she was throwing his own words back at him.

She, too, seemed to enjoy it, and replied: "It doesn't matter about that; I'm going to Carusey!"

He turned and looked at her with new interest, smiling at her with amused admiration, and withal a bit nervous. If Nell were in the audience what would become of his speech—and the governorship? "I really believe you think you are going," he said condescendingly.

"Perfectly positive of it," she replied complacently; "just as positive as that you really want me, though you won't acknowledge it."

"Talk about my conceit!"

"We aren't talking about you at all just now. We talked about you enough. I'm doing it, now."

He laughed with the sheer joy of her, ignoring subsurface thoughts for the moment. "Who's running this car, anyway?" he demanded.

"You're running *it*," she returned suggestively.

He smiled banteringly. "Well, you needn't swagger so," he said.

"But I *am* proud of one thing," she said; "*I* am honest about it. I want to hear that 'speech of meh life,' and you're trying to make out that you don't want me to."

Davidge had stopped smiling banteringly. "Your feminine idea of wit, I suppose," he remarked, looking down the road.

"It *is* rather a good joke on you, Tom, when you stop to think about it; caught in your own trap! You would put the 'Money Powers'' machine out of commission, would you? This is what you get for it." She felt herself, for some reason, gaining the ascendency more and more every moment. Her vitality went up as his went down. Perhaps one reason for this was because, previously, she had had something to conceal; now he had. The girl turned and laughed at him, jeered at him, felt sure of him, looked around at him again, and loved him.

He was becoming really alarmed, a premonition of defeat, perhaps. "You can't seriously think of travelling all over the State with me, Nell. Why, it'll be midnight when we get back!"

"The moon will be so bully, then," she said in a low tone, tempting him.

"Think of what your father would say."

"Father's dining out. That's how I managed to slip away to hear you—all to hear you, Tom," she added with burlesque sentimentality. It was what he had accused her of a few minutes ago.

"Your father," said Davidge with an air of settling the matter, "is at Carusey."

She looked at him with the devil in her sweet eyes and said, "But not at *our* meeting, Tom."

"If you are really so much interested in 'our' meeting," he said desperately, "how do you expect me to account for a pretty woman, unchaperoned, late at night? Remember, they have spies all over looking for chances to make trouble for me."

"Oh, ho! you think you can *shock* me out of it, do you? Well, you can't! Tell everybody it's Colonel Hallowell's daughter; it will be a great card for the eloquent young reformer. Maybe they will think you've reformed *me*." She smiled and looked up at him artfully. "Perhaps you can—if you try."

He turned his face away. "You unscrupulous little flirt!"

"I'm not flirting with you, Tom; I'm really very much impressed by you this evening. Won't you please let me go?"

"No," he shouted, "I won't."

She was laughing at him, palpably laughing, she felt so sure of victory, revelling in it joyously as she watched him wriggle in silence.

"Here's the lodge," he growled, and slowed up, swerving out to turn the car in between the posts.

Her hands closed on his. There was a momentary struggle for the guidance of the car. "Quick, Tom, or we'll run smash into the gate!"

He put on the brakes and stopped short. The car was still in the road. Her hands still clutched his, and through the two thicknesses of gloves he felt her determination. She looked sparklingly up at his face. The moon, being high enough by this time, looked down upon her face, which was sweet and very near, as perhaps she realized.

Suddenly he had her in his arms. "Let go of that wheel," he whispered, gulping, "or I'll kiss you, Nell!"

"I'm going with you," she said steadily, "and you will never kiss me unless I allow it.

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I know you too well, Tom." She kept her gaze boldly upon his eyes, not twelve inches from her own, instinctively realizing the danger of flinching now. Thus they wasted several seconds (which might have been employed, for instance, in going to Carusey). Then slowly, with her free hand, she brought out of her sleeve her trump card. It was a small, folded, filmy thing called a handkerchief. With this she covered her laughing eyes while her body sobbed in his relaxing arms.

The candidate for governor turned on full power and the car leaped down the Carusey road with the coil singing higher and higher in ecstasy.

"Now we are even," thought the girl, smiling under her handkerchief.

III

"But I have to go around by the stage door," said Tom, "so what'll you do? Told you not to come."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," she answered, full of resource. "Here come some very nice-looking women; I'll just follow them in as if I belonged to their party, and no one will know the difference. Good-by, Tom; make a good speech."

"I'll look for you here when the meeting is over," said Davidge, and he disappeared.

It was not until Nell had passed into the foyer, lined with pictures of Holmes, that she discovered that Tom had shunted her into the wrong meeting. But as there seemed to be nothing else to do, she followed the women with a bland smile, until she found them entering a box with the conscious air of the fat wives of prominent citizens whose husbands are to sit upon the platform. Whereupon they turned and looked coldly at the pretty stranger in the automobile coat, and then at the committee man with a large ribbon who had claimed the honor of being their usher. They now had the air of telling him that they had never seen this young person before in their lives.

"Have I made a mistake?" asked Nell, smiling sweetly at the ladies; then turning to the committeeman, "Did my father happen to tell you where I was to sit?"

The committeeman inquired the name of the father. She supplied the information. He looked up. So did the fat ladies.

"If you are separated from your party," Miss Hallowell," put in one of them, glancing at another, who nodded, "won't you come in here and sit with us? There's an extra seat, you see." They not only gave her a seat, but put her in front, where everybody in the audience could see that Miss Hallowell was their guest.

"Here comes your father," said one of the ladies; "he doesn't often attend political gatherings."

"Neither do I," said the girl, watching her father being led to a place of honor not far from the chairman of the meeting, which forthwith started off with a rush.

With Davidge things were not going so favorably. The moment he entered the smaller hall upstairs he discovered why he had been allowed by the machine to have it. In the course of the repairs still under way the partitions between the two rooms had been torn down and were not yet entirely put up—the machine had seen to that. The opening had been covered by a back-drop. Tom's room was two flights above the opera-house. The opening between the two was near the top of the wings of the opera-house stage and directly adjoining the stage of the smaller auditorium; in other words, all the noise of the big meeting was pouring up into the smaller meeting as through a megaphone. That was why the machine's committee had secured such a large and loud band; that was why every prominent man who entered the opera-house was cheered so enthusiastically. The Independents' rally was a failure. No other building was obtainable. So they decided to go out and parade some more—they had been parading since seven o'clock—and then have a meeting with sky-rockets in the open air.

Tom promised to join them in time to make his speech. Meanwhile, having heard his name mentioned from below in no uncertain tone, he decided that as long as his own meeting was broken up he would linger to look in on theirs. So he lit a cigar and simply crawled out upon the dark rafters, surrounded by scenery-tackle and dusty drops and gauzes. Looking down from here he could see the crowded stage below and a segment of the audience. He soon found the face he was searching for. Nell was looking on with considerable interest from the front of the proscenium box. He watched her eagerly. She could have descried him

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if she had looked up, but like all the rest down there, she was too intent upon what was going on.

Holmes, Tom's rival for the governorship, was speaking, and he seemed to be getting the audience on the run, rousing great enthusiasm by his condemnation of Davidge. Holmes was a good orator, with a self-confident manner and the gift of ridicule. His line of attack was all very old to Davidge, but it was new to Nell. The audience seemed to like it.

Holmes accused his young rival of having "the enthusiasm of youth!" Tom saw Nell smiling at this. Then he talked oratorically about boy alarmists and discoursed upon the necessity of having a man in office, "a man you can trust in times of danger and excitement, a man capable of meeting the burning issues of these perilous times with calmness and discretion." Nell put her head on one side and thought it over.

Next Holmes called upon the audience to tell him what this stripling, this traitor to his own cast, was "doing all this for, anyway? What's in it for him?" Then, reaching over as if to take hold of the audience with his long hands, he confided to them the damning reason: "He's not in this for his health, my friends. Do you know what's the matter with him? Listen! he's ambitious; *ambitious!* I tell you, AMBITIOUS!" Nell thought a man would not be worth much without ambition, so she didn't feel very badly over that.

But from this point on Holmes began by innuendo and implication to defame his rival to some purpose. Practically he accused Davidge of doing with his money what the reformer accused the machine of doing with their unlimited resources. It was merely the naughty boy's retort of "you're another" put into more or less grown-up language, but it would be effective, Davidge knew, launched at the eleventh hour of the campaign when too late thoroughly to counteract it. It was an old dodge, saving the big gun for the decisive moment, but it had not occurred to him that they would question his honesty. By dint of gathering in a few innocent facts and by enlarging upon inconsistencies such as may be found in every thinking man's political past, Holmes was enabled to create an impression which was as incriminating as it was false, and he led his now perfectly silent audience on from step to step with the telling effect of cumulative evidence.

"Well," thought Davidge, sensing the mind of the audience as an expert in audiences, "it looks as if he had 'em. It shows he's more afraid of me than I thought he was, anyway," he added grimly.

Tom was angry, but he took it all as a part of the game. Nell, however, had never attended a political rally before, and she took it very personally. She was becoming more and more furious with every applauded period. The ladies had whispered to her of the breaking up of poor Tom's meeting. She was glad, at any rate, that he was not at this one to hear these outrageous lies, and to see them countenanced, apparently, by her father.

Tom heard the lies and admired their cleverness, even while they made him hot, but he did not waste time in looking at her father. On Nell's unconscious face, with the foot- and top-lights shining full upon it, Davidge now saw something which made him wonder whether he cared, after all, to stoop to the machine's level, to pick up dirt and soil his fingers throwing it. If the reform movement had to resort to such methods to win, perhaps, there were worse things than losing. For that is how the so-called logical sex talks to itself sometimes when it thinks it is thinking and is really only feeling. The girl's hands were twisting in her lap, her lips were parted, her breath was coming fast. Tom, out upon his rafter, smoking voluminously, kept staring so intently at her blazing eyes that, with unconscious telepathy, despite her absorption, he suddenly drew her gaze up to his.

She started, gasped, and repressed an involuntary ejaculation. The ladies with her, startled by this sudden occurrence in the tense stillness of the house, followed her gaze and saw the unaccountable sight of a man crawling along the rafters; for Tom was about to leave. Also they beheld, in a bright shaft of light against the surrounding blackness above him, a moving cloud of smoke, which they thought accounted for all the rest.

"Fire!" screamed one of them shrilly. The speaker stopped. The woman pointed. Someone else screamed. It was a man this time. In a moment the place was in confusion. In a moment more it would be a panic, then a stampede, then a great dis-

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Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

"Hurrah!" cried a girl's voice excitedly in the wings behind them.—Page 479.

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aster. Colonel Hallowell and several others on the platform sprang forward to quiet the crowd; some of the rest ran off the stage. "Keep your seats," someone in the orchestra kept shouting excitedly.

"There isn't any fire; there isn't any fire!" called Nell. No one heard her.

Out across the stage hanging to a rope swung Tom, streaked with dust. He dropped near the box, jumped across the footlights, and then back again with the girl in his arms. "You're safe, my darling, anyway, he cried as he made through the crowd for the property-room. He knew a short cut here for the street.

At last she made him understand. "Quick, Tom! Stop them! You must! Lives depend on it. There isn't any fire. It was your cigar smoke."

Now the psychology of the mob shows that it thinks and feels much more slowly than individuals. Many in the audience were still in their senses. They were making toward the exits faster and faster, but no one as yet was hurt.

But even Davidge's famous voice proved as futile as Colonel Hallowell's in the uproar. It was like shouting to Niagara Falls to stop. Wild gesticulation did not decrease the unreasoning alarm. Tom's face and clothes, streaked with the black dust of years, helped to terrorize them.

"Here, take this!" cried Nell, running out from the property-room with Raymond Hitchcock's fire-trumpet, used in the week's run of "Easy Dawson." "No, don't say that; they won't believe you, now. Say the fire's out!"

"The fire's out!" bellowed Tom through the speaking trumpet.

"Tell them you put it out!"

"I put it out, I tell you!"

"Show them your trumpet!"

"See! I'm a fireman!" He waved his trumpet. "All out! All over!"

"Show them your clothes and your face."

"See how I got blackened by it! I put the fire out!" he bellowed grandly, and repeated it all over again, his voice gaining power as he went on. Like children, men and women at such times require a sign more than an argument. It helped some of them wonderfully, the sight of that trumpet. "Why, you don't suppose I'd stay here just for the fun of talking!" he laughed good-naturedly through his trumpet. "If the fire weren't out I'd run with the first of 'em!" Perhaps the humor of it had got into Davidge's voice, or else it was merely the unconsciously transmitted conviction that there was no fire. At any rate, he was now even affecting that part of the mob seething near the exits. In a moment more the fatal trampling and piling up would have begun, the thing most feared in such disasters His calm, magnetic voice went on reassuringly: "Wait just a second, and I'll tell you all about it. Can't you wait? Funniest thing you ever saw! Just a minute—plenty of time to leave after my story."

Colonel Hallowell and the other would-be pacificators yielded to him. Naturally they were not so calm for they were unaware of the origin of the panic. In the excitement they had not recognized his dust-streaked face, but they seemed to recognize that this man was the natural leader, and that his calmness was gradually communicating itself to the terror-stricken crowd. Davidge now had them somewhat quieted down. Many of them were actually waiting expectantly for him to tell them all about it.

"Nell," he whispered, taken aback, "what the deuce'll I tell 'em now?"

"The truth—someone saw you smoking."

"It was simply this way—are you listening? Well, *make* 'em shut up back there. It was this way:. a lady in the audience—I say a lady—deceived by cigar smoke—up in the wings. My cigar. I put the cigar out. See?"

The crowd now began to buzz with interest and reassurance; some of them laughed nervously. A few were still making for the doors, but the crucial moment had been turned in the direction of safety.

Davidge was about to turn away. The girl darted out to him again. "Quick, Tom, you idiot, you've got them now! Talk to them; they love you! Tell them the things he said about you were lies."

The inspiration was hers, but in some respects the masculine mind also has its superiority. Tom saw a better way than that, and waving his arms for silence, was off like a horse at the post:

"Friends: Far be it from me to attempt to continue the speech so unhappily interrupted by this amusing incident. I can only reiterate what the distinguished candidate has so ably and so eloquently said. I agree with him that you need a safe man, a

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man you can trust in peril—where is Holmes? You want a conservative man, a man you can rely upon in these days of alarmists! Where is Holmes? A man who can calmly and discreetly meet the burning issues of this campaign. Where is Holmes? I'm afraid, ladies and gentlemen, that Holmes's discretion is the better part of his valor; it has carried him home. I often wondered why he was called Holmes." Even the pun went now. The people were laughing hysterically. Some of those who had left the stage also flocked back at this point.

Tom went on, partly addressing the latter. "This is not my meeting. This is Holmes's meeting; but as long as he didn't seem to want it I thought I'd take it. Seemed a shame to waste such a fine large meeting. I don't suppose many of you recognize my face with all this dust on it, any more than you recognize my voice through the megaphone. There doesn't seem to be any chairman on deck—on the burning deck, eh?—to introduce me, so, with your very kind permission, I'll introduce myself! Ladies and gentlemen," throwing down the trumpet and applying his handkerchief, "my name is Thomas Davidge. If Holmes doesn't care enough for your votes to stay and ask for them, I do! This is the first and only time I ever stood on the enemies' platform. I would not have done so now, but that I felt that you needed me. And I think you do need me—not only now, but for two years—at the capitol! Friends, I have saved your lives to-night! If you care to, you can return the favor next Tuesday!"

A mighty roar of yells and applause went up, and at that point Holmes came running back upon the stage. Someone had told him what was going on. He grasped the arm of the chairman, appearing from the other wing, "For heaven's sake, shut him off," Holmes panted, "or he may win out, after all."

Colonel Hallowell, who had been quietly observing the whole procedure with a thoughtful scowl, now raised his authoritative hand; his two excited underlings stopped, obedient, but perplexed. "What do you mean?" faltered Holmes.

The astute old reader of the popular fancy pointed to the reporters, whose pencils were already busy once more. "*May* win!" he snarled sarcastically; "you're licked already."

"Hurrah!" cried a girl's voice excitedly in the wings behind them.

"What were you doing here, Nell?" asked her father, approaching. Someone in the departing audience was leading a cheer for Davidge.

"Oh, I came over with Tom," she said quietly.

"Well, you go back with me!" said the colonel, turning to go. Davidge was approaching.

"I think I'll go back with Tom," she replied casually.

Colonel Hallowell turned about fiercely. "You will, eh?" he growled. Then, looking from one to the other of the two determined mouths, the scowl modulated into the suspicion of a smile, as the astute old reader of the popular fancy added, "Yes, I guess you will."

THE SUN

By Margaret Sherwood

GREEN, sun-warmed leaf and crimson-petalled rose
Share the deep secret of swift passing breath;
Consuming flame to fairest beauty grows.
And life is kindled by impassioned death.

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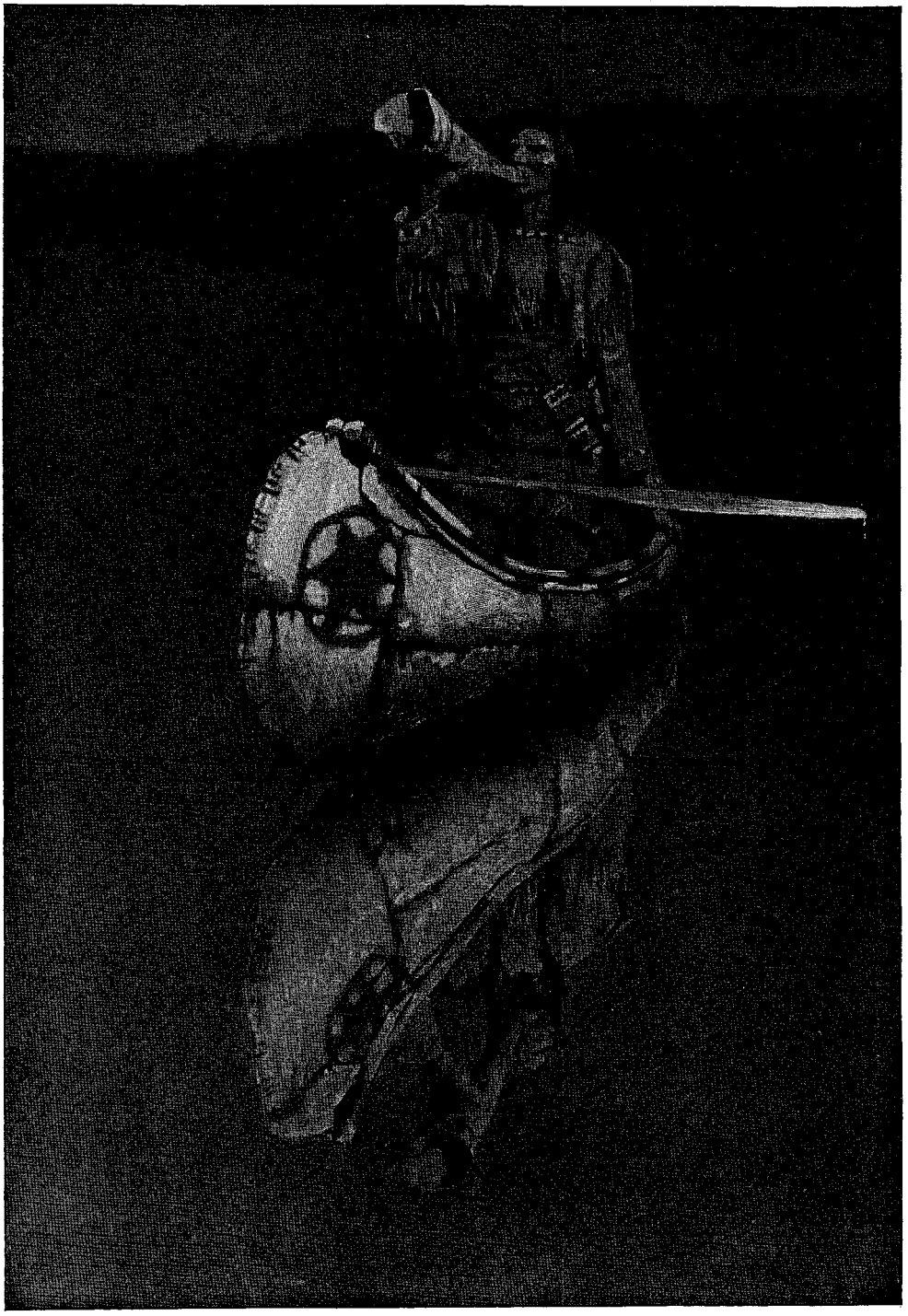

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The Moose Call.

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THE POSITION AND INFLUENCE OF POPE

By T. R. Lounsbury

IN the history of Shakespearean controversy a problem of peculiar difficulty presents itself. How happens it that the one man whose learning and acumen are now generally recognized as having done more for the restoration to its pristine integrity of the text of Shakespeare than has been accomplished by any of his predecessors or immediate successors should nevertheless have gained the reputation of being exceptionally dull? Pope had indeed made Theobald, the critic of his edition of the great dramatist, the hero of the original "Dunciad." While this did not impose upon their contemporaries, yet an apparently inexplicable condition of things arrests at once the attention. The superiority of Theobald's edition of Shakespeare was fully conceded from the outset. The high opinion originally taken of it continued not merely to exist, but to become more generally accepted as time went on. But while the reputation of the work steadily rose, the reputation of the man who produced it just as steadily fell.

The fact itself is possessed of more than individual significance. It is one of the most striking examples to be found in literary history of the losing fight carried on, under ordinary conditions, against a man of genius by a man who, as regards the particular matter under discussion, may be far his superior both in knowledge and ability. If the possessor of genius is also the possessor of extensive popularity, success, difficult before, becomes then practically impossible. Faith in the man for the things for which he deserves faith extends to everything he says or does. Accordingly, the solution of the problem just presented lies largely in the belief in both the intellectual and the moral supremacy of Pope which came to prevail during the eighteenth century. The intrigues, the double dealings, the discreditable devices to which he resorted to build up his own reputation and pull down that of others, have been fully exposed in the course of the last fifty years. Though suspected while he was living, they were credited but by few. What is now known to every student of the period, what was in a measure known to a goodly number at the time, would not have been believed by the general public, had one risen from the dead to confirm its truth.

Few men of our day comprehend the commanding intellectual position held by Pope during the latter period of his life, and for a long period after his death. There has never been anything approaching it in the history of our own literature or of any literature. In the opinion of vast numbers he was not merely the greatest English poet of his time, but the greatest English poet of all time; not merely the greatest of English poets, but the greatest of all poets that ever existed. Even those who took the lowest estimate of his character—and of such there was no small number—entertained the highest admiration for his genius. They expressed themselves with an extravagance of praise which astounds the modern reader, too apt to go to the other extreme of unwarranted depreciation. They did not content themselves with according him mere greatness; to him belonged perfect greatness. It was assumed by his friends as a matter of course; it was conceded by the indifferent and even by those personally hostile. As one illustration out of many, a poem appeared in 1733 entitled "An Epistle to the Little Satyrist of Twickenham." It was full of the severest reflections upon Pope's character. It spoke of him as an object of universal scorn. It charged him with being under the influence of ill-nature, spleen, envy, malice, and avarice. Yet it admitted that not only in early youth did he surpass others, but that his powers had increased with advancing years,

> Till to perfection you at last arriv'd,
> Which none have e'er excell'd that ever liv'd.

This was no sentiment of a solitary individual. It was a wide-spread feeling at the time; and it did not die out suddenly. If

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anything, the belief increased in strength after Pope's death. We can get some idea of its force by the few verses summing up his character, which were immediately produced by the man against whom, for a quarter of a century, the poet had been directing the shafts of his satire. The year before Pope died Colley Cibber had been substituted in place of Theobald as the hero of "The Dunciad." He had every reason to feel and express the bitterest resentment against the author of the satire, so far as a nature almost absolutely free from rancor could entertain such a sentiment. Yet of his persistent detractor he said in all sincerity in the poem which he called an epitaph,

None e'er reached such heights of Helicon.

If men who felt hostility, or had a right to feel hostility, could indulge in tributes of this sort to his greatness, we can easily imagine what would be the attitude of the so-called impartial or of the partisan. Two or three quotations will suffice to show their point of view. In 1752 Chesterfield wrote to a foreign correspondent that, in the face of the collective pedants of the universe, he dared to say that the Epistles and Satires of Pope had all the good sense and propriety of Horace's with a thousand times more spirit. A much more emphatic opinion of the poet's abilities had been expressed a few years before by a somewhat noted miscellaneous author of the time. In a treatise published in August, 1747, William Guthrie was good enough to commend Shakespeare and Otway as dramatists. He added, however, that he was not afraid to say that when "they commenced poets, they make a sorry figure." Nor was he further afraid to declare that similar would have been the fate of "the greatest of our modern poets, and perhaps a poet whose superior antiquity never saw, and whose equal posterity must not expect," if he in turn had attempted to write a tragedy.

But a more striking instance still is the dispute that went on between Spence and Henry Brooke, who preserves a lingering reputation as a novelist, though his poetry has long been forgotten. The former maintained that Pope was the greatest poet the world had ever produced. The latter at the time of the conversation was unwilling to take ground so extreme. He declared that Virgil gave him equal pleasure, Homer equal warmth, Shakespeare greater rapture, and Milton more astonishment. But he saw later, according to his own assertion, that he had been indisposed to accord the poet his due praise. He had not then really entered into the spirit of his work. He had now come, he said, to the conclusion that any one of Pope's original pieces was indisputably a more finished and perfect piece than had ever been written by any one man. But his genius was dwarfed to the eye by the excellence of so many different parts. Each distinct performance was as the performance of a separate author. As no single one was large enough to contain the poet in his full dimensions, he, though perfectly drawn, appeared too much in miniature. Brooke was inclined to be angry that Pope had devoted so much time to improving Homer. He should have spent it in excelling him in his own way.

In so expressing himself Brooke declared that he was speaking "the ruder parts" of his sincerity. Imagination exhausts itself in conceiving what he could have said had he set out to impart the more urbane revelation of his feelings. But the view he took, however ridiculous it seems to us, was shared by large numbers of his contemporaries, perhaps by the majority. A few years after Pope's death a similar attitude was assumed by the essayist, John Brown. This author is now known to most of us, so far as he is known to any of us, by the treatise called "An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times." This work was published in 1757, just as England had entered upon that career of conquest and glory which she achieved in the Seven Years' War. It demonstrated in a way that could not be gainsaid that, in consequence of the general prevalence of luxury and effeminacy, the country was on the downward road, that she was henceforth destined to failure and to take a distinctly lower place among the nations. Brown's literary judgments were on a par with his political. He wrote a poetical "Essay on Satire," which was printed in 1748 in Dodsley's "Collection." In it the author laid down the proposition that no one could express adequately the greatness of Pope's genius unless he had himself the genius of Pope:

Who yonder star's effulgence can display
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
Who catch the lightning but the speed of fire?
So, mighty Pope, to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.

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As if a belief of this sort were not enough, Pope succeeded in gaining with the multitude of readers a reputation for moral elevation which was the complement of his intellectual greatness. This was as little the result of accident as it was of desert. It was a direct consequence of patient and persistent effort directed to that very end. In its way it was for Pope a greater triumph than was his translation of Homer. It was achieved in the face of difficulties to all appearance far more insuperable; for his devious ways were well known to numbers among his contemporaries. Any exposure of them, however, he could and did profess to regard as the outcome of envy, hatred, and malignity. His admirers, who were legion, were certain to disbelieve what he was charged with doing and were equally certain to believe everything about himself which he kept saying. Hence, while engaged in practices from which an honorable man would have shrunk with disgust, while making declarations which a truthful man would have regarded with abhorrence, his voice could be constantly heard, enunciating the noblest sentiments, proclaiming the loftiness of his motives, the integrity of his character, his scorn of everything that was underhand and discreditable and mendacious. To the modern reader, now rendered fully aware of his method of proceeding, there is something almost comical in the assertion he made in one of the greatest of his poems, that it was

> One poet's praise
> That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways.

If there was one quality of character of which Pope had seemingly no appreciation, it was that of manliness. Yet he deceived others as to his possession of it; let us charitably hope that he deceived himself.

It was about 1730 that Pope started out actively in the practice of the profession of being a good man. Henceforth he was to be animated by an overpowering love of virtue and an overpowering hatred of vice. The attitude he took then he maintained until the day of his death. His reputation as a poet, he asserted, or intimated, was but little in his thoughts; what he desired to be considered was a man of virtue. His heart, he wrote to Broome, was better than his head. Broome's opinion did not entirely coincide with that of his correspondent; but he wisely judged it best to keep it to himself. To Aaron Hill, Pope wrote that he had never thought much of his own poetical capacity; but he knew that his moral life was much superior to that of most of the wits of the day. Hill brushed aside almost contemptuously this shallow pretence of indifference to literary reputation; but Pope was wiser than his correspondent. He knew that in the controversies in which he was concerned reputation as a man of virtue would stand him in much better stead than reputation as a man of letters. He was therefore not to be deterred from continuing to give expression to the same admirable sentiments. It might be, he conceded, that it was his poetry alone that would cause him to be remembered. "But it is my morality only," he continued solemnly, "that must make me beloved and happy." Errors in his writings he was willing to confess; "but of my life and manners," he added, "I do not repent one jot."

Tributes, therefore, to Pope's intellectual greatness, he let it be understood, could never be paid him at the expense of his uprightness. "I much more resent," he added, "any attempt against my moral character, which I know to be unjust, than any to lessen my poetical one, which for all I know may be very just." This fiction of a preference for being a man of virtue to being a man of genius he never ceased to uphold. Seven years later he wrote again to Hill that his character as an honest man he desired to have spared. On the other hand, anything could be said in praise or blame of him as a poet, and it would remain unanswered. This pretended lack of concern about his literary, and deep-seated regard for his moral reputation crops out every now and then in his correspondence. It even extended to the assertion that he, perhaps the most sensitive and vindictive author that ever flourished, had become entirely free from the slight traces of those characteristics which once had possibly been latent in his nature. "I never had," he wrote to Lord Marchmont in 1741, "any uneasy desire of fame or keen resentment of injuries, and now both are asleep together." This picture of the halcyon repose which had overtaken his nature required revision the very next year. Then he set out recasting "The Dunciad" in consequence of the furious anger into which he was thrown by the letter addressed to him by Cibber.

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Many outside circumstances contributed to the spread of the belief he was anxious to inspire. Important among them was the character of his later writings. The line of poetry which Pope soon took up after the publication of "The Dunciad" was peculiarly favorable to the creation and extension among the multitude of that opinion of his moral character which he sought to have established. He thenceforth produced largely pieces of a didactic character; but didactic poetry written with a point and fervor and fire the want of which has usually constituted its most distinguishing characteristic. To use his own words, he left off wandering in the maze of fancy, but "stooped to truth and moralized his song." It was during the years in which Theobald's edition of Shakespeare was preparing for the press that Pope kept constantly bringing out a succession of works which spread far and wide his reputation not merely as a poet, but as a moralist of the highest type. It was the year following the publication of that edition that witnessed the culmination and complete success of these efforts.

This year, 1735, was an eventful one in Pope's life. During it he may be said to have set the seal upon his reputation for the highest moral excellence, while at the same time extending and enhancing his literary fame. He opened it with one of the most brilliant pieces he ever wrote. This was the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot." Under the guise of an apology for his life it was a renewed attack upon the whole host of his adversaries, containing, as it were by accident, glowing panegyrics upon himself, wrung from him with apparent naturalness by the calumnies with which he had been wantonly pursued for years and which he had hitherto borne in silence. Never was a work better fitted to effect the object designed. The piece, to be sure, is full of disingenuous assertions and contained a number of positively false statements; but none of these things were its readers in a position to know. In it was insidiously inculcated the view, which he was afterward to elaborate still more fully, that in whatever he wrote he was animated by the loftiest motives. In satirizing those he disliked he was simply laboring in the cause of virtue.

The "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" gave the impression that Pope was even more virtuous than he was great. Another agency now came in not merely to confirm this view, but to establish the truth of it beyond question. This was the publication of his correspondence. It came out a little later in this same year, 1735, from the printing-house of Curll. Its immediate effect was to raise the popular conception of Pope's character to the highest point. The trickery has now been laid bare by which the poet contrived to bring about an apparently pirated publication of his letters, thereby forcing him to follow it by a later edition authorized by himself. In his own age the fact was more than suspected; to several persons it was perhaps actually known. But there is something known now that was not even suspected then. The lucky chance that led to the discovery, about a half-century ago, of Caryll's copies of Pope's letters disclosed the various ways in which he had tampered with his own correspondence in order to prepare it for publication. The letters, as printed, were frequently not the letters as written. The correspondence, in short, was to no small extent a manufactured one. It had been manufactured, too, for the express purposes of fortifying statements made by the poet, which were not only doubtful, but had been doubted; and even more for the sake of extending his reputation for being actuated by the loftiest motives. Part of it had not been written to the persons to whom it purported to have been written. Furthermore there was a limited portion of it which had pretty clearly never been written to anyone at all.

Still, as the manipulation to which this correspondence had been subjected was unknown, both at the time and for more than a century after, English literary criticism and literary history have been naturally permeated with false impressions about the poet and his contemporaries caused by the belief in its genuineness. Nor have we as yet recovered entirely from its effects. We can in some cases, to be sure, arrive at fairly certain conclusions. We can no longer doubt that a portion of the letters nominally sent to Addison were never received by the man to whom, as printed, they were addressed. We can now guess pretty accurately the nature of the relations between the two authors, and comprehend the difference between what actually took place and what Pope said took place. We are

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further safe in saying that he published a reconstructed correspondence with Wycherley. This he did, according to his own account, "to rescue his memory" from the hands of "an unlicensed and presumptuous mercenary"—by whom he meant Theobald. He forgot, however, to mention that this unlicensed and presumptuous mercenary was the very man who had been selected by the family to edit the posthumous works of the dramatist. We can feel altogether confident it was by interpolations and alterations and omissions in this correspondence that he succeeded in producing upon the world the impression that the man whose memory he set out to rescue was a vain, contemptible, and irritable old dotard, who resented the good advice given him by his young friend. Still we cannot overcome entirely the influence of the printed page. To this the publication of the original letters, whenever they existed at all, would have unquestionably furnished an ample corrective.

The correspondence itself of Pope is not really interesting. His prose was much inferior to his poetry; but the prose of his letters was much inferior to his other prose. A large number of them, indeed, hardly deserve the name of letters. There is nothing about them at all spontaneous. They are little moral essays which produce the impression that the writer had set out to think noble thoughts in order to utter them. But they fully accomplished for him the object for which they were intended. Even before they were published he had largely succeeded in creating the belief that he was animated by the most exalted motives. Virtue and verse, wrote one of his contemporary panegyrists, were the objects that filled his soul. But his manifold correspondence now proved, in a way that could not be gainsaid, that the claims he had made for himself in his "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" were fully justified. Here was what must have seemed to them the unanticipated revelation of what was in his inmost heart, which had been disclosed to those he loved in the artless confidence which is begot of the sanctity of private communication. Who could rise from reading these unguarded effusions of the soul poured forth in the privacy of intimate friendship, but now exposed to the world by the machinations of a scoundrelly publisher, without feeling that in their writer was revealed one of the most unselfish and benevolent of men, one of the purest and loftiest of natures, indifferent to mere literary fame, but consumed with a sacred love for the advancement of morality and virtue?

The result of these machinations, manipulations, and fraudulent devices was that during the last years of his life Pope occupied a position in popular estimation that has never been held by any other author in our literature. He was regarded as not only the sublimest of poets, but as the best of men. In the eyes of his admirers he was given up to the pursuit of virtue. In the seclusion of his home rolled unheeded over his head the din made by those who resented the fact that he was the unflinching foe of the vain, the proud, and the wicked. Never before or since has moral pre-eminence been obtained by means so immoral. He stood forth to his admiring countrymen as the champion of virtue and the scourge of vice. In the opinions of large numbers his utterances made or unmade reputations. So great is the power of self-delusion that it is not impossible, perhaps it is probable, that Pope believed fully in himself. At an earlier period he assured Swift, in all apparent sincerity, that he would not render the characters he portrayed "less important and less interesting by sparing vice and folly or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue."

But whatever in his secret heart he thought of himself, there is no question as to what was thought of him by his multitude of readers. In their eyes he was one who loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore he was an object of hatred to wicked men. There was a minority—and during his life a strong and not uninfluential minority—who saw through the hollowness of his pretensions and recognized the wide difference between his professions and his practices. Their feelings were well expressed by Curll, who, as a rascal himself, had a keen scent for rascality in others. In a letter to Broome he expressed the then not uncommon opinion that Pope was as well acquainted with the art of evasion as he was with the art of poetry. "Crying came our bard into the world," he said later in print, "but lying, it is greatly to be feared, he will go out of it." But the opinions of those who disbelieved in him carried little

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weight outside of the circle to which they belonged. Any voice lifted up in protest was largely drowned in the clamorous enthusiasm of his admirers. As those, too, who were fully acquainted with his devices left behind them no record of what they knew, and rarely even of what they thought, the information they possessed and the beliefs they held usually died with them. Pope's reputation for virtue came in consequence to increase after the death of himself and of those who knew him too well.

So well and widely established became this estimate of the purity and loftiness of his character that, if we can trust the testimony of the swarm of elegies that followed immediately upon his decease, and indeed continued for several years afterward, the death of Pope was not so much to be deplored as a loss to English literature, irreparable as that was, as it was a loss to English morals. To adopt the language of a writer who was so little one of his devotees that he mingled censure with his praise, "universal goodness felt the shock." It was the prevalent feeling that now he was gone, wicked men would come forth from their hiding-places and wickedness would once more abound in the land. Dodsley burst out in a eulogistic elegy upon the dead poet, in which he gave vent to his grief at this particular prospect. According to him,

> Vice, now secure, her blushless front shall raise,
> And all her triumphs be thro' Britain borne,
> Whose worthless sons for guilt shall purchase praise,
> Nor dread the hand that pointed them to scorn.

The following epigram conveying the same idea is reported to have been spoken extempore on the death of the poet:

> Vice now may lift aloft her speckled head,
> And front the sun undaunted: Pope is dead.

The periodical publications of the time and the times immediately succeeding contain plenty of revelations of this sort of feeling. According to contemporary testimony there was no longer any possible escape from the reign of wickedness. More than a year after Pope was dead, a bard who called himself "a young gentleman" attempted, as he said, an epitaph on the poet. He was manifestly a very young gentleman. The idea pervading his piece was the hopelessness of saving the world from ruin, since the main bulwark against the encroachments of iniquity had been taken away. In the following lines the writer gave expression to his sense of the peril that was threatening the future of the nation:

> Now thou art gone, O ever wondrous bard,
> Who shall foul vice's rapid course retard?
> Who shall in virtue's sacred cause arise?
> Who lash the villain who the law defies?
> Or brand the atheist who his god denies?
> These did thy volumes, fraught with vast delight,
> And virtue shin'd by thee supremely bright.
> And now she droops, flown is her pleasing hope,
> Virtue now mourns that e'er she lost her Pope.

About this same time William Thompson, a poet once somewhat highly thought of, but now forgotten, announced that the dreaded calamity had already arrived. There was no longer any chance for virtue to maintain her ground. The mournful result is indicated in lines celebrating the intellectual greatness of Pope, but diverging in the following words to his moral greatness:

> Born to improve the age and cheat mankind
> Into the road of honor!—Vice again
> The gilded chariot drives:—For he is dead.

This view of the poet's character was neither confined to a limited number nor to a limited period. Plenty of illustrations of it could be quoted. Several years later the Rev. John Delap, a writer never much regarded, and now never remembered, reflected the general sentiment in one of his elegies, in which he referred to Pope as being the "sole terror of a venal age." Mason, in that dreadful monody entitled "Musæus," not content with celebrating the poet's greatness as a poet, extolled the courage he had evinced in carrying on his warfare against vice in the highest places. He had been the one author who

> could brave
> The venal statesman or the titled slave:
> Brand frontless vice, strip all her stars and strings,
> Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings.

This belief in the myth of Pope's virtue, though doubtless having many private disbelievers, met with scarcely an expression of public dissent till the last decade of the eighteenth century. Indeed Hayley discovered that it was philanthropy pure and simple that had led the poet to the composition of his satires. For the sake of overthrowing vice he sacrificed the performance of what he could have achieved in the higher

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fields of literature. "His moral virtues," wrote Hayley, "have had a tendency to diminish his poetical reputation." Faith in this fiction of his surpassing virtue gave way with the better knowledge of the period which men came to possess. But how late it retained its hold anyone can see for himself in Thackeray's "Lectures on the English Humorists," a work belonging to the middle of the nineteenth century.

THE TERROR ON THE BOILING WATER

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK B. MASTERS

IT began while Brice, the general manager of the D. & U. P. Short Line, was two thousand miles away, getting married; and Upham, whose hold on the men would have counted for something, was also out of reach, figuring as Brice's best man. And it was as far beyond any rational explanation as a panic among the horses in a burning stable.

Its heralding was in mid-afternoon of a perfect day in June. Brice and Upham were a week gone on the wedding errand, and Rader, the general manager's assistant, was carrying double; keeping his chief's office in touch with the traffic world, and holding down the details of the operating department for Upham. Incidentally, everything on the three divisions of the Short Line was on the hilltop of disciplinary good behavior; trains running on time, employee loyalty on its mettle, the various cog-wheels of the traffic machine intermeshing without a jar, and as smoothly as the mechanism of the electrically synchronized clock on the wall of Chief-Despatcher Dawson's room in the Castle Cliff headquarters.

At the fateful moment Rader was in the superintendent's office, arranging, with Reddick, the general passenger agent, a special schedule for a train-load of Iowa excursionists due to arrive from the East the following morning. Into the schedule-making broke little Cranston, Upham's chief clerk, carefully closing the door behind him.

"There's a solemn old crank out yonder who refuses to do business with me; says it's him for the biggest boss in the outfit. What shall I do with him?" was Cranston's wording of his dilemma.

"What does he want?" queried Rader, keeping his place on the Iowa schedule with the pencil point.

"I'm trying to tell you that's what I can't find out," complained the chief clerk, who was ordinarily a past adept at prying into the inner consciousness of the visitor with a grievance to air or an axe to grind. "He says his name is Hinchcliffe; and he looks as if he might be the father of all the cattlemen, with a claim for a whole herd killed on the right-of-way."

"Oh, well; send him in," grumbled Rader. "There is no choking these claim-pushers off till they've climbed to the top round of the ladder."

Cranston disappeared, and a moment later the door opened to admit the supposed claimant. He was an old man, white-haired and bearded like the caricatures of the Populist Senators; decently clothed, but with the white dust of the desert thick on shoe and trouser-leg.

"Well, Mr. Hinchcliffe," said Rader briskly, "what can I do for you?"

The old man's voice went with his bent shoulders and way-wearied attitude. "Air you the gineral manager of this here railroad?" he began.

"No; but I represent him. Mr. Brice is away. Rader is my name."

The "father of all the cattlemen," as Cranston had dubbed him, stood awkwardly fumbling his dusty hat. Reddick, looking on, marked the blue powder burns in the weathered face and the battered knuckles of the drill-holding left hand;

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miner's tokens, these, and no stockman's, he decided. And the old man's next word confirmed the shrewder guess.

"My claim is up yonder on Sombre headwaters, and I've been sont here," he went on in the shaken voice. "I allowed to the good Lord that it wouldn't make no differ' to a faithless and onbelievin' gineration; but He laid it on to me, and I had to come. I reckon you all don't believe none in visions o' the night?" he concluded, with an appealing look from one to the other of his auditors.

Neither of the two laughed outright. Age is in some sort venerable, even in this the century of the young. But Rader shook his head.

"I don't know about Mr. Reddick, here. He is a passenger man. But I have never had one that a late supper wouldn't sufficiently account for."

"I was lookin' to be scoffed at," said the graybeard patiently. "The Good Book say, 'There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts.' Nev'theless, I must cry aloud and deliver my own soul. Harken at me, young man, and ricollect that I've tromped twenty-five mile in the cold o' the mornin' and the heat o' the noonday to bring the shore word of prophecy. There's goin' to be a terr'ble smash-up on your railroad at four o'clock to-morrow, jes' before day."

Rader's thought went instantly to train-wreckers. How else could a disaster be so confidently predicted? "Go on," he said, gravely. "How do you happen to know this, Mr. Hinchcliffe?"

"I've seen it in a vision o' the night," was the solemn rejoinder, and Rader breathed freer. "I was settin' on top of a high rock, lookin' down into a narrer slit of a gulch. Down at the bottom of the gulch was a river, bigger thern the Sombre, a-foamin' and tumblin' over the rocks; and a railroad track twisted down one side o' the gulch and crossed over on a slanch-wise bridge to the other, so"—illustrating with the work-worn hands on the flat top of the counter-rail.

Rader and the general passenger agent exchanged glances of startled intelligence. The old man was describing very accurately Black Rock Canyon and bridge, on the upper Boiling Water.

"One moment," Rader interrupted. "You know our line—you've been over it, Mr. Hinchcliffe?"

The old man shook his head.

"I been six year in the Sombre country, and I came in afoot acrosst the Taylor range before your road was built. I never sot eyes on a rail of it till to-day—that is, not in the flesh," said the seer.

"All right; go on."

"Well, as I was sayin', I sot on top o' that high rock, lookin' down at the river and the railroad and the bridge. Bimeby I heard a train comin' from somewheres up along in the gulch. Down she come, rippin' and snortin' and th'owin' fire; and when she hit the bridge—*bing!* there she was! a mixed-up mess o' broke-up keers and twisted irons piled down into the river. Hit was a passenger train, and I could see 'em tryin' to climb out through the winders; and—and say, I can hear 'em groanin' and shriekin' even to this minute!"

Reddick got up and walked to the window. After a little he heard Rader say: "But about the time—how do you know this is to happen to-morrow morning?"

"I cayn't tell," was the muttered reply. "But when I waked up—with the cold sweat standin' out all over me—them figgers was runnin' in my head: Four o'clock, June twenty-three. That's to-morrow, ain't it?"

When Reddick faced about Rader was filling out a pass in his book of blanks, and saying, "I wish our Dolomite line ran right up to your cabin door, Mr. Hinchcliffe. But we can give you a lift as far as the camp, anyway. That will still leave us under the greatest obligations to you; you'll understand that, won't you?"

"But you don't believe a single word I've been tellin' ye," said the old man suspiciously.

"Don't I? I can assure you there will be no accident at Black Rock bridge to-morrow morning if we can prevent it. Here is your pass to Dolomite. Good-day, and good luck to you."

There was silence in the superintendent's office while the shuffling footsteps of the prophet of evil could be heard in the corridor. It was Reddick who broke it with a remark critical.

"There is one screw loose in the prophecy, and it's a rather important one, when you come to think of it. If our trains are

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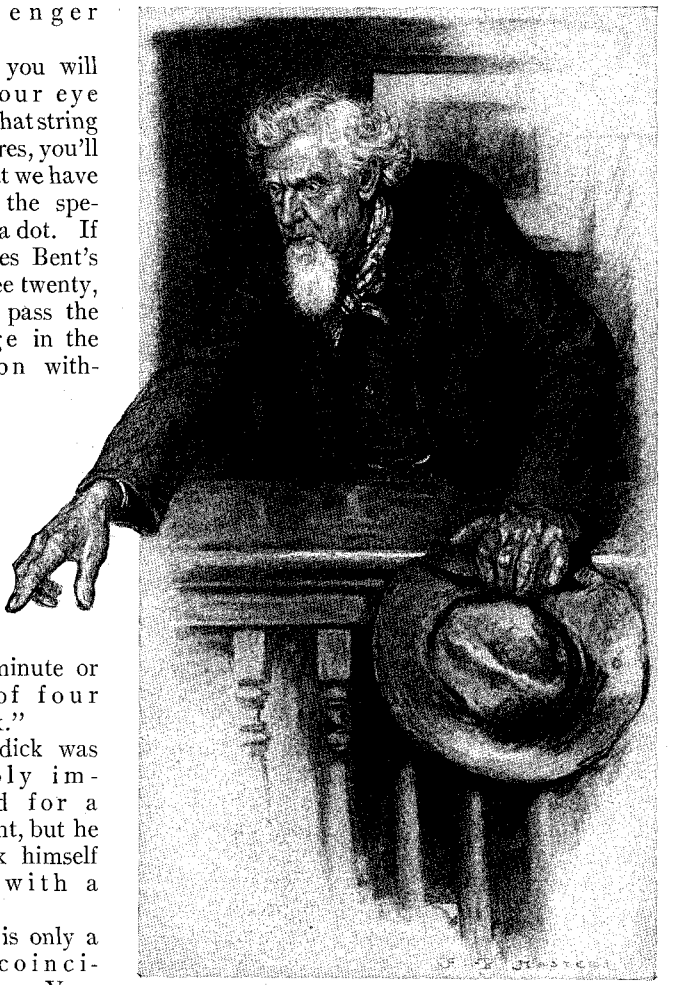
anywhere near on time, we shall have no passenger within thirty miles of Black Rock bridge at four o'clock in the morning."

Rader smiled and tossed the pencilled schedule of the Iowa excursion special across to the passenger agent.

"If you will run your eye down that string of figures, you'll see that we have timed the special to a dot. If it leaves Bent's at three twenty, it will pass the bridge in the canyon within a minute or two of four o'clock."



"*Bing!* there she was! a mixed-up mess o' broke-up keers." —Page 488.

Reddick was visibly impressed for a moment, but he shook himself free with a laugh.

"It is only a raw coincidence. You don't let that old man's fantastic pipe-dream weigh an ounce, and you know it, Rader."

"Perhaps not. But you are opening up a big vein when you sling a pick on that claim. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will laugh and tell you that superstition has been choked out and reasoned out long since, with witchcraft and all the devil-business of the ignorant ages. Yet ninety-eight of the ninety-nine have their own little private hoodoos which they worship like so many Voudooists."

"Nonsense!"

"The superstition is, but the fact remains. Only yesterday, I overheard as sober a man as Mac Bostwick telling Haskell, the roundhouse foreman, that there were Fridays when the 1219 would not mind throttle or brake."

"Oh, pshaw! I know the men say such things. But they don't really believe them."

"Don't they? Possibly not. Just the same, I wouldn't have this old fellow's dream story get wind on the line for a farm in God's country. It might be laughed at; and then again it might not. Even you were a little startled when he described a bit of scenery he has never seen."

"Bosh! Assuming that he wasn't lying, there are a dozen ways in which he might, consciously or subconsciously, have obtained his picture of Black Rock bridge without having actually seen it. I saw a very striking photograph of it in a shop-window the last time I was in Dolomite; and you forget that our own advertising matter, which is scattered far and wide, carries many cuts of our scenic points. But to come back to business: you won't change the schedule of the Iowa train? The Dolomite Board of Trade is to breakfast

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these people, and I have promised to get the train to Dolomite by eight o'clock, sharp."

"No, we won't change any schedules. But I shall have Holtkampf go up on Two and examine that bridge; and it will be watched until after the Iowa train passes it to-morrow morning."

"By Jove!" laughed the skeptic. "I half believe you're touched yourself, Rader."

"Not necessarily. But suppose the old man's story does leak out, and by some trick of coincidence there should be a wreck to fit it? I know railroad human nature well enough to do a little prophesying on my own account. Every man in the service might take the sensible view of it; but the chances are ten to one the other way."

Reddick had made a copy of the Iowa train's schedule, and his hand was on the door-knob.

"Then let us hope the old gentleman won't talk. We don't want to spoil Mr. Brice's honeymoon with a calamity howl."

Unhappily, the seer of visions did talk. He had two full hours to wait before the departure of the Dolomite train, and in the interval he chanced to foregather with Sanborn, the Castle Cliff baggage agent. Sanborn was a New Hampshire man, with an itch for prying into the mental interstices of other folk. He got the story of the Hinchcliffe vision, scoffed at it in his own inner consciousness, but did not fail to pass it on to Jurgins, the hostler who brought Number Two's engine up from the coal track.

From Jurgins it spread to the waiting engine crews at the round-house, losing nothing in transmission; and before night other details were added. For example, it was whispered about that Chief-Engineer Holtkampf had gone up on Two to examine the bridge; that a special track gang had been told off to watch it during the night; that the engineer of the excursion train had verbal orders to run cautiously in Black Rock Canyon.

From this the story got on to the wires, and by midnight of the 22d every man in the train service had heard some version of it, and the conditions were psychologically ripe for wreckings, mental and material.

After all, nothing happened in Black Rock Canyon. Holtkampf found the bridge in perfect condition—he had the steel-loaded cars of a material train backed upon it, testing it to a strain far above that of any passing traffic. The watchers saw nothing amiss; and in due time, at precisely four o'clock, as it chanced, the Iowa excursion safely crossed the dead line and steamed briskly on its way to Castle Cliff and Dolomite.

But the psychological mischief was done. Two nights later, Goodhue, engineer of the 1217, tailing a long string of boxes down the canyon, had a case of "nerves," superinduced by the sight—or the fancied sight—of an obstruction between the rails.

With ample time and space to make a safe stop, he clapped on the air and slammed the 1217 into the reverse motion, taking the back slack so suddenly with the heavy engine that the long train buckled on the curve, spread the rails, and a dozen of the boxes were piled neatly into the Boiling Water.

Rader was in the despatcher's office at Castle Cliff when the wreck was reported. What he said was profanely objurgatory and quite unprintable, and it included the false prophets in general and one Hinchcliffe in particular. Later, he ordered out the wrecking train, and while it was making up in the yard he laid down the law to Dawson.

"Don't you let any of this crazy foolishness get into the despatching, Tom," he snapped. "It's bad enough to have it rattling every third train-man on the line."

Dawson looked up from his key and grinned good-naturedly. He was a big, smooth-faced, cold-blooded man, as a despatcher should be; a man devoid of imagination, with a mind soberly mathematical and warranted to run inexorably, like a piece of well-adjusted mechanism.

"You needn't worry about this end of the string," he said confidently. "If the men read their orders straight, we'll keep the wheels turning."

So much for the brave word, yet it was precisely in Dawson's office that the next phase of the terror developed.

It was in Mart Carnagan's trick, between midnight and morning. As the trains were scheduled, the hours between one o'clock and four were the least strenuous in the despatcher's office. Carnagan never left his key; he was too conscientious to do that. But he was given to reading blood-and-thunder stories—this to keep from dozing in the quieter intervals.

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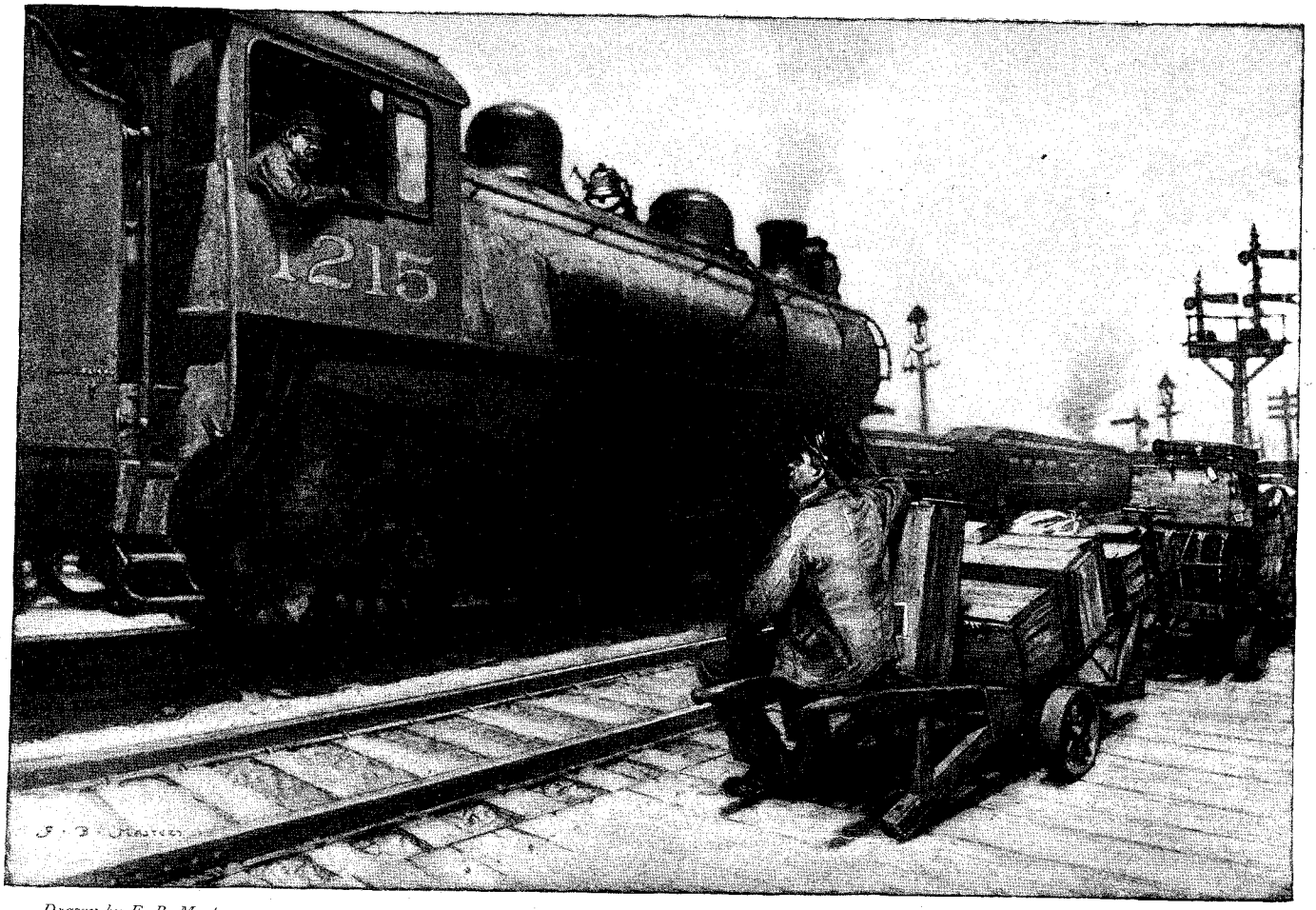

Drawn by F. B. Masters.

Did not fail to pass it on to Jurgins, the hostler.—Page 490.

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It was on the morning of the 27th, at half-past two o'clock, and exactly forty-eight hours after the Goodhue episode in Black Rock Canyon, when Carnagan put down his paper-back at a most exciting crisis in the history of certain famous train robbers to answer a stuttering call from Callidonia.

He cut in on the wire promptly, and, "Orders for Train 202," clicked from the Callidonia end.

Now Carnagan's brain was still only on the returning way to its normal acuteness, owing to the stirring crisis in the robber tale; but he was well convinced that Train 202 had been provided for two stations west of Callidonia.

"What's the matter with you?" he clicked back. "Two-two had orders at Quirada."

"Train here without orders," was the answer. "Send them."

It was like a blow in the dark, and it left Carnagan groping. A glance at the train-sheet, the record of all moving trains, served only to confuse him the more completely. The proper entries stared up at him from the figured sheet; Train 202 to meet Train 105 at the blind siding at Arreta; and there was the "O. K." of the operator at Quirada, twenty miles west of Callidonia. How could he have made the entry unless the order had been given?

Slammed the 1217 into the reverse motion.—Page 490.

Carnagan rubbed his eyes and touched the hot bulb of the electric light to make sure he was awake. "You're crazy," he snapped back at the Callidonia man. "Make Two-two's crew show up."

"Crew here; no orders," came the monotonous repetition.

The night despatcher, still groping, steadied himself with a left-hand grip on the table's edge and sent them: "Train Two-two, Henson, conductor, Hollingsworth, engineer, to meet Train One-five, Gurley, conductor, Bostwick, engineer, at Arreta." Almost instantly the "O. K." rattled through the office sounder, and Carnagan drew a deep breath and dipped his pen to make the corrected entries on the record.

In the act he saw a thing to make the electric lights go red and the room to spin like a top with a certain set of ink-black figures for its axis. Train 202, a heavy freight, had been on time up to Quirada, the station where the original meeting order seemed to have been given, but not received. At Callidonia, however, it was thirty minutes late. Hence, it would be thirty minutes late at Arreta, where there was no station—no operator; and Train 105, a passenger with the right of road, would wait ten minutes, and five more for a possible variation of watches, and then proceed to a head-end collision with the delayed freight!

The night man pounced upon his key and rattled the Callidonia call, "Cn, Cn, Cn," thickly interspersed with, "Hold Two-two," and presently the circuit was broken and the response came. "Two-two is pulling out of upper yard. Clancy has gone to try to flag her down. Hold wire."

Carnagan held the wire open, and great drops of sweat ran down his face and fell upon the train-sheet. Two other minutes of the soul-killing suspense would have finished him, but the interval was shortened. "Couldn't catch Two-two," was the

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"Don't you let any of this crazy foolishness get into the despatching."—Page 490.

unnerving reply, and Carnagan sprang up, overturning his chair and raving as one suddenly gone mad.

There was no hope; no telegraph station between Callidonia and the meeting-point where he could intercept the freight, and none east of Arreta where he could catch and hold the passenger. In a blind frenzy he began to walk the floor so mechanically that he fell over a chair without seeing it. The shock set his brain at work again. Though there was no station at Arreta, there was a private wire to the shaft-house of the Arreta mine, a short half-mile up the mountain above the fatal blind siding. Branziger, the mine superintendent, was a self-taught operator, but he would be abed and asleep. Carnagan did not know whether or not he slept within sound of the telegraph instrument; but there was the slenderest of chances, and he sat down to snip out the Arreta mine call in endless repetition, breaking now and then to sign his own office call.

Again and again he tried, and once more the cold sweat trickled from his face. The minutes passed swiftly; the hands on the clock-face seemed to flick forward by jerks. In his ears was the drumming of One-five's wheels, and in his mind's eye he could

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The night despatcher gibbering and mowing at his reflection.—Page 495.

see the fast passenger train flying down the long tangents and racing onward, nearer and ever nearer to the meeting-point. Now she was passing Boyer's; now she was pitching up to the summit where her head-light would search out the switches at Arreta; now she was standing, air-brake palpitant, at the siding, and the engineer and conductor would be comparing watches and swearing wrathfully at the delay.

And still the mine wire was dead to his clamoring. It must be as he feared; the telegraph instruments were doubtless in Branziger's office, and his bed was somewhere else. Carnagan's hand fell from the key upon the handle of the drawer where the file of train-sheets was kept. He opened the drawer mechanically. A revolver lay in one corner, and his hand was creeping toward it when the sounder snapped hesitantly once or twice and he started alive again. The snipping clicks were spelling out his office call and signing "Arreta."

In a fierce fury of hope revived he fell upon the key and sent his beseeching, in briefest form, for now the very seconds were priceless. Yet he had to send it slowly to enable Branziger to get it at all. "Get word quick to night passenger, now on mine siding. Hold it till freight passes."

The answer was encouraging. Branziger would go himself, and report later.

Martin Carnagan was a young man when that first clicking call from Callidonia made him put down the paper-back tale of train robbers to reply to the demand for orders for Train Two-two. But before the Arreta mine call had broken for the second time into the horrible silence of the Castle Cliff wire office, he was staggering up and down under a weight of years crowded into minutes; and once he had stopped in front of

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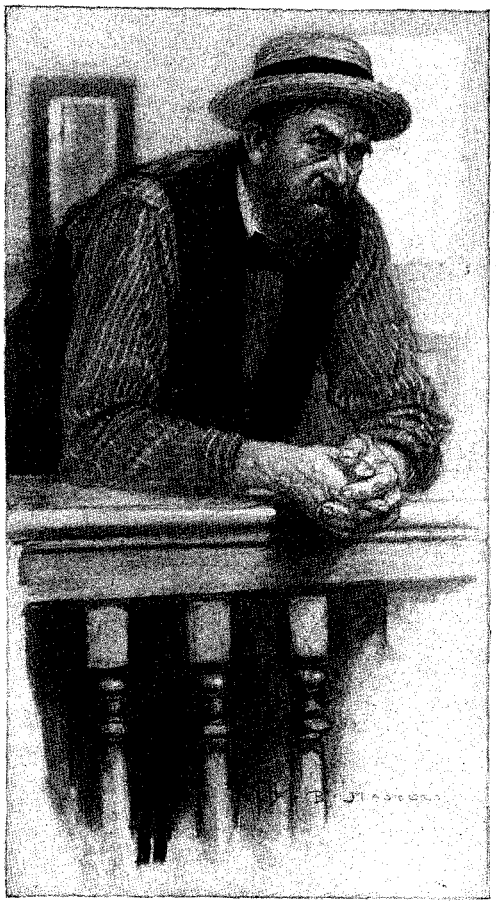
the little toilet-stand mirror in the corner of the room to look at his haggard face in the glass, and to wonder if the morning light would show his hair whitening at the temples.

At last, after what seemed like a lifetime of torturing suspense, the call came. He reeled across to the table and answered it. Then, slowly, as from the difficult sending of an unpractised hand, the letters and words dribbled out upon the silence.

"Too late. One-five pulled out before I could get down mountain.

"Branziger."

The night man locked his forehead between his hands and staggered to a chair. The last hope was gone, and for the moment he wished to die. Then the strong hand of routine laid hold upon him and he did what remained to be done: sprung the electric alarm for Dawson, whose sleeping-room was in the other end of the building, and sat down to his key to call up the master-mechanic and the emergency crew for the wrecking train.



"Every last man of 'em will tell you there's another one due."
—Page 496.

It was a pretty bad collision, and it set every nerve of the D. & U. P.—nerves already at panic tension—quivering afresh. Bostwick, engineer of the passenger, had a leg broken, and his fireman was killed outright. Hollingsworth and his fireman jumped before the crash, but they were both severely injured. A car-load of mail was burned, and the postal clerk in charge lost an arm in the telescoping of his car by the tender of the colliding engine.

Carnagan, happily or unhappily, was out of it. When Dawson had come hurrying and half dressed at the summons of the electric alarm, he had found the night despatcher gibbering and mowing at his reflection in the little looking-glass; past cursing, past discharging, past everything save a strait-jacket and a padded cell. Hence the mystery of the double order entry on the train-sheet remained a mystery.

Rader, roused by the call-boy who turned out the members of the emergency crew, came down in the gray twilight of the dawn and found Dawson patiently unravelling the tangle caused by the blocking of the line and Carnagan's abandonment of the wires.

By this time the report of the wreck was in over the Arreta mine wire, and a relief train was hurrying to the scene in the wake of the wrecking outfit. Rader stepped into the breach, praying for a cool head. The sight of Dawson's massive face, calmly hard and impassive, was comforting, and he felt that the wires, at least, were in safe hands while the chief despatcher could keep up.

Elsewhere, however, the terror was in full swing. Out in the yards, where the night crew was making up the east-bound freight, a man came running with the news that a switchman had been caught in coup-

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Dolan's big freight-puller.—Page 498.

ling. A little later word came from the yard office that Jurgins, the hostler, had backed the 1310 over an open switch. At breakfast time when Train Three arrived from the night run down the Boiling Water, the remains of a mangled steer bespattered the front end of the engine, and the two enginemen were pallid under the coal grime, and shaking like the ague-smitten.

Rader telephoned for Grimmer, the master-mechanic, and found he had gone out with the wrecking train. Then he summoned Haskell, the round-house foreman, a big-boned, bearded giant of a man whose very bulk bespoke hard-headed sanity.

"Haskell, what are the men saying? Do they charge this head-ender at Arreta to—to the hoodoo?"

The big foreman lounged across the counter-rail and nodded.

"There's a caucus of 'em over yonder in the house, right now. You'd think they was a lot of scared kids," he added, contemptuously.

Rader was tramping the floor with his head down and his hands behind him.

"Haskell, Grimmer's away, and I've got to depend on you. Size up the men as they come down to take their runs, and 'phone me the names of the rattled ones."

"That'll be about three out of every two," said the giant.

"I can't help it. I'll not let a crazy crew take a train out of this yard—not if I have to abandon every other number on the time-card. But I hope you won't find it as bad as you talk."

Haskell shook his shaggy head.

"These here things run in streaks, Mr. Rader. I've seen 'em before—on a better-manned road than the D. & U. P., if you'll lemme say so. It's a plum' loco, and it's like the Rooshan grip; it ain't no respecter o' persons."

Rader sat down and swung his chair to face the open desk.

"There is a way to cure it, if I only knew how to find it," he said, half to himself; and the big foreman took him up promptly.

"Not at this stage o' the game, there ain't. You couldn't make a single one o' the locoed bunch believe that it'll stop short o' three bad smashes; not if you'd get an angel to come down here and holler at 'em through his golden bugle. Goodhue's buckle-up in the canyon counts one; this here head-ender this morning counts two; and every last man of 'em will tell you there's another one due."

"Oh, hell!" said Rader, and it came from his heart. Then he dismissed Haskell and sat for a silent half-hour wrestling with an idea suggested by the foreman's summing up of the matter.

"It's as crazy as anything that's been done since the world began, but it may do to think about," he mused, when little Cranston came in with the train mail from Number Two. "But we'll fight it out in the open first."

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An hour beyond this, when Rader went to his belated breakfast, three crews had been laid off and one freight had to be abandoned for the lack of sane men to man it. In spite of his shrewdest efforts to resist, Rader was finding it fiercely hard to keep clear of the infection in his own proper person. All through the day, whenever the office door opened he expected to see Dickson, the office operator, coming in with the report of a fresh disaster.

He had already wired Upham and the general manager, assuming that they would read the Associated Press report of the collision in the afternoon papers. When he went out to supper there was still no reply from either of the absent officials; but this mattered little. Their last address had been Mount Desert, and it would require three days of the swiftest steaming to bring either the superintendent or the general manager to Colorado. Rader scowled and forgot to order when the waiter brought the *menu* card. For three days, at the shortest, he must carry the crushing load of responsibility, and in much less than three double circles of the clock-hands he, too, would be panic-mad, like the others.

That night he had Dawson's cot carried into the despatcher's office, and with Dickson to help out with a set of duplicate train-sheets, he stood watch and watch with the wearied chief.

There was need for cool heads and unceasing vigilance. The terror was no longer confined to the train-men. It had by now crept into the telegraphic nerves of the system. The plainest language in a train order seemed open to misconstruction; and before morning one of the three men at the wires was constantly "tracing"—following each moving train from station to station, and checking and rechecking the running orders by every device known to the craft of despatching.

It imposed a crucial strain on the office force throughout the long night; and the day succeeding was scarcely less anxious. All day reports of minor accidents, every one of them due to the general demoralization of the service, trickled in over the wires; and Rader was on the ragged edge of despair. Still there was no word from Upham or Brice; no signs of relief on the eastern horizon.

"How much longer can we keep this up, Dawson?" he asked desperately, when the second night watch of the wires began.

The despatcher's smile was sardonic. "Till one or the other of us falls asleep over the key and pulls down the very thing we're trying to stand off, I reckon."

"But there must be a let-up, sometime," insisted Rader. "It can't last forever."

"It'll last until we have that third smash, all right," said Dawson grimly.

"You don't believe any such rotten superstition as that, Tom; you know you don't. Why has there got to be three?"

"Because three out of every four of the men think so—that's all. And they'll keep on thinking so till it *is*."

"Will they come down to earth again after the third rip-up?"

"I never knew it to fail," said the despatcher, snapping his key to reopen the battle with the fates. "About all you can do is to pray it won't be a man-killer."

Rader flung himself upon the cot to snatch a little rest, and harassed as he was, sleep came quickly. Dawson called him at ten o'clock, made the transfers, and gave his verbal report.

"Worse and more of it, David; you'll have to hold them down hard. Every man jack of 'em is looking for that third wreck, and wondering if he is going to be in it."

Rader took his place at the train table, and for an hour his hands were full. Then came a lull, and he sat back, soberly thoughtful. At midnight the rush was on again, and he called Dawson.

When the shift was made, he found his overcoat and struggled into it. "I'm not sleepy this time," he explained. "I think I'll go out and get a breath of fresh air. It's miserably close in here."

In the yards there was the profound stillness of midnight—in the mountain skyland where there are no night choruses by Nature's orchestra. The abandonment of two more freight trains had shortened the hours of the second switching crew, and the silence was breached only by the hiss and click of the high arc-lights and the muffled gas-roar in the firebox of the switching engine blocked on the shop track.

Rader walked the length of the yard between the broken lines of freight-cars strung in apparent disorder upon the various tracks. Down toward the round-house, where the many tracks converged, the

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switches were picked out in high relief by the broad beam of a head-light; the light of an engine standing, as Rader made out, at one of the coal chutes.

When he came nearer, he saw that the head-lighted engine was Dolan's big freight-puller, bulletined to go east with the California fruit line at one o'clock. It was standing on the coal track, ready for its crew, and at irregular intervals the safety-valve stuttered, roared, and reseated itself with a spiteful "*phut!*" The tender had its lading of coal, and there was no one in the cab.

These details Rader noted from his halt in the shadow of the round-house. There was an open window a few steps farther on, the window in Haskell's tool-room; and between the stutterings of the safety-valve Rader could hear voices which he recognized as Haskell's and Dolan's. He had no thought of eavesdropping, but a sentence in Dolan's rich brogue drifted through the open window and caught him.

"'Tis all right for you, Johnny Haskell, that don't have to pound your ear on these ould scrap-heaps wid the iron flyin' undher yez a good thirty mile an hour, and the wife and babies at home. But I'm tellin' ye plain—till thot third smash comes, 'tis meself 'll be lukin' for ut the yon side of ivery curve!"

Rader strolled over to the deserted engine. From where he paused, in the shadow cast by the high boiler, the head-light traced the glistening steel trail through the yards over which Dolan would presently trundle the big ten-wheeler. The switches were set to lead to the main line in the upper yard, all save one, the last in the swerving trail, which showed green instead of red. Rader knew the yard by heart. The misplaced switch led to the repair track, full now with cars waiting for the mechanics and with the "cripples" from the late collision. At the moment Rader disregarded it, knowing that Dolan would stop on the way out to let his fireman drop off and turn the switch. Then——

Dolan, Haskell, and the fireman had come to the door of the tool-room, the latter with his oil-can and lantern.

"Well, I s'pose it's my life and Johnny Shovel's for ut, wan more time," the Irishman was saying. "Dommed if I——"

He stopped open-mouthed; and the fireman dropped the oil-can and lantern and started to run across the tracks. Then Dolan came alive with a shrill yell. "Catch her!" he shouted; but it was too late. With a sudden grinding of fire from under her wheels and a roaring thunder of quickening exhaus ts from the stack, the big freight-puller had shot away up its tortuous steel trail, masterless.

When Rader entered the despatcher's office a few minutes later, he was sweating profusely, though the midsummer night—like all the upland nights—was autumn cool.

"How are they chasing?" he asked; and Dawson noticed that his voice had a curious unlikeness to itself.

"Rocky as ever," was the gloomy reply.

Rader had thrown off his coat and dropped heavily into a chair.

"It's come," he said in the same strained tone; "the third one, you know. Dolan's engine, the 1017, got away from him on the coal track just now and ran amuck up the yard. There are a good many more 'cripples' on the repair track now than there were a few minutes ago."

"What! " said Dawson. Then his cold eyes lighted up. "Was Dolan on her?"

"No; she was standing alone at the coal chute—the bin men had just finished coaling her. Throttle jumped open of its own accord, I guess. Those new balanced throttles have a way of doing that when the latch gets a little worn. Reckon it will pass for wreck number three—the charm?"

Dawson's eyes had narrowed to thin reptilian slits.

"We'll put it on the wires for that, anyhow," he said slowly. "Luckily, Grimmer was just talking from Rachab Junction. I'll report it to him, and every plug operator on the line will have his ears open to catch it."

"Do it," said Rader; and while the sounder was clicking he fell asleep in his chair.

The gray dawn was dimming the incandescent lights in the despatcher's room when Dawson aroused the sleeping substitute. A relief despatcher from the mountain division was at the train-sheet, and Rader sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"Why the devil didn't you call me to take my trick?" he demanded crustily.

Dawson's laugh showed his strong white teeth.

"There wasn't any need of it. Lewison

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came down on Three, and so did Mr. Brice and Mr. Upham. They both said to let you sleep, and I did. Come on down to the lunch-counter and we'll have a cup of coffee. You look as if you were dead on your feet."

On the way around the end of the building Rader gave only a passing glance at the havoc wrought by the runaway engine; havoc but just now getting itself viewed by a curious throng of railway employees and townspeople.

"Did it do the business?" he asked quietly.

"It did for a fact. I could feel the pressure easing from the very minute it got on the wires." Then, with a sharp side-glance at his companion: "The men are calling it a miracle; is it, David?"

"I guess maybe we'd better let it go at that," said the substitute gravely. "To balance old man Hinchcliffe's pipe dream," he added. All this soberly and without a tremor. But a moment later he was shaking like a man in an ague fit and saying brokenly: "My God, Tom, when I saw that engine go tearing up the yard——"

Dawson nodded. "I know. There might have been somebody hanging round that string of 'cripples,' after all. It took nerve."

They were turning in at the door of the men's waiting-room, and Rader had recovered his self-control as suddenly as he had lost it.

"Nerve to watch it?" he said. "Oh, not so much as you might think."

Dawson had drawn out two of the high stools at the lunch-counter. He shoved Rader in rough good comradeship toward the nearest and climbed to his own place on the other, sniffing the stimulating fragrance of the bubbling coffee-urn.

"I wasn't born yesterday, David," he said in mild sarcasm. "I meant nerve to do it. Two coffees, Jimmie, and let 'em come good and black. We've been carrying the banner all night—Mr. Rader and I."

TO FANCY IN THE LATER DAYS

By Arthur Davison Ficke

I

Wearied with the hearths of home,
Wearier still of days aroam,
Unto thee the heart must turn.
And when dawn or even burn
Their soft lights of gray or rose,
Then again my forehead knows
Cool winds of thy starry sphere,
And the days of gold are here.

O Fancy, leave me not each hour!
Bring thy mystery of power,
By a secret lovely change
Filling earth with visions strange;
Or my guide and watcher be

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To the green depths of the sea.
Come with me upon this shore
Unto which the long waves roar.
We will watch the breakers come,
Curling over into foam,
And the moment ere they fall
Dart into the clear green hall
And be shut within the cave
Of the glimmering hollow wave.
Through its galleries we go,
Past the groves where salt trees grow,
Over the sea-weed's ebb and flow.
We will come into the walls
Of those deep dim castle halls
Built of veinless emeralds,
Where dwell all things sweet and dead
That from garish earth have fled.
There I know that we shall find
The lost voice of the night-wind.
There will be the perfect note
Which has ever seemed to float
Just beyond the yearning reach
Of earthly music's trembling speech.
Ah, perhaps, there will be there
Lights on long-dead sunny hair,
Dear loves that were for earth too fair!

II

If, O Fancy, thou wouldst bring
All these joys, that I might sing
Of their beauty, could I ask
More of thee who let me bask
In the dawn-light of thy smiles
Round about thy fairy isles?

Yea, I ask thee for a greater,
Harder boon—a charm to bring
Unto a sadder world and later
All it's youth's remembering.
To bring back to wiser faces
Fervor of their youth's desire—
Hope to seek the Guarded Places,
Strength to find the Holy Fire.
For I know that thou canst fill
With thine impulse every mind,
Touch the eyes that now are blind,

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Wake the soul that now is still,
Make the deadened spirit thrill
Like a branch in April wind.

Thou hast loved the poet's dreaming
Haunted chamber, hushed and lone.
Now come forth where tides are streaming
Of stern life—where break and moan
In the streets these weary streams.
Leave the poet with his dreams.
He needs not thy loving beams
As do these, thy lost, thine own.

For they are sad and worn with too long waiting
For the great word, the solving touch of life.
And all is sordid grown—their rest, their strife,
Death and desire and the sweet bloom of mating
Are common things; and all their hope of life
Fades out into a pallor, and is gone.

III

They have forgot. The fairest things
Pall; and they seek their joys in strife,
Panting for what the morrow brings,
The fleeting morrow of worn life.
The silences of twilight hours,
The voices of each woody spot,
The very beauty of small flowers
They have forgot.

The sunset burns for them in vain.
To them the sacramental dawn
Is but new lease of trivial pain
Which must be drowned in pressing on
To strange fierce joys. No milder balm
Brings any easing of their lot.
The soft, the beautiful, the calm
They have forgot.

They pray to God with hope of heaven,
Yet nightly have no heart to see
Orion and the shining Seven
Move through the dusk's infinity.
What if to them the death-hour brings
Knowledge which life has given not—
That heaven lies in the little things
They have forgot?

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A PROFESSORIAL MEDITATION

By Grant Showerman

WHEN the college Professor picked up the December *Atlantic* and saw on its first page the title "Riches: A Christmas Essay" of course he was unable to resist the peculiar fascination which such a subject has for his class, and began to read. Not that he had any business to be interested in such a topic, or that he *was* really or vitally interested in it; but college professors, like small boys at holiday time, are sometimes given to gazing with distant eyes into the display window of the world's glittering toys and wondering what they would do if the kind fairy should suddenly make her appearance and transport them to the realm of possession and enjoyment. He began to read with only a mild and contemplative curiosity, knowing perfectly well the futility of allowing himself to be concerned with a theme like that.

But when the Professor came to the affirmation that heads of American families, with not more than four children, and with incomes of fifteen thousand dollars a year, had nearly as much money as was good for them, though fifteen thousand dollars a year was not riches, he suddenly sat up, rubbed his eyes, and took a second look. Yes, there it was, fifteen thousand dollars—it had been no mistake of his vision. From that moment he was attentive. After convincing himself of the accuracy of his senses, his first thought was that the author of the essay was indulging in mean and unworthy irony at the expense of simple people like himself, and he began to feel resentful. But no, it was serious enough—fifteen thousand dollars a year, *though it was not riches*, represented so nearly as much money as was good for the head of an American family with not more than four children that he could well afford to be particular about what he did to make his income bigger.

Here, indeed, was a fruitful theme for meditation! The Professor sank back in his chair, closed his eyes, and set his imagination to work, or rather let it loose for a holiday, in the attempt to spend that fifteen thousand dollars a year which was not riches. His imagination was of the sober, steadfast, and demure kind, not accustomed to play, much less work, with material of such magnitude, and at first he found it somewhat difficult to get it into action; but after recovering from a momentary paralysis it did fairly well.

Fifteen thousand dollars a year! He could have a home of his own, with calm peace and quiet, instead of inhabiting a Procrustean domicile which was forever interfering with both his physical and spiritual comfort; he could have his own shelves, and fill them with his own books, and be relieved of the necessity of either working amid the wooden surroundings of the college library or carrying to and from it armfuls of borrowed volumes, if indeed it afforded him the works most needful; he could afford a cook, a nurse-girl, and a maid to relieve his wife of the too great burden of domestic care; he could make more abundant provision for her future and that of their children by taking out another policy, and incidentally contribute a trifle more to the salary of his neighbor, the life insurance president—he liked to do a good-natured thing; he could afford his sons and daughters their fraternity and sorority expenses without depriving himself and his wife of ordinary comforts; he could even send them away to college—to some faculty with which he was not so intimately acquainted, and in which he therefore placed greater confidence—and relieve both them and himself of embarrassment; he could be independent in his choice of breakfast foods, and set his table with a view to health rather than economy; or, following the reasoning of Mr. Dooley, to the effect that " 'tis not what y' ate that gives y' th' indigistion—'tis the rint," he could roll from his shoulders the anxieties of meeting the monthly bills, and escape the nervously prostrating annoyance of being obliged to refuse his wife and daughters the quarterly bonnet and gown; he could afford a season in Europe once in a half dozen years

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(he had to afford it, whether able or not, or drop into the background both in his abilities and in the esteem of his fellows) without wearing himself thin with economy and actual deprivation in the intervals; he could meet without hardship the, for him, really great expense of annual attendance at the gatherings of his two or three learned societies, where his duty alike to himself and to his institution (indeed the wishes of his president were so plainly expressed as to amount almost to compulsion) called him to read, in the name of scholarship, some reams of uninteresting manuscript on uninteresting subjects never heard of before to uninterested audiences who would never hear of them again—at least, if their wishes were consulted; he could feel less dependent upon promotion, and more indifferent to the Juggernaut of original research, and go on building into the character of his young men and women students the knowledge already piled up and waiting to be used, leaving the writing of learned volumes to those whom Nature had begotten for that purpose; he could meet the demands of benevolent and religious organizations like his neighbors, without its costing him ten times as much in proportion to his salary as it did them: he could look forward to an old age not unseemly, when he should neither be an object of Carnegie charity nor suffer indignity or contempt at the hands of younger men who had forgotten his long and faithful service and not yet discovered that wisdom was not to die with them; he could indulge in a canoe, or a launch, or treat his wife to a drive occasionally, or discard that rusty, creaking bicycle, out of date years ago, which had long made him a conspicuous mark for the shafts of the small boy's wit in a woodless and bearless generation.

But the Professor opened his eyes, and they rested upon the reality. He had hardly realized the extent of his poverty hitherto. Here was a sober estimate which placed a comfortable annual living expense, not riches, at fifteen thousand dollars—something like ten times the amount he was receiving! If fifteen thousand a year was not riches, what was his own income to be denominated? He analyzed the situation, and somewhat more fully than he had ever done before. He looked about in the community upon those who possessed, if not the fifteen thousand, at least a great deal more than he himself received. Many of them were associates of himself and of his fellows in the faculty, and some of them were faculty men of independent means. He recognized, and without conceit, that he was possessed of as much culture as they, that his morals were as good as theirs, that they were not better churchmen than he, nor better citizens. He was their equal morally, socially, religiously, legally, and politically—and a charitable public sometimes went so far as to give him credit, in spite of his profession, for something like as much common sense as they possessed. They were his friends; he moved in the same social circle with them, and was welcome—dined with them, went to church with them, contributed toward the same benevolences, educated his children in the same way, shared in the same ideals, wore the same quality of clothing, was bound by the same conventions—in short, participated in their life. Why should he not do so, endowed as he was with all the gifts of personality enjoyed by them? But the fact of which he could not dispose was that he was participating in a life whose pace was determined by them, not by him, and on the basis, not of the things they possessed in common with him, but on that of money, the one item in which he was unable to vie with them, and the pace was not accommodated to his financial circumstances. He was their equal in all but income. That was the troublesome factor in the problem. That was the *atra cura* which climbed up behind his classroom desk with him, and stood waiting at his bedside every morning when he woke.

But more than that, other people in the community did not view the matter from his angle. There lay one root of his difficulty. The community in which the Professor lived did not judge him according to his salary, nor indeed did they take the trouble to inquire what it was; but ignorantly, though reasonably, classed him among the rich with whom he kept company. From the tailor and grocer down to the plumber and the ashman, all based the valuation of their services to him on the assumption that he was rich; the milliner and dressmaker served his wife on the same assumption; the church looked to him for generous donations of time and money; he was solicited for contribution to every benevolent project which arose; the Improvement Association levied upon him for funds to keep up public

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drives over which he had never driven; the lawyer charged him the same fees he did the merchant or banker whose income was five times his; the surgeon expected as much from him for the removal of his appendix as he did from the rich lawyer or broker or his rich neighbor of independent fortune; his sons associated with the sons of corporation magnates; his wife's intimate friends in the Woman's Club were among the richest women in town, and she and her daughters looked to him to dress them like the daughters and wife of the banker. His whole salary went in the attempt to meet all these demands; his whole life was a more or less unsuccessful effort to appear worthy of the circle in which his family seemed intended by nature to move. This was why his library was as full of gaps as his purse was of cobwebs; this was why his clothes were so dangerously near being threadbare; this was why he had grown wrinkled and gray in the effort to piece out his salary by struggling with magazine articles during the midnight hours of term time and through the vacation days which should have been given up to an attempt to regain something of the elasticity of mind lost during the year; this was why his digestion was impaired, and why some of the delight of teaching had left him, and something of the sunshine of his presence had begun to be missed by his students. Clearly, it was an impossibility. Clearly, either the company of his choice had set up a wrong ideal, or he had chosen the wrong company.

The Professor cast about for remedies. Naturally, his first thought was that his own income ought to be greater. Why should the lawyer, the physician, the life insurance president, the broker, or the banker, whose professional preparation had been no more protracted and no more expensive than his own, and whose services to the commonwealth were no more valuable, receive a reward so much greater than that received by him? In justice, either his own reward should be greater, or theirs less; and in either case he could live on terms of greater equality with them.

But the Professor could see well enough that neither of these remedies would be wrought in time for his own salvation. His speculation took another direction. He remembered that his first year's service had brought him just eight hundred dollars, and that he had managed to make it support his household; that the second year he had received a thousand, which had gone no farther than the eight hundred; and that of twelve, fourteen, fifteen, eighteen hundred, and two thousand no greater sum remained at the end of the year than had remained of the eight hundred; and that the expenses which took all his income now seemed to him as natural and necessary, and as little extravagant, as those of the first year. His needs had sprung into being as fast as his salary had risen to meet them. His increases of salary had contributed appreciably to the comfort of mind and body of the tradesmen with whom he had dealt, and had temporarily relieved his family of what seemed to them real need; but as for himself, he had become a stranger to peace of mind, and had almost as little peace of body. He had yielded to pressure, and allowed himself to be bound by new needs as they arose one by one, until he was hopelessly entangled in the meshes of an interminable net.

If he could only have headed off the new needs from the beginning! . . . If he could only begin now. . . . Here might lie a remedy. Why *not* begin now? He called to mind the golden words of Thomas Carlyle: *The fraction of life increases in value not so much by increasing the numerator as by lessening the denominator.* He had not properly kept his denominator down, he saw. He remembered the equally golden words of Stevenson: *To be truly happy is a question of how we begin, and not of how we end, of what we want, and not of what we have.* That he had allowed himself to want too much was now very clear to him. He remembered his Horace, too:

> *Contracto melius parva cupidine*
> *Vectigalia porrigam*
> *Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei*
> *Campis continuem. Multa petentibus*
> *Desunt multa: bene est cui deus obtulit*
> *Parca quod satis est manu.*

He remembered the reply of wise old Socrates, whose property was worth about one hundred dollars all told, to Kritoboulos, who had a hundredfold that amount: he himself, said the homely philosopher, was the rich man of the two, for his possessions satisfied his wants, while Kritoboulos, whose income was only a third the sum needed to satisfy his, was the poor man. He also thought he saw in his mental storehouse a

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text or two from the Scriptures, though through a glass somewhat darkly, for he had gradually dropped the old-fashioned habit of quoting, discouraged by the mystified look on the faces of his pupils and associates. Nevertheless, he recalled, by dint of effort, that the life was more than meat, and the body more than raiment, and that a man's life consisted not in the abundance of the things he possessed.

After all, had he not been beguiled by false ideals? Had he been right in thinking it necessary to meet his richer friends on their own ground—to make his dinners as elaborate as theirs, to dress his family as they dressed theirs? Was it desirable, after all, that he have a launch or an automobile, or even a carriage, or that his wife have a cook, a nurse-girl, and a chamber-maid? Had not his idea as to what constituted kindness to his family been, after all, a trifle distorted? Was it, after all, desirable that his wife spend her time exclusively in social and intellectual pursuits? Would she be a whit happier with no housework to do and no children to care for? Was it, after all, necessary, or even desirable, for his sons and daughters to belong to fraternities and sororities? Was it absolutely necessary that he live in a large house in the wealthy quarter of the city, and that his furniture, rugs, and china be as fine as those of his rich neighbors? Did those neighbors, after all, require it of him? Could he not retain their friendship and esteem by the dignified pursuit of an even course of life according to his own income? If not, why would it not be better to keep to his own course, nevertheless, and rely upon nature to form him his circle of friends from among those who did the same? Why follow the many-headed beast of society at all? Was there no geniality and no sociability for men of less than fifteen thousand dollars income? Was there no friendly intercourse without elaborate dinners? Was there any law of nature, or any principle of common sense, which made it necessary for an educator of the youth of a democracy to have in his wardrobe three styles of hat, four styles of coat, two or three styles of shoe, and all the appurtenances thereto? Where was the ideal of plain living and high thinking? Why not austere living and high thinking, if necessary?

These thoughts the Professor, in communion with himself. He had been pursuing a false ideal, and had got into the wrong company. Clearly, he could not increase the numerator; ergo, he would lessen the denominator. He would amend his ways, and be happier; the simple life for him henceforth. All his good resolutions he made on the Ides, and on the Kalends began to break them. He could not free himself from the meshes—and his struggles were, to tell the truth, not very violent. The incomes of his associates must come down, or his own must come up, or society be made over, before he is relieved of his burden, or ceases to be haunted by the vision of old age and the charity fund.

Meanwhile, his consolation is in the nobility of his calling and in the delight of pursuing it.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

HE who in passing through Connecticut, on his way between New York and Boston, has heard people boarding or leaving the train at Norwich pronounce the name of that city "Nor-wich" (as it is spelled), instead of "Norrich," has been brought face to face with a problem of no inconsiderable magnitude—as Mr. Pickwick said of the study of politics. This problem is the strong influence of spelling upon pronunciation, of written language, as translated to the ear by the eye, upon spoken language.

In using our own language we Americans are particularly exposed to this influence. Our first colonization, and more especially our separation from England by the Revolution, brought about a certain disruption in old traditions; time-honored pronunciations of words, especially of proper names, were gradually forgotten, and we began to pronounce those names as we saw them written —at times to a considerable veiling of their derivation. Take, for instance, the town of Waltham, in Massachusetts; every Yankee nowadays pronounces the name "Wal-tham" (the second *a* like that in "ham" or "jam"), oblivious of the fact that the name really belongs to the same general family as Birmingham, Walsingham, etc., that the *t* and *h* were not originally fused into a compound consonant, that the syllabic division came after the *t*, not before it, and that the English pronunciation was "Walt'am" (the second *a* having the obscure sound of *u* in "sum"). That this pronunciation at once reveals the meaning of the name—the Home of Walt' or Walter—seems of little importance to him who argues; "If W-a-l-t-h-a-m does not spell 'Wal-tham,' what does it spell?"

The Influence of Spelling upon Pronunciation

The pronunciation "Waltham" is but one out of many instances of the preponderance of what I will call the *spelling sense* in our relations to spoken language; it seems as if two of those three R's which form the basis of our education had so taken hold of our whole nature that we were incapable of looking at language, save through the media of reading and writing. We seem to have an insuperable instinct to pronounce words as they are spelled.

If this influence of spelling is strikingly exemplified in our use of our own language, think what hold it must have on us when we try to learn a foreign one! To be sure, long experience has shown that by far the best way to learn a new language is through the ear, from *viva-voce* speech, rather than from books and written exercises. But how few of us are willing to lend ourselves receptively and flexibly to the process! So much of our knowledge has been acquired by reading, through the eye, that we have grown insensibly to distrust our ear, and feel that we have not fully mastered a new word until we know how it looks in black and white. Notice anyone asking a Frenchman the French word for a common object; what first strikes his ear is little better than a jumble of hardly articulate-seeming sounds which he cannot at once arrange in his mind according to any system known to him; after helplessly asking again and again, he at last takes refuge in, "How do you spell it?" Now, the answer to this last question is in most cases precisely the one most likely to throw him off the right track; for his accustomed phonetic interpretation of his own alphabet has become so ingrained in his mind, has taken such entire possession of him, that he is well-nigh irresistibly impelled to fashion his pronunciation in accordance with it. When most of us ask for a foreign word, what we really are after is not how the foreigner pronounces it, but how we ourselves should pronounce it if we knew how it was spelled. This is no peculiarity of ours. People of other nations are quite as bad as we.

I had a characteristic example of this tendency not long ago, when an Englishman and I were trying to get a Pole to pronounce

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the word "pot" as we do. For a while our best-meant endeavors were futile; our Polish friend stuck like grim death to his highly modulated Slavic *o*, which is not in the least our short *o*. At last it occurred to me that he spoke excellent Russian, having lived some years in St. Petersburg; so I said to him, "Will you please pronounce the Russian word *achotnikie?*" He did so at once, and of course correctly. "Now," said I, "you have given the sound I am trying to get from you; your hard Russian *a*, in the first syllable of *achotnikie*, is exactly like our short English *o*, now say 'pot' as if the vowel were a hard Russian *a*." He did so without the slightest difficulty; the whole Slavic sound of the *o* had vanished. But he had to have some familiar written symbol of that sound in his mind before his ear could accurately grasp it. Yet, like Desdemona, he was an excellent musician!

On another occasion an American friend of mine, who spoke no German, was telling me of the trouble he had had on German railways. "They are so stupid," said he, "at the ticket-offices! In Berlin I told the man distinctly that I wanted *erste Klasse*" (pronouncing the first syllable of *erste* like our English "erst"), "and he gave me a second-class ticket." I told him the mistake was really his; that, instead of catching by ear the sound as Germans pronounce it, he had followed his own ideas of English spelling; that the pronunciation "urste" would never suggest the spelling e-r-s-t-e to a German, but the spelling ö-r-s-t-e, with the two dots over the *o*; and, as there was no such word as *örste* in the German language, the man naturally did not catch his meaning. If he had pronounced it "airstè," the man would have understood. "Ah," said my friend, "I see my mistake; yes, the sound I gave was more like 'orste'" (now pronouncing the vowel like the *o* in "horse"). "Hold hard there!" said I; "now you are going just as wrong as before, by spelling and not by ear. You heard me say something about an *o*, and immediately go and give it the sound of our English *o*. I did not say 'orste,' but '*örste*'; yet the mere knowledge that there was an *o* somewhere in the business was enough to close your ears and run you off the track!"

Why do we persist in thus building up an impenetrable wall between ourselves and the pronunciation of a foreign language? It almost seems as if we could not help it. And it must be admitted that we are abetted in our error just where we ought to be shown the right way—or, if not shown the right, at least warned against the wrong; by the abominable so-called phonetic spelling of foreign words in dictionaries and vocabularies. Did it ever occur to the compiler of bilingual vocabularies that, in trying to indicate the correct pronunciation of, say, French words by more or less ingenious arrangements of the letters of the English alphabet, premising our accustomed English phonetic interpretation of the same, he was attempting the impossible? For, leaving consonants out of consideration, how can vowel sounds that do not exist in our language be indicated by any combination of the letters of our alphabet? Consider the matter a moment, and see its utter hopelessness. Let us take French as an example, as good as another.

Exceedingly few of our English vowel sounds are to be found in the French language. Our broad *a* (in "father") is the French circumflex *â*; our short *e* (in "met") has very nearly the sound of the French vowel in the words *mes* and *les* (when correctly pronounced, as at the Comédie-Française; not as more generally pronounced on the Paris boulevards, where the sound tends toward the close, acute *é*); our double *o* (in "boot") is exactly the French *ou*; our short *u* has in a few cases nearly the sound of the French *eu*—for instance, the difference between "burr" and *beurre* lies more in the *r* than in the vowel—but in by far the greater number of cases the sounds are quite different; the pronunciation of "bun" is better indicated to a Frenchman by *bonne* than by the conventional would-be-phonetic *beunne*. And here, I think, the list of vowel sounds which the two languages have in common ends.

For the French short *a* we have no equivalent; our broad *a* has the same quality, but is too long drawn out. When it comes to the French acute *é* (of all Gallic sounds the most difficult for the average Englishman or American) and circumflex *ô*, we have no vowels nor combinations of vowels that even distantly approach them. Our long *a* (in "hate") and long *o* (in "note") are slightly diphthongal in character, the *a* ending with a hint at *ee*, and the *o*, with a similar hint at *oo*; the French acute *é* and circumflex *ô* are perfectly pure and unmodulated. Our short *i*

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(in "pit") and short *o* (in "pot") are equally lacking in French equivalents, and are indeed almost impossible to a Frenchman; and so on to the end of the list.

Realizing all this, we can see that when a dictionary gives "aytay" as the pronunciation of *été*, or "lah mahl" as that of *la malle*, it commits an actual crime; it goes as far as it possibly can from the true French sounds without running the risk of detection by the least wary; if it went further, every child would see the error.

I surely have no infallible system of phonetics to propose; I am far rather arguing that no such system is possible with the letters of our alphabet in their ordinary phonetic interpretations. But I especially wish to emphasize the fact that the system now generally employed in French-English dictionaries is fundamentally and thoroughly vicious. Instead of helping the student, it does all that is needed to mislead him. And what is true of French-English dictionaries is equally so of all modern bilingual dictionaries I know. They try to do what cannot be done.

Instead of trying to improve a bad system, I would advocate throwing it overboard altogether; for it is, in the last analysis, but part and parcel of that tyranny which spelling tends everywhere to exercise over pronunciation. A dictionary is, after all, but a book; and, being such, can teach only a written language, never a spoken one. Let it then rest content with teaching a written language, and not deceive the unsuspicious by attempting the impossible. And the mere teaching of a written language is something! I once knew a woman, of a now by-gone generation, exceedingly bright, intellectual, and cultivated, one of the keenest-edged minds I ever had to do with, who in her girlhood had studied French at school as if it had been a dead language; that is, purely and simply as a written language, without a thought of pronunciation. She could speak only a very few words of French, and badly at that; spoken French she could not understand at all; but the whole of French literature was open to her; she could take a French book and read aloud from it at sight in English with complete ease, without any hesitation. The fact is, she never really read French; she saw the French sentences on the page, to be sure, but read them, even to herself, in English. Now, a power like that is by no means despicable; and not pronouncing French at all is surely better than mispronouncing it.

But for learning a spoken language let everyone first trust to his ear alone: in other words, let him learn a foreign language by sheer imitation—as every child learns its own when it begins to talk. This training of the ear is not so difficult a matter as may be imagined; much can be accomplished by going to work in the right way. The results are at times astonishing. The most perfect English I ever heard spoken by a foreigner was spoken by Mr. Constant Coquelin, who practically did not speak English at all (at the time I am thinking of), but had caught a few sentences by ear; these he spoke without the faintest tinge of French accent, precisely like an educated Englishman. There are not a few of us who, with his ear-training, could speak just as pure French, German, Italian, or Spanish. But it is at least worth thinking of, although perhaps not absolutely indispensable, that it would be a great help to such ear-training *not to know* how the words were spelled; for this knowledge is in general the prime stumbling-block.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE BENEFICENCE OF ART MUSEUMS

THE interest in art museums shown throughout the country has brought the subject within The Field of Art. This department has already published some data concerning certain of the newer museums, and is to carry those inquiries still further.*

It will be with much interest that the inquiry extends itself to those other institutions of similar plan and purpose which have since grown up, and presents some of the artistic assets open to the public at the Fine Arts Academy of St. Louis, the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, the Corcoran Gallery of Washington, the Art Museum of Boston, and other art galleries, municipal or of private initiative. These institutions have so opened up the world of art to critics and connoisseurs, that a marked effect on general art criticism has been one of its results.

What passed for criticism during long years was a kind of literature bearing on æsthetics and supplemented by inexact biographical data and unverified attributions. This, as a matter of course; for how, before the days of art museums, numerous and intelligently managed, could the connoisseur inform himself, with so slight means of becoming acquainted with the great works of antiquity?

Incomplete collections, unauthoritative catalogues, inexact methods of reproduction, inexpert copies by color or engraving, and vague appreciation through personal examination; these were formerly the only channels through which to become acquainted with the great works of the past. When we also bear in mind that scarcely a year now goes by that does not change the attribution of some masterpiece we readily discover a cause of the modernity of art knowledge in the field of general culture. Much common sense has entered of late years into the theories held by writers of the influences which contribute to the production of works of art, and of the periods which are supposed to be conducive to art effort, the appearance and growth of fine art in a country.

It is personal study of the works themselves that has cleared up many misconceptions that have been created concerning them by writers who used art often as a beautiful theme. Theories in regard to the geographical position of the country, the climate, the environment; the government, democratic or monarchical, as affecting art; heredity, or the absence of hereditary influence, have presented themselves to the art writer, and become subjects of thought and discussion by those who would penetrate the mystery of art creation. But a careful survey of the periods of production, and of the countries that have enriched the world by great works, show that art, like love, "goes where it is sent," and that nothing sure can be predicted of its rise or its decline. Much of this knowledge is of modern acquisition, and it has been attained through the facilities of study and inquiry afforded by museums and the many appliances of art reproduction whose basis is photography. Where formerly the world at large was dependent for acquaintance with art objects on the inaccurate medium of engraving, or of painted copies, it is now possible, by means of photography or half-tone processes, to multiply and spread broadcast the very lines of the artist's drawing. This truly enriches the reference department of an art institution, and discloses to the student the masterpieces of the world.

The familiarity thus gained is of the greatest service to the critic, while it has so stimulated the taste of the general public that an almost new set of faculties has developed among the class that forty years ago would have been contented with inartistic copies of Raphael and Titian. This new set of faculties coming into play extends the range of those pleasurable emotions that it is the province of art to excite.

This, then, is one beneficent function of

* See the February, March, and September numbers of The Field of Art.

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art museums—to promote the public good in contributing to human joy. The ills of life are lessened as the means of happiness extend; and the variety of faculties to which a well-equipped museum makes appeal is the measure of the human good it promotes. Form, color, beauty of metal, or perfection of porcelain, successful glazes or intricacies of carving, details of architecture, well-controlled design in bronzes or textiles, these are among the treasures that call for study and appreciation, that give the individual that mental "fillip" which takes one out of one's self and stirs that unselfish excitement which is, in itself, a factor of health.

It is only of late years, then, that the attempt has been made in museums to arrange chronologically, to fill in as opportunity offered, some missing link in the chain of art sequence; and it is not often, as yet, that the best examples are found with which to supply this chain with the links which are missing. None the less, the effort is a praiseworthy one, and it has resulted in greatly increasing the effectiveness of the collections where this course has been pursued.

It is difficult to perceive at once all the advantages of the present administration of museums over those of the comparatively recent past. Many old masters are but now coming into their own. Painters who for centuries were misunderstood are being discovered for their true worth; for there were painters who too greatly anticipated the future to receive any wide appreciation by their contemporaries. Velasquez, Frans Hals—painters who were devoted to the science of painting, who expressed themselves legitimately by means of pigment—are found to have employed both their brushes and their eyes in a manner that is entirely of the genius of to-day; they are essentially modern. Their influence upon art is still young, but it is powerful—it is of to-day, in a measure which is far beyond that of many masters who found much earlier acceptance.

In studying the works of Frans Hals at Haarlem—the great corporation pictures—it is surprising, the sense in which they are distinctly modern. The method is that which has received the applause of the best practitioners of painting to-day, if that form of flattery which is said to be the sincerest may also be termed approval. Hals prepares the general color and value of a surface to receive the fitting note of light or dark. The actual corporeity of an object—its contour, its bulk, its thickness—is presented to the eye without the refinements of modelling and construction. When this is done, the final touches are made, and the form, the figure, the planes, then spring into existence in perfect corporeal construction.

As a demonstration of the science of painting, the technique, the actual way to lay the pigment in order to secure a vivid presentation of an object, it is complete. As a method, a means, the history of painting has perhaps shown none superior. Everything falls into its place, takes its just importance in the area represented in his pictured scheme. Wrought pattern on velvet or silk lies upon the surface of the material, with the exact relief that it sustains in the fabric he depicts; and with a kind of wizard touch he defines the salience or depression of the design as it appears or disappears in revealing the form beneath. For sureness of vision and obedience of hand Hals has probably been equalled by no painter of the past; and had he been master of no other qualities than those of deftness and address he would have been highly valued for these. He did, however, possess many other attributes of an artist, although it was not perhaps within the range of such ready and direct methods to secure great richness of color.

Velasquez, a modern also by virtue of a certain sincerity of vision, was so perfect a workman that the secret of his means is as difficult to discern as the ways of nature herself when she wraps all objects in surrounding air and bathes them in the visual subtleties of light. Objects emerge from, or vanish into obscurity much as those we become conscious of in the natural world, and are as evasive. So consummate is his manner of presenting them the mind does not grasp his method, as in the case of the Dutchman, delighting in his touch, but simply sees and is satisfied—is sufficed as nature suffices.

It would be interesting, however, to inquire in what consists such mastery. Is it not the result of the greatest sureness of vision and obedience of hand? His eye seems to travel over the surfaces of objects much as light in nature touches the forms of things, now coming into salience, or merging into the background as the character of the form it strikes receives or is deprived of illumination.

In addition to this, Velasquez seems pos-

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sessed of that large vision which takes in form without too precise a limitation of contour. Enveloped in surrounding air, an object exists for him with that generosity of outline with which vibrating atmosphere always invests it. The mind generally does not make allowance for this enlargement of an object as it swims in air—that of Velasquez did—and in a degree that few if any delineators of nature have equalled. Not only this—there is nothing obvious in the brushwork of this painter. Hals, as we have said, definitely explained, as it were, the constructive strokes by which an object assumed shape under his brush, while with Velasquez the touch was no more marked than is to be seen in Nature herself when everything falls into its place without apparent effort.

These two men, then, we repeat, are the painters whose influence on the art of to-day, although still young, is actual and real.

The museum has greatly helped to foster this kind of appreciation, and it is through these conservatories of past art that the public is beginning to identify this eminently modern note in these two early men. Through the museum, therefore, one trains oneself for that close scrutiny which results in a just estimate of the artist; it is by this intelligent observation that the comparative value of different painters is ultimately reached.

It is not enough, however, that the early painters be well represented in the museums of to-day—the more recent workers should find a place here. Particularly should that class of bold innovators in modern "seeing" be treasured, among whom we will cite Monet, Sisley, Manet, Degas, Morizot, Cassatt, and Renoir, those painters who completely broke with tradition, each one seeming, as Emerson says, "an endless seeker with no Past at his back," who apparently threw away form, the most of them, that they might weave compositions by means of the color waves received by the retina, and painted by them in almost the primary colors juxtaposed, thus forming a dim arabesque of shapes, human and material, as they reach the eye.

Monet, perhaps the greatest of them all, worked with such conviction that he has been able to communicate through pigment the incommunicable. His series of Thames pictures, shown here last year, seemed the last word almost of what paint could do, for in them, by means of impasto and films of pigment, are made to glimmer the towers and bridges of London through depths of colored air—effects inconceivably evanescent, but of a substantial reality.

The vicissitudes, slights, neglects, that these names call up because of their audacious unconventionality make it hard to believe that they have become valued, cherished, and in some instances even popular; and if history has a lesson for us they may yet come to be regarded as conservative. Cabanel believed Bastien-Lepage to be trifling with his future, because of the boldness of his break from academic dogmas, while, on the other hand, the then extremist Degas said of him, "A Bouguereau of the modern movement." Cabanel meant that the ordered "arrangement" upon which traditional composition is founded—balance of light and shade and the suppression of parts to emphasize the central effect—was ignored in the practice of Bastien-Lepage, who chose naïvely to reproduce what he saw in nature. This was unscholarly, unacademic, from Cabanel's point of view, hence bad.

Degas, however, saw a facile worker who, faithful to the appearances of things, was still the servant of sentimentality—truthful to the aspects of nature which Bouguereau was not, but not truthful enough to the spirit of the matter—hence a sentimentalist, a Bouguereau, but of the "modern movement."

Art museums should present ample opportunities for comparison and study. Here, with the whole range of art practically under one roof, splendid copies of architecture and sculpture filling these halls, in addition to verified examples of nearly all schools of painting, the student, the connoisseur, the scholar, might familiarize himself with all periods of human culture. This is a great advance over former conditions of art study, and it has resulted in creating a new method of inquiry and a new school of expert commentators, on productions the authenticity of which had been lost in the mists of the past or so confused by resemblances to other work that they have but now received their rightful attribution.

Through the new interest that has been infused into the study of the schools by the inquiries of the latest investigators, the Morellis, Bodes, Berensens, and others, there is opened to the coming age a closer and more secure acquaintance with the authentic productions of the past. These searchers, besides possessing personal qualifications fit-

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ting them for this keen insight, seem to enter the field of inquiry with an enthusiasm which, although subjecting them to mistakes at times, is, on the whole, clarifying the atmosphere that for long years and sometimes centuries has shrouded important works in a confusion of mist and doubt.

Such inquirers, and there will be more of them, will naturally be brought to the service of great art institutions, either in the capacity of consulting experts or in permanent authority and guardianship of the treasures they contain. Here, surrounded by the works they love and understand, empowered by their knowledge and the resources of the place, they serve to increase its splendid contents, they will not only protect its interests, but will find extended opportunities to add to their own acquirements and, in the form of treatises, to give forth to the world the results of their exhaustive acquaintance with objects of art.

All things seem to point to the development and great ultimate efficiency of art museums the world over. The very fact that expert inquiry has been stimulated, that attributions are more closely considered, that order is coming out of the confusion of great collections which have not always been organized for effective results; the fact that the New World possesses a nucleus that already in certain respects equals similar great institutions of the Old, is of encouraging portent. For instance, at the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York, the collection of architectural casts is unsurpassed by any in Europe, while the Marquand room * of old masters is a fair match for many a single room in the best galleries abroad. It is interesting, however, to note that the evolution of the Metropolitan Art Museum is to be traced directly to the latent needs of our active citizens who have had recourse to this form of diversion as a distraction from the interests and cares of business life.

There are men in editorial chairs, presidents of banks, and others in less exalted positions of daily affairs, who look with delight on Grecian terra-cottas, who study with real pleasure the vigorous sinuosities of Barye's tigers, and to whom the daring designs and perfection of firing to be found in rare Chinese porcelains are a solace for rumors of Continental wars or the latest "deal" in railroad manipulation. These men will tell you in which emperor's reign such or such a vase was painted; they will detect the success or failure of its different parts, and note the fact, perhaps, that the top or cover shows the touch of another hand from that which traced the pattern on the body of the object. Do not let us laugh at "fads" and "hobbies"; they are often the balance-wheels of active minds.

It is the appreciation of beauty that can do this; and it will the more effectively attain this end, possess this quality of saneness, this power, the more the expression of beauty is understood as being inherent in the manner of production independent of the subject. No literary reminiscence will add one jot to the æsthetic value of a work, for, as has been well said, "the channels by which all noble work in painting can touch, and does touch, the soul, are not those of truth of life or metaphysical truth."

The true way, therefore, to bring the mind into a ready response to beauty is by studying great examples of art and becoming imbued with those traditions of beauty that have been accepted in the past and have stood the test of time. In this spirit, then, the museum becomes a temple of delight. It is a very real pleasure to trace from its beginnings the stream of art, to follow it through periods when its true function has been discerned, and when, perhaps, it has been diverted to the service of princes for their personal aggrandizement, or into the uses of religion for its ethical significance. It is safe to say that the greatest passages of painting are not to be found in the telling of sacred story, historical incident, or sentimental theme, any relation of which can best be left to the field of verbal narration—to literature. The great achievements of art are to be found rather where the artist has been left to his own choice of subject, or where he has been requested to create an object of art for its own sake, the sake of beauty.

FRANK FOWLER.

*This room has been changed since writing the above.

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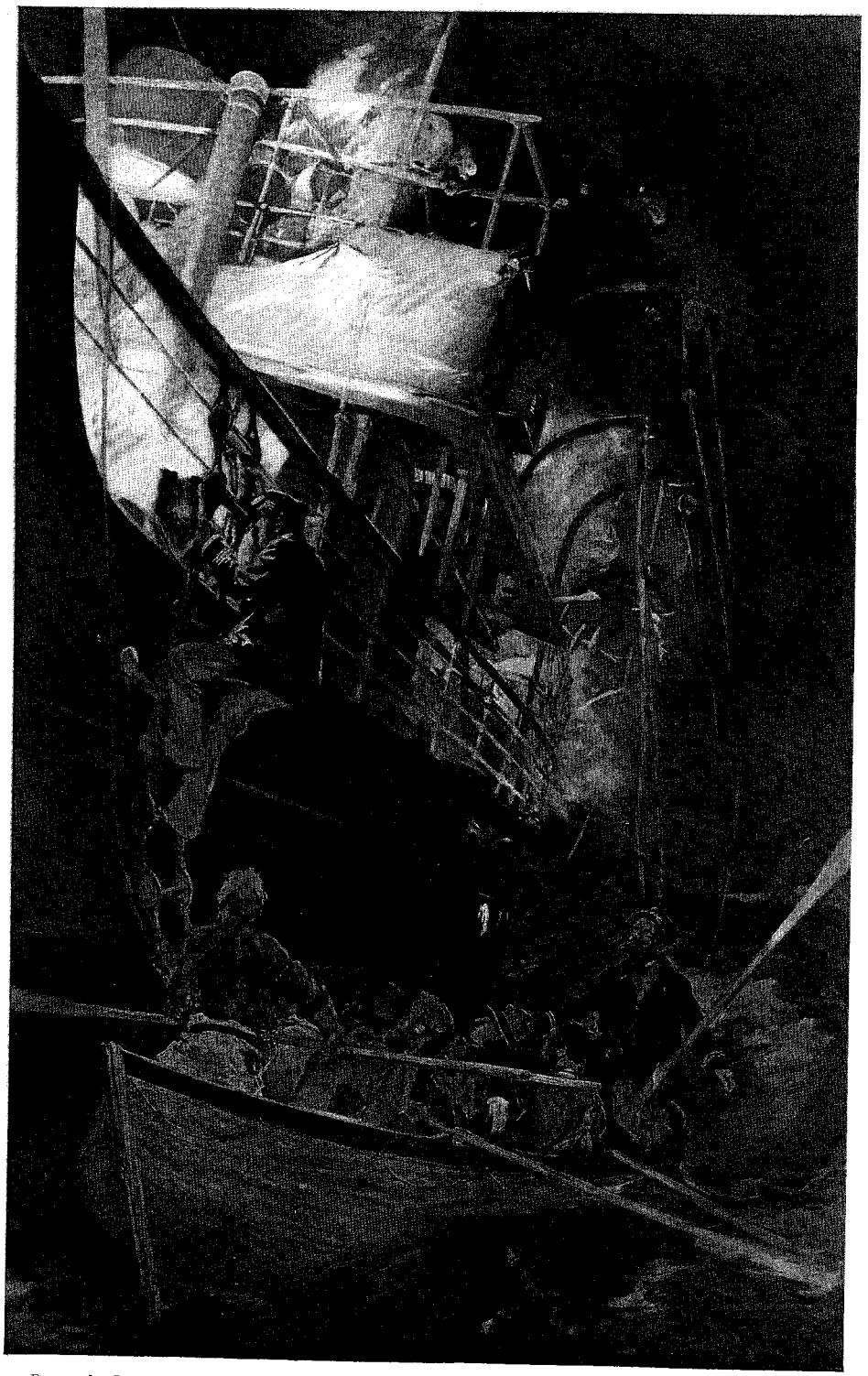

Drawn by George Wright.

"HE WAS COMING DOWN THE LADDER SLOWLY."

—"Against Orders," page 587.

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